

The BEST True-Life Serials

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roduction of photographic settings was extended through the courtesy of the following companies:
ge 40; Cosmopolitan Productions, page 50; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, pages 54, 68 and 69; First National, page 58.

Next Month



Beginning: A Thrilling True-Life Serial

Forgive Me MY TRESPASSES

*The Throbbing Autobiography of a Girl Who Tried
to Make Men Her Playthings*



You may have a desk —but do you get the salary?

the man—and his letter!

JOHN A. HALL,
C. P. A. (Ga.)
ROBERT PENTLAND, JR.,
C. P. A. (Fla.)
FRANK L. COWLES,
C. P. A. (Fla.)
GEO. F. McCALL, S. A.

Hall, Pentland and McCall
Audits - Systems - Taxes
News Tower, Miami

Jacksonville
Miami
Tampa
Sanford
West Palm Beach
Daytona Beach
Lakeland
Orlando
Washington, D. C.

THE desk in the private office of Robert Pentland, Jr.—member of the Florida State Board of C. P. A. Examiners and partner in the largest firm of Certified Public Accountants in the State of Florida—is about the same size as the desk he had when he was a clerk, in 1919. And there's no great difference in looks—

But his income today is more than ten times as large. His firm has offices in nine cities, and employs fifteen C. P. A.'s and thirty other accountants. And he is not yet thirty!

How did he boost his earnings so tremendously—in just a few short years?

He employed three aids: First, initiative—the courage to make a start. Second, energy—the willingness to work. Third, LaSalle adult business training—the short cut to high-salaried positions.

These Free Books Show How

Mr. Pentland's first step was to send to LaSalle for information regarding home-study business training—to help him plan intelligently.

The coupon brought him "Ten Years' Promotion in One," the story of how one man, after many wanderings, found the path to responsibility and power. It brought him also a 64-page book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays," wherein he learned how he could enter a highly profitable profession, how he could step ahead to some of the most attractive and remunerative places in the entire range of business.

At the right is just such a coupon as Mr. Pentland signed. Ahead of you are opportunities as great—even greater. If, one year from today, you would look back on a twelve months' record of achievement—fill in, clip and mail the coupon NOW.



LaSalle Extension University,
Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:

When I enrolled for Higher Accountancy in 1919, I was a clerk with a clerk's wage.

Now I am a member of a firm having offices in nine cities. Our staff includes fifteen C.P.A.'s and more than thirty other accountants. This rapid progress in six short years is largely due to my LaSalle training.

Our firm handles the city work in Jacksonville, Tampa, Miami, Daytona, and numerous other Florida cities, and I have personally prepared the only two state budgets that have been presented to the legislature.

Several of our staff are LaSalle members and all of our men know of our warm appreciation of LaSalle accountancy training. I only wish that every man could realize the unusual opportunity offered by this training for substantial business progress.

Yours very truly,

Robert Pentland, Jr.

Find Yourself Thru LaSalle!

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 250-HR CHICAGO

I shall be glad to have your 64-page booklet about the business field I have checked below. Also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Higher Accountancy | <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Station Management |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Finance |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Law; Degree of LL.B. | <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Management |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Business Correspondence and Practice |
| <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants | <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Effective Speaking | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Spanish |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | |

Name..... Present Position.....

Street..... City..... State.....

Next Month's SMART SET

a Magazine
of
OPEN
HEARTS

20
Intimate
Secrets from
the Lives
of Folks
Who Have
Lived Life's
Deepest
Thrills

~
March
SMART
SET

On Sale
February 1st
All Newsstands

"THESE aren't just stories," we said to the Editor of Smart Set, after thrilling hours spent with his March manuscripts, "these are pages torn out of the very heart of life! I didn't see how you could make a more vital magazine than February Smart Set — but this one has more heart beats to the square inch than any magazine you—or any other editor—ever published. What outspoken writers! What fascinating disclosures! What heart-throbs and love thrills!"

"Tell it to our readers," said the Editor, so here are just a few of the 20—and more—treats in store for you:

"Forgive Me My Trespasses"

In a quiet street in a little town lives a beautiful woman whom the neighbors know only as Mrs. Jones. Her secret is known only to her husband and herself. Now, because Smart Set agreed to hide her identity, that secret will be shared by Smart Set readers.

As you read these amazing disclosures, you learn the true character of a woman whose name was spread in big, black headlines across the front pages of New York papers. You will meet the girl stenographer who was said to be the worst woman on Broadway, and you will find how strangely different from the girl scandalized by the public and press, is the real woman.

"Can a Good Wife Be a Good Sport"

You young married women whose husbands move in a sporty set will read with understanding this startling disclosure of an attractive young wife who moves in a metropolitan atmosphere of speed, sparkle, thrill and excitement, and whose husband was willing to allow her to "step out" with other men—so long as she did not object to his "affairs."

"Wont You Come Back To Me?"

Here is one of the warmest, most pulsating love letters you have ever read. Fearing that she was about to lose the man she loved, this girl poured out her very soul to him. Some of the greatest writings of the world have been love letters. This one has a sincerity, frankness and fervency that will quicken your own heart-beats.



NUNCIATA ATTRACTS A MAN OF WEALTH
Next Month's Smart Set brings you more of those vivid episodes in the life of the lovely cigarette girl of the Hotel Conquistador in gay Miami.

"I Made My Husband Proud of Me"

"I found that I was losing my husband's love," said a woman of forty, whom the world admires for her charm and vitality, to the Editor of Smart Set. "While he remained true to me, yet I could see him looking wistfully at women who had more youthfulness than myself.

"I made up my mind that I wouldn't lose him—that I would rejuvenate myself, and recapture some of the fascination that had drawn him when I was twenty. I met with amazing success—I had him sending roses to my boudoir, pleading with me as did my lover of old."

This happy woman, at the Editor's request, set forth in detail the steps she took to make herself young and alluring again—steps that can be taken by any woman.

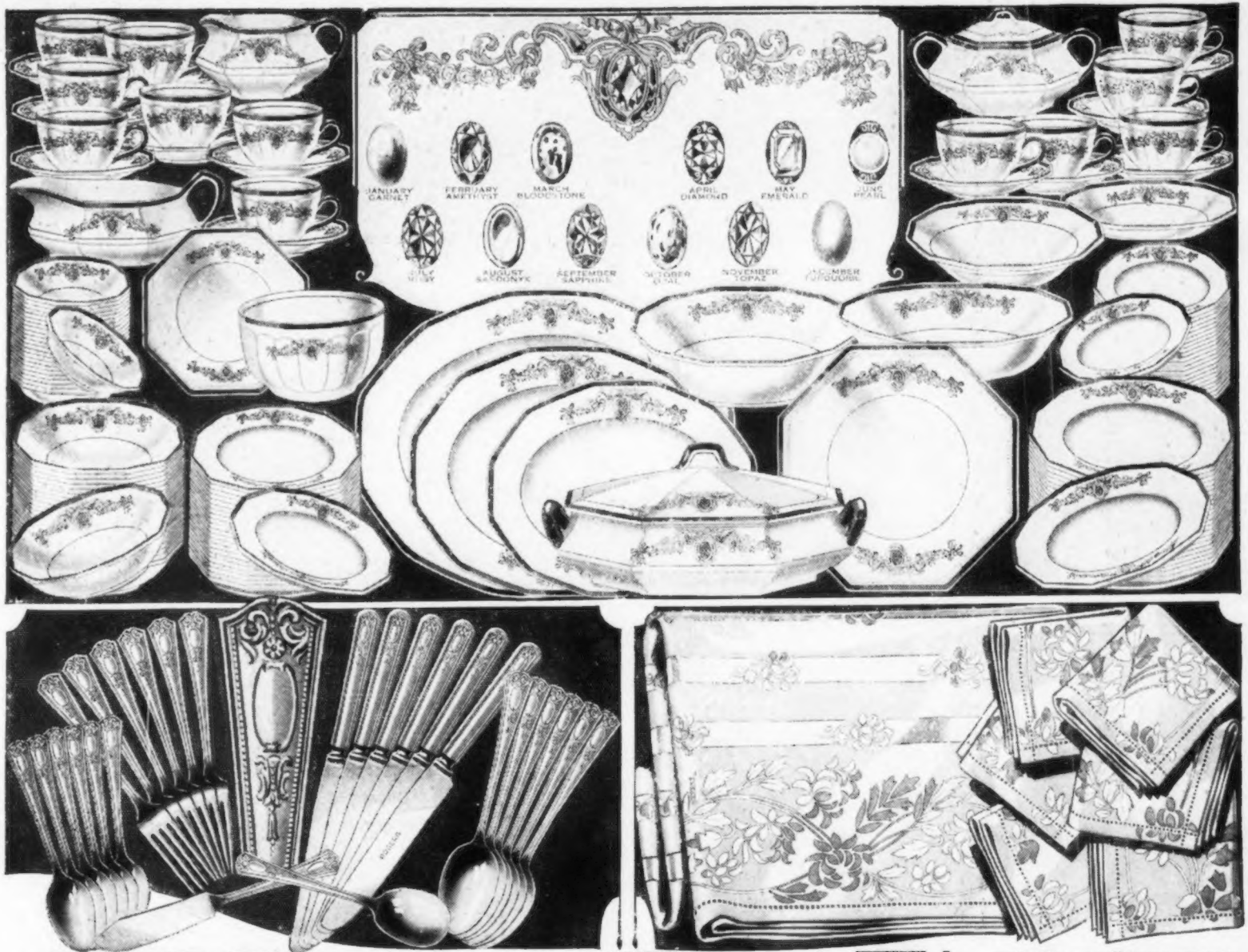
"My Buddy's Mam'selle"

Here's an A.E.F. man—revealing for the first time one of those hidden little romances of Tin Hat days.

"At Chateau Thierry," this Yank says, "My buddy, big Sam, saved my life. When I came weak from the hospital, he put me up to gain strength at the farm where his little mam'selle lived with her mother.

"Yvonne and I were like magnet and steel. 'Ah! Mon Dieu, I love you—I want you,' she cried into my lips, her warm, sweet breath blending with mine until they were both like two merging flames. How could I be true to Sam? Then came the order to move up. Yvonne flung herself into my arms—and Sam saw us. Had I lost a buddy in winning a French girl's heart?"

YOUR OWN Birthstone On Every Piece



133 Pieces ALL FOR \$1

Here is what you get in this Big Special 133 Piece offer: 100 pieces of high quality, snow-white Birthstone Dinnerware; 26 pieces of real Rogers Nickel-Silver, exquisitely designed; an attractive hemstitched Table Cloth and 6 Napkins—all at a price far below the regular cost of the dinner set alone. All for only \$1 with order. And think of this: *more than a year to pay!*

A Tremendous Bargain

But best of all: *your own birthstone*—the gem that symbolizes the month of your birth—is on each and every piece of the Dinner Set, artistically embellished by a floral decoration in beautiful colors. Each piece is carefully patterned after the Colonial; the daintily aristocratic Martha Washington Shape. The large, wide handles are covered with Gold. Each piece is edged with a rich Gold Band. It is a set you will proudly display on all occasions.

30 Days' FREE Trial Easy Monthly Payments

Remember, we trust you gladly. Simply sign the coupon, mail to us and we will send this beautiful, complete Dining Table Service to you on 30 days' FREE trial. Use the 133 pieces in your home. Use everything as if it were your own—all without the slightest obligation to buy. Then, if you do not sincerely believe that this great combination offer represents a big \$50 worth—a saving of at least \$12—you may return the articles and we will refund your first payment and all transportation charges. The trial will not cost you a penny—you run no risk—you cannot lose a cent. Our Money Back Bond is the surest guarantee in the world. Send the coupon now—convince your self. Order No. WA 2980. Sale Price for all (Dinner Set, Rogers Tableware and Damask Table Set) \$37.95. Terms \$1 with order, \$3 Monthly.

Send for this FREE Book of 1500 Bargains—All on Credit



Everything for your home on easy monthly payments at prices amazingly low. This great book of big bargains in furniture, carpets, rugs, stoves and household goods is now ready for you. We trust you gladly. Everything sent on 30 days' trial with money back bond. Mail coupon today; no obligation to buy.

Nathaniel Spear
President
→ Spear & Co. ←
Pittsburgh, Pa. Dept. S-801

100 Pieces Dinnerware

- 12-9 1/4 in. Dinner Plates
- 12-7 1/4 in. Pie or Lunch Plates
- 12-6 1/4 in. Bread and Butter Plates
- 12-7 3/4 in. Soup Plates
- 12-5 1/2 in. Dessert Dishes
- 12 Cups
- 12 Saucers
- 1-14 in. Large Platter
- 1 Medium Size Platter
- 1 Small Platter
- 1 Covered Vegetable Dish (2 Pieces)
- 1-9 1/4 in. Round Open Vegetable Dish
- 1 Sugar Bowl (2 Pieces)
- 1 Cream Pitcher
- 1 Sauce Boat
- 1 Oblong Open Vegetable Dish
- 1 Salad Dish
- 1-9 in. Cake Plate
- 1 Bowl
- 1 Open Butter Dish
- 1 Pickle Dish

26 Pieces

Rogers Table Ware

- 6 Teaspoons
- 6 Knives
- 6 Forks
- 6 Tablespoons
- 1 Butter Knife
- 1 Sugar Spoon

1 Table Cloth and 6 Napkins

This set is made of Full Bleached Satin Finish Cotton Damask. The design is very attractive. The table cloth is attractively hemstitched; it measures 58 x 60 inches; an extra large size. The napkins are hemstitched to match the table cloth and are larger than usual; they measure 17 1/2 x 17 1/2 inches.

WITH ORDER

Write plainly in this box the Month of your Birth →

SPEAR & CO., Dept. S-801, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me at once the 100 Piece Dinner Set, the 26 Piece Rogers Nickel Silver Set, and the Table Cloth and 6 Napkins, as described above. Enclosed is \$1.00 first payment. It is understood that if at the end of the 30 days' trial I am satisfied, I will send you \$3.00 monthly. Order No. WA 2980. Price \$37.95. Title remains with you until paid in full. Please print or write name and address plainly.

Name

R. F. D., Box No. or Street and No.

Post Office State

If your shipping point is different from your post office fill in line below

Send shipment to

FREE If you want Free Catalog Only, Send No Money, put X here ☐

CATALOG, and write your name and address plainly on above lines ☐

Secrets of the White House



Photograph © Wide World

Woodrow Wilson as he left the White House, a tragic figure shattered in health.

Behind the Veil of *Mystery* when President Wilson lay *Paralyzed*...

IN another amazing chapter of "Secrets of the White House," Elizabeth Jaffray, housekeeper of the Executive Mansion during four Administrations, tells of what went on in the White House after President Wilson was found on a sofa unconscious and paralyzed—

When the second Mrs. Wilson became, in Mrs. Jaffray's words, "the real President of the United States."

Read these intensely interesting and *important* memoirs in—

February

Hearst's International
combined with
Cosmopolitan

On Sale January 10th

Also:

REX BEACH'S

New Novel,

"The MATING CALL"



They Called Me a "Human Clam" But I Changed Almost Overnight

AS I passed the President's office I could not help hearing my name. Instinctively I paused to listen. "That human clam," he was saying, "can't represent us. He's a hard worker, but he seems to have no ability to express himself. I had hoped to make him a branch manager this fall, but he seems to withdraw farther and farther into his shell all the time. I've given up hopes of making anything out of him."

So that was it! That was the reason why I had been passed over time and again when promotions were being made! That was why I was just a plodder—a truck horse for our firm, capable of doing a lot of heavy work, but of no use where brilliant performance was required. I was a failure unless I could do what seemed impossible—learn to use words forcefully, effectively and convincingly.

In Fifteen Minutes a Day

And then suddenly I discovered a new easy method which made me a powerful speaker almost overnight. I learned how to bend others to my will, how to dominate one man or an audience of thousands. Soon I had won salary increases, promotion,

popularity, power. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at my command. I am able to rise to any occasion, to meet any emergency with just the right words. And I accomplished all this by developing the natural power of speech possessed by

everyone, but cultivated by so few—by simply spending 15 minutes a day in the privacy of my own home, on this most fascinating subject.

* * *

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing and success. Today business demands for the big, important high-salaried jobs, men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation; another from a small, unimportant territory to a

salesmanager's desk; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

Send For This Amazing Book

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon at right. This book is called, *How to Work Wonders With Words*. In it you are shown how to conquer

stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. Not only men who have made millions but thousands have sent for this book—and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

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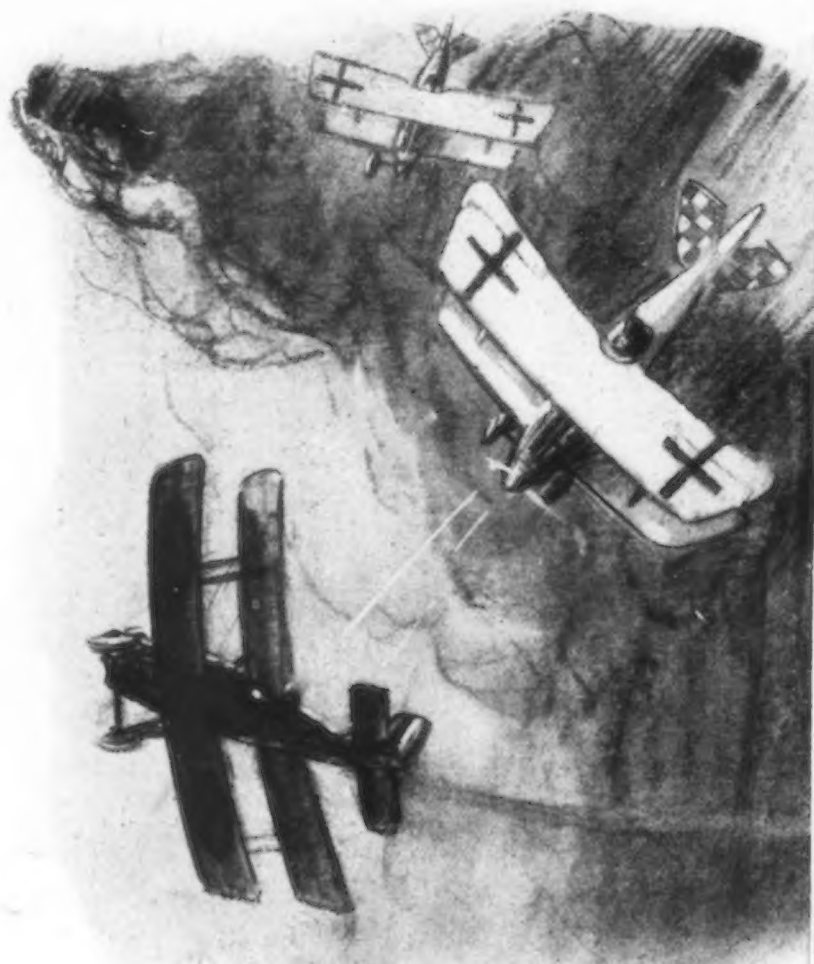
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3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 3182,
Chicago, Illinois.

Please send me FREE and without obligation my copy of your famous book, *How To Work Wonders With Words*.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



*Elliott
White
Springs*

was a Captain and Flight Commander in the American Air Force on the Western Front during the war, and he is one of the authentic characters in the famous forthcoming book, "War Birds." An Ace with eleven enemy planes to his credit, his story in a previous issue of McClure's has been pronounced by General William Mitchell "as accurate and dramatic as anything I have ever read about the air service."

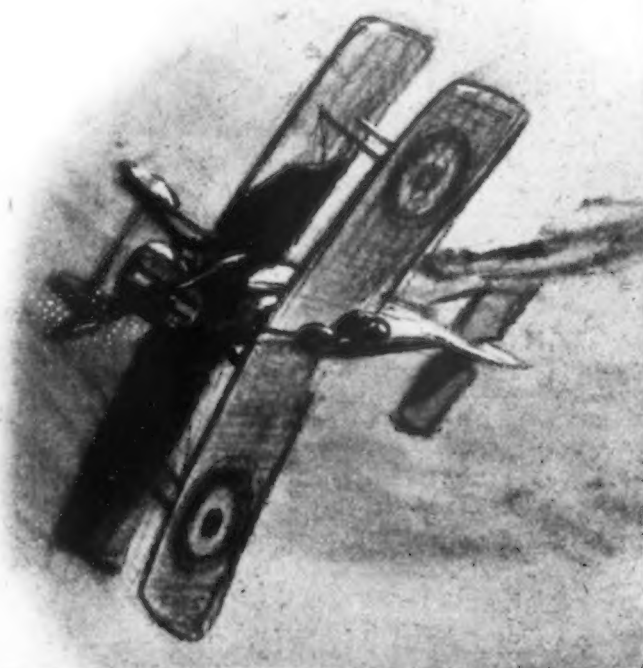
CLIPPED WINGS

is the story of an air-man who had been the comrade of war and death too long to re-adjust easily to life and peace; and of the woman who loved him so greatly that she could sacrifice everything—even his love for her—to save him. It is written by

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS
of "War Birds" fame

This is an example of the vivid romances in February McClure's. Building upon a famous past, The New McClure's has gained instant popularity as the most romantic of magazines—a publication whose every line throbs and sparkles with youth, adventure and romance! Make it a regular habit to read McClure's. February issue on sale January 17th.

McCLURE'S
The Magazine of Romance



\$1080

For All Three

9 FT x 12 FT

CONGOLEUM

GENUINE GOLD SEAL ART RUG

With Two Extra Congoleum Rugs



No. M4C 2521

Background
of mellow two-tone taupe.
This jaspé, or water-silk effect has large, colorful figure in all of four corners. Stunning wide banded border with richly colored figures.

30
Days'
Free Trial

\$100

DOWN

Clip the coupon below. Write your name and address plainly. Pin a dollar bill to it—mail at once. We will ship immediately—all three rugs on approval in one complete neat package. No trouble to lay. If satisfactory, just send a dollar a month.

Not just one rug, but three! Three Genuine Gold Seal Congoleum Art Rugs! The prettiest and most artistic Congoleum Rug pattern ever produced. A brand new pattern, never before shown—a pattern of exquisite style, perfect taste, lovely colorings.

A great big, beautiful, room size 9 foot by 12 foot Genuine Congoleum Art Rug, and two companion rugs to match. **All three Rugs for TEN DOLLARS AND EIGHTY CENTS.**

You might almost say — All three for ONE DOLLAR! One dollar down — one dollar a month. Simply pin a dollar bill to the coupon—about a year to pay afterwards, easily and conveniently. Beauty, utility, home comfort; housekeeping satisfaction that no housekeeper should miss, for the odd dollar now and then she will never miss.

Guaranteed Genuine Gold Seal Congoleum Art Rugs! All three Art Rugs bear the famous Congoleum Art Rug Gold Seal—the famous Gold Seal that can't be placed on "seconds," or damaged goods, or imitations.

There is only one Congoleum. There is only one Gold Seal Congoleum Art Rug quality. The Gold Seal means complete satisfaction or money back. No ifs, ands or buts about THAT. The Gold Seal on Congoleum is an unqualified Bond of satisfaction.

Congoleum is the only guaranteed floor covering. Congoleum is the floor covering that changed the housekeeping habits of a nation.

Here it is offered to you, in all its loveliness, in all its brand newness of pattern, in all its practical utility—for little more than a ten dollar bill!

Millions of homes are justly proud of their Congoleum floors. Heretofore they have paid a great deal more to obtain them. Homes that own Congoleum floors no longer know the back-breaking, heart-breaking drudgery of scrubbing floors.

\$1.00 Down—\$1.00 a Month Thrifty Credit

All this for ten dollars and eighty cents, spread over a year's time. Ten dollars and eighty cents on approval—ON A YEAR'S CREDIT.

Shop around and make comparisons. Go wherever Congoleum is sold—and Congoleum is sold everywhere.

Bear in mind that our price includes two beautiful companion Rugs—Genuine Gold Seal Art Rugs. Our price is a CREDIT price—you pay little by little. Our price includes a thirty-day free trial offer that enables you to see your purchase before you buy. There would be few disappointments in purchasing anything if you had this same kind of an offer on everything.

Simply pin a dollar bill to the coupon, write your name and address, and mail it at once.

Ask for FREE Catalog

It shows thousands of bargains. It brings credit without asking. Everything from cellar to garret always sent on free trial for a month.

Beds—Bedding—Carpets—Rugs—Dishes—Cooking Utensils—Curtains—Furniture—Lamps. Also Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry. All sorts of odds and ends for the home. Your request on a postcard is enough.

PIN A DOLLAR TO COUPON BELOW



Spiegel, May, Stern Co.
1112 W. 35th Street, Chicago

I enclose \$1 for 9 ft. x 12 ft. Congoleum rug and two extra companion Congoleum rugs each 18 inches x 36 inches—Offer No. M4C2521—all on 30 days' free trial. If I return them, you are to refund my dollar, also all transportation costs. Otherwise I will pay \$1.00 monthly, until special price of \$10.80 is paid.

Name _____

Street or R. F. D. _____
or Box No. _____

Post Office _____ State _____

Shipping Point _____

IF YOU WISH A FREE COPY OF OUR BIG CATALOG, PUT A CROSS (X) IN THIS SQUARE ☐



Waterproof—No Seams—Lies Flat—Never Curls Up—No Scrubbing

Spiegel

May, Stern Co.

No orders filled in cities of 100,000 population or more.

1112 West 35th Street, Chicago

At Middle Age, His Magazine Business Brought Him a Car—a Home—a Good Income

Read His Letter of Advice to Men and Women, Young and Old

"I THINK for the average man or woman, the subscription business is the most profitable and pleasant there is.

"Am a man 50 years of age, so was rather along a little in years before taking up the work; but my advice to men and women, both young and old, is that in their own interest they should take up this pleasant and educational work.

"As for the profits, I might mention the fact that I have purchased a Ford Sedan for use in the work, and am buying a home and my income is derived from the magazine subscription business."



Mr. W. C. McNaught of Oregon

Immediate Profits and a Permanent Income

We offer you, either for your spare time or full time, the same pleasant money-making plan that Mr. McNaught and hundreds of other men and women are using to such good advantage.

Promptly on receipt of your coupon we will mail you *absolutely free* full particulars of our plan and a complete

outfit that will enable you to earn money at once—the very first hour you start.

A Business All Your Own

And these first earnings will be the beginning of a permanent ever-increasing income for you in a business all your own. You may arrange your working hours to suit your own convenience. You need no experience. Our plan will not interfere with your other duties. Your only investment will be a 2c stamp to mail the coupon below—the coupon that may start you on the road to earning hundreds of extra dollars.



Earned \$150 in One Month

Mrs. Florence M. Caffee of Wyoming is a busy housewife with three children to care for. Yet she found time to earn \$150 in a single month with our pleasant money-making plan.

Clip and Mail This Coupon NOW

Dept. SS-227, International Magazine Co., Inc.,
119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me full details of your easy spare-time money-making plan without obligation.

Name

Street

City State



They Used to Call Me a "Wet Blanket"

until I Amazed them with my
sudden musical ability

WHEN I received my invitation the very day of the party I knew what it meant. Somebody couldn't attend. And I was selected as a mere "fill in."

That hurt! I had never been popular at parties. Everyone knew it. Yet now they sent me a last minute invitation—just to make an even number.

But I swallowed my pride and went. They little knew what a surprise was in store for them!

It certainly was a jolly party. But, as usual, I sat alone in the corner—apart from the rest—actually just an onlooker. Only *this* time I had a secret up my sleeve!

Then someone suggested music (I knew they would!) Alice Blake gave a violin solo. Bob Johnson played a lively banjo selection. And suddenly the only guest who hadn't met me before arose. Politely turning to me she said, "Let's give someone else a chance to entertain. Do you play anything, Mr. Horton?"

The room was hushed. Obviously embarrassed I got up. My usual "No!" was on the tip of my tongue. But just then the silence was broken by a whispering voice, which said, "He can't do a thing. Why, he's the world's champion wet blanket!"

That decided me! I'd risk it! "Yes," I exploded, "I'll be glad to play!" And they stared at me in amazement!

I Surprised Them

I strode over to the piano. Then I played—played with all the skill and dash of a professional! New, jazzy tunes!—famous, classical rhythms—then a peppy Spanish number that made their eyes dance! At first they stared. Then they smiled in approval. Finally they burst into unrestrained applause.

In one breathless moment I had "arrived!" I who had always been neglected and out of it! I who was never a hit at any party! Now at last I was really popular—the very center of attraction! You should have seen them rush forward to congratulate me!

"It seemed impossible!" they chorused. "We're certain you never could play before! Who's your teacher? What's the secret?"

I was calm—triumphant. "Folks," I said beaming, "You're right. I never *could* play. I never even *thought* I could learn. But now—well I *can't* show you my teacher—but I *can* tell you the secret!"

And I did!

I told them how I had heard of the U. S. School of Music—and their wonderful course which teaches anyone to play—right at home and without a teacher. I investigated, I explained, because it didn't cost a cent. And I found that it was even better than I ever dared to hope.

I didn't need talent. I didn't need to go through a lot of tedious scales and tiresome exercises. Why every lesson was as easy as playing a game. I could study whenever I pleased. And almost before I realized it I was actually playing like a professional.

Now I can play anything. I amuse myself—entertain others—sometimes play for money. Even the first few times I played in an orchestra I made more than enough to pay for the course!

You, too, can now learn to play your favorite instrument—even though you don't know the first thing about music. No expensive teacher to hurry or embarrass you. No wearisome exercises to bore and annoy you. No complicated "trick" method to puzzle and irritate you.

For you learn in your own home—in spare time—through the easiest, quickest, most fascinating plan ever devised!

Right from the start you are playing real notes—just like a regular musician. In almost no time you can take your place with the best of them—surprise yourself—amaze and delight your friends! Every step is so remarkably simple even a child can learn. And it's all tremendous fun—fun that pays you rich dividends in jolly good times, new worth-while friends, lasting popularity!

Already nearly half a million people have learned to play this simple, rapid, at home way. No more wall-flower days for them. Now they know the one great secret of popularity. And day after day many join orchestras and capitalize their musical ability—yet a short time ago they never dreamed they could play!

Remember—you don't need talent. Just pick the instrument you want to play. The U. S. School of Music will do the rest. And it costs but a few cents a day!

Send For Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

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Does Jealousy Kill Love?

Prize Winning Letter Writers

In

Smart Set's Contest

MARRIAGES in America are made by love and wrecked by jealousy.

This is the conclusion arrived at after reading the hundreds of letters written to SMART SET in answer to the question, Does Jealousy Kill Love? "Mine was a love match." "I adore my husband." "We are madly in love." These expressions occur again and again in the letters submitted in this contest.

Jealousy has many defenders and nearly all admitted that it is extremely difficult to escape wholly from the pangs caused by the green-eyed monster. Of course, everyone insisted that it must be controlled. Given free play it is certain, the writers find, to bring havoc, misery and possibly crime. A little jealousy is approved as a good thing, a stimulant, an incentive to keep attractive, to work at the business of holding a man's love. It prevents one, the writers think, from taking the marriage relation casually.

Two people living as Mr. Ellen du Pois Taylor and her husband live, "could not love each other with a deep, passionate love filled with ecstasy," writes Mrs. L. D. Kerns, to whom the judges have awarded the first prize in this contest. Love, you see, is the keynote, a love that loses itself completely in the life of the loved one. It is for that passion, for that ecstasy of devotion that every one lives, and into this feeling jealousy gets subtly woven. Mrs. Kern's letter in full follows:

Mrs. Ellen du Pois Taylor's article on love and jealousy is a beautiful thought indeed, but frankly I do not agree with her. I do agree that it certainly would be a calm, congenial life for two people living under the same roof to compare notes as they adventure through life. Yet, it is a very serious doubt with me if they could love each other with a deep, passionate love filled with entrancing ecstasy. A love that makes springtime blossom within the heart even though the days be dark and dreary—a love that makes life a heaven on earth!

It seems to me that this thing of comparing notes without a spark of jealousy would be more of a brotherly, sisterly

sort of love. It surely is not the kind of love real lovers have for one another. I would call it more of a pal to pal conference. Yes, most assuredly we love a pal but not with the love we have for the one man! We would not get a thrill out of the caress of a pal, but when the lover takes us in his arms—it is enchanting.

with another man. I get just as big a thrill out of a vacant chair across the lunch table as I would if that chair were occupied by another man. This is how I adore and love my man!

"A Broadminded Man," is a story which softly and sweetly touched my very heart's core. It so plainly showed a real love that attracts mate to mate, throws all conventions to the wind and thus cleaves to the object of its love.

Prize Winners

HERE are the lucky and able writers who scored a win in this contest:

Mrs. L. D. Kerns, Freeport, Pa., first prize, \$15.

Ann Farmer, Fresno, Cal., second prize, \$10.

George Pinkerton, Olympia, Wash., third prize, \$5.

Each of the following was awarded a prize of \$1.

T. H. Payne, Mt. Pleasant, Ia.

Edward Rousell, Newton, Kan.

Mrs. J. J. Schneider, Placerville, Cal.

Mrs. Harry Bader, Cincinnati, Ohio

Edward Wall, Duluth, Minn.

Mrs. E. Holzworth, Oakland, Cal.

Jane Yarbrough, Weatherford, Texas

Do not miss the prize contests announced on pages 60 and 80.

I love my man with a deep, all-consuming love and I do not want to share him with another. Of course, I am jealous, yet I have perfect faith in him. I have never had any desire whatever to go out trying to find thrills here and there. He alone furnishes thrills a plenty. My soul seems to be merged in his!

However, I want the opposite sex to admire him, I wish him to have a good time in general when he is out in a crowd. But when he takes a lone lady to lunch I want that lady to be me! Of course I have no desire to go to lunch

without jealousy is far rarer than a casual observer thinks. Probe those marriages in which perfect freedom is allowed, and you'll too often find that it is not allowed at all—but taken. The enjoyment of this freedom by one is paid for in heartaches by the other, or love does not exist. So, however it is with you, I want a little jealousy manifested once in a while. When it ceases to show its little green eyes occasionally I'll begin planning some way to regain my husband's love for I'll be sure that I've lost it. [Continued on page 94]

"Quick! Unlock that Door!"

A MOMENT of hesitation—then from Murette's slim black revolver there leaped a spurt of smoke and flame.

The special constable lurched back against the cell bars as the others stood bewildered before the sudden fury of this girl; while behind the locked door Jim Kent watched in tense silence, every nerve alert, every drop of blood in his body on fire.

Who was this "girl of mystery"? What had lured her, alone, into the remote wilderness? Why should she, rich, educated, beautiful, risk her life to save a self-confessed murderer from the hangman's noose? What strange story lay behind her own dark secret?

To know the answer—follow these people through their swift, wild, thrilling adventures—such as you can find only in the wonderful stories of

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For Curwood is no "front porch" nature writer. He has spent years and has travelled thousands of miles in that country where men battle against cold and hardship and lurking dangers, sharing their adventures, living their lives,

inspired by one great purpose—to take his readers into the very heart of nature, that they may know and love it as he does.

CURWOOD'S Readers Number Millions

That is why his stories are so real that millions of people thrill to them, feel themselves taking actual part in the breathless adventures with which his pages are crowded. That is why his stories have been translated into a dozen different languages.

Here Are Worth While Books for Worth While People

Books for You and Every Member of Your Family—Books to Read Over and Over Again with Ever Increasing Delight.

As Curwood lures you into his beloved Northland, you meet red-blooded heroes, daring heroines, mounted police, Indians, half-breeds, criminals, refugees, cryptic Chinese, mysterious and beautiful girls. As you witness a succession of dramatic and vivid experiences of life in its wildest forms, all flaming with the fire of the elemental passions of that rugged country, you feel that never was there such magic writing!

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MY BEST TRUE STORY THIS MONTH

By O. O. McIntyre

A New Year's Reunion

SHE was brought up in the old Gowanus canal district of Brooklyn as "Sadie." Amid the tin can shanties of hell-roaring men and faithless women she spent a reckless childhood.

Here under the eyes of the patient drudge of a mother and a shiftless father a scrawny brat grew—like a lily in the bog—into beautiful girlhood.

Men saw her cheeks round into a bloom, her figure into graceful curves with only one thought. But she suffered their glances with an aloof detachment and became known as "Stuck up Sadie". It was only natural that eventually she should rebel. One night she crept away and Gowanus Canal saw her no more.

The world spun on. Days, weeks and months rolled into years. And in one of those garish hotel lobbies in New York where the chandeliers burn brightest, pink dawn was filtering through the gray of a New Year's morning after a night of revelry.

On their hands and knees venerable human anachronisms with stained, yellow teeth and straggly gray hair—known as charwomen—scrubbed the blocks of mosaic to a marble white.

Through the revolving door came a vision of loveliness. Her shoulders were furred in a way that spells grandeur. There was a flash of jewels at her white throat and the sheen of rich copper glinted from her hair. At her heels trailed a silk hatted gallant in full evening dress.

As they waited for the elevator the girl turned and opening a vanity case took out a bill and stepped toward the nearest charwoman.

"A happy New Year to you," she called pleasantly and the bill fluttered to the floor.

A wrinkled face turned up. Their eyes met. "Sad—" cried the old woman trying to rise. Then she saw the blood run from the lady's face and she saw eyes that held the fright of a stricken doe.

Then with her escort the girl entered the elevator.

"A fine leddy!" ventured another scrubwoman.

"Yes, I knew her once" replied the first handing her friend the crumpled bill. "Her name was Sadie, and I don't want her money."



MILLIONS of people know O. O. McIntyre. What is more important, O. O. McIntyre knows millions of people. He really knows us. He knows not only the smiling or scowling exterior which we present to the world; he knows our very inside—way down deep in the soul. That is why Ray Long, the brilliant Editor of *Cosmopolitan*, has said that "Odd McIntyre writes whole novels in four hundred words."

Introducing MYSELF, TWO MEN and the WOMAN Who



MRS. VANDERPOOL, thirty-five, had a flawless beauty and a stunning figure. She seemed sweet and gracious but I knew she was in love with Mr. Wainwright and was determined to win him from me.



Schuyler Briggs, young, good looking and quiet was the man I hoped would love me.

Only a Cigarette

GIRLS sometimes have an unaccountable feeling that a certain man is their commencement of Temptation. But those of us born in the tropics are too impulsive to heed warnings. We refuse to suppress ourselves on account of possible danger. It was that way with me the first time I saw Steven Wainwright, the millionaire bachelor whose doings and parties gave even pleasure-mad Miami something to gasp at.

I cannot definitely describe how I sensed that he was going to enter my life, and open those gilded doors through which I had only peeped longingly. I was only Nunciata, cigarette girl of the Hotel Conquistador, which towered like a grand palace of old Spain in that enchanted spot called Coral Gables.

It was early dusk in the palm patio with the Conquistador's tile roofs blazing like fantastically slanted flames through the wind-stirred palm branches. Overhead stretched a patch of sunset sky. And all around me were beautiful women, gorgeously gowned, their soft throats and hands gleaming with jewels, as they chatted and laughed with well dressed men over glasses that tinkled as if they were a part of the patio's seductive music.

I had been amidst such surroundings dressed in the picturesque costume of a Spanish gypsy, about a week, but, ever since I can remember I had craved the things the palm patio suggested at dusk. It was really my yearning for romance, luxury and thrills that prompted me to answer the

Whirled ME into LOVE and ADVENTURE in Gay Miami



Steven Wainwright, wealthy bachelor and yachtman, the man who first fascinated me.

Girl

Conquestador's advertisement for a Spanish looking girl to sell cigarettes.

There was a momentary lull in the demand for my tobaccos. The conversation at a nearby table caught my attention. A woman was telling about a wild party aboard a yacht the night before when everybody had high-dived from the mast! Suddenly there was a stir at the table. Steven Wainwright sauntered up, and began talking of the carnival he was giving that night after Mrs. Vanderpool's dinner and gambling party.

The men all rose to their feet insisting that he take a chair, but it was not the welcome of the men that I particularly noticed. Instead, I watched how the women tilted their heads back and smiled up at him as if making secret little offers with their eyes. Sam, the bell captain had said, among a hundred other things concerning Wainwright, that all women fell in love with him.

"No wonder they do!" I thought, comparing him to the other three men. They were tall and good-looking enough, but he towered over them all. His face was strikingly handsome, the face of a man, who got everything he wanted, and who knew a thing or two about life in all parts of the world. Mr. Wainwright had been rich all of his forty years, and had been every place.

His eyes, which reminded me of black, liquid flames fell unexpectedly upon me. I tried to look away, but the fascination of the man was too



I AM Nunciata, the cigarette girl. I was born in Key West, but I am all Spanish and full of life and youth and romance and love. I felt, as only a woman can, that strange things were about to happen to me.

much. A feeling of panic swept over me as he came my way. I turned and would have walked off if he had not called me. I stood still, strongly stirred by the emotions his voice aroused in me. It was not like the everyday voice of the rich men I was used to hearing in the Conquistador, but, a very unusual one of clear musical softness that somehow held a caressing note. For a moment I shut my eyes just as if I were being gently touched. When I opened them again Steven Wainwright was standing over me, his dark eyes seeming to look right down into my heart.

"I'm sure you haven't my favorite cigarette. It can't be bought this side of Constantinople. It's a special Turkish blend I cart all over with me, but I left my case at home tonight," he said bending over the tray. My eyes dropped to the little colored boxes and packages but they were swimming in front of me like squares of red, green, blue and yellow.

"What kind did you wish, sir?" I asked, uncertainly. His nearness had swept me off my feet. "What does the Senorita recommend?" he asked.

"**M**EN mostly buy these," I flustered, pointing to the cigarettes men usually chose.

"With all due respect to my fellow Americans who believe in walking miles for their smokes, and all that sort of thing, they've something to learn about cigarette smoking. Here, I will take a package of these Turkish. They will do," he smiled, pointing to my most expensive cigarettes that usually found sale only with foreigners.

Our hands grazed as I handed him the package. It was only a most fleeting touch, but it set me trembling and his ten dollar bill fluttered in my fingers as I started to make change. However, Mr. Wainwright quietly waved it aside. I tried to thank him but my voice went on strike.

"May I bother you for a light?"

I struck a match and held its flare of orange flame up to him. He bent down, and with one long pull the end of his cigarette became a round red glow. "Thank you, and, when you start smoking, may I suggest that you begin on a Turkish cigarette. It's not as easy to cultivate a taste for them as it is for these," he said pointing at the popular brands, "but, what a difference it makes eventually!"

"How do you know I don't smoke already?" I asked, amazed at my own question.

"A man never knows anything positive concerning a woman. I am only guessing, as I might guess that you love moonlight, music and dancing. Am I right?"

"But, what makes you guess these things?" was all I could say.

He laughed easily: "You, yourself," was his mysterious reply, as he walked away.

NEVER before had my eyes followed a man as they followed Steven Wainwright. On all sides people seemed eager to speak to him and be recognized by him. Sam had told me that people were always going out of their way to be noticed by Mr. Wainwright. To attend the parties he gave at Fiesta, his wonderful Biscayne Bay home, or to be included as a guest on one of the cruises of his yacht, El Bandelero, was a sign that you were in "the" Miami crowd.

Suddenly I realized that men and women were looking at me, and saying things, nodding their heads in the direction Mr. Wainwright had disappeared. I knew they were making remarks about our little meeting on the patio. Perhaps they were wondering why he had talked to me those few moments. I began to wonder myself.

Why had he advised me about cigarettes? Why had his dark eyes searched me? Why had he bothered to mysteriously figure out that I loved moonlight, music and dancing?

He was right. Moonlight and music always affected me. I found it hard to keep from dancing whenever I heard music. Even at that moment I was unconsciously swaying my hips and tapping my feet to the tango music that was being played. It was the dance I loved to do above all others. Perhaps I had been doing those very things when he was buying from me. Buying? No, no, not that! It had been more than a little business deal. Much more! It had been a promise of what was to happen between us! That I knew!

"Nunciata, they want cigarettes at the table there," called a waiter.

His words were like shots suddenly awakening me from a

thrilling dream. I looked around dazedly for a moment. The faces, the voices, the colors, and the music of the palm patio were pleasantly bewildering.

"That man's been motioning you for almost five minutes and you looking right at him without seeing him," said the waiter coming closer, "Did lighting Mr. Wainwright's cigarette make you dizzy?"

My cheeks burned more fiercely than ever. So, even big John, the waiter, knew something had happened to me! Bah! I shrugged my shoulders. What if he thought lighting the millionaire's cigarette had made me sort of dizzy like I felt the night I drank too much of my brother Pedro's wine? It was nobody's business how dizzy I felt!

"Ah! But, Pedro, your brother would say it was much of his business," warned an inner voice as I drifted toward the table where I hazily saw a man beckoning to me. Pedro! He was the quick-tempered, suspicious kind of a fellow that girls of the South have for brothers. Always ready to believe that every man who looked my way had designs upon me; always threatening what he would do if ever he caught a man getting fresh with me.

Hot-blooded Pedro! Forever bursting into flames. So much like me in that way, except that his emotions were mostly those of a man looking for a fight. And both of us so different from our brown old father, Diaz Sanchez, the cigar-maker, who had been sullenly calm ever since I could remember, as if he lived in a secret shadow that kept everything but his beady eyes tightly sealed. My Aunt Conchita, who once came from Key West to visit us said that I strongly favored our dead mother, about whom she hinted things I had not understood at the age of twelve.

IT HAD been Pedro who stormed against my becoming a cigarette girl in the Hotel Conquistador, swearing violently that it was no place for a girl like me.

"We slaved to keep her in a fine convent until she was seventeen. Now she is nineteen and always wanting rich women's things, men's smiles, and always dreaming crazy dreams of love. We were men fools to make her so smart! Caramba! She will meet one of those rich men there and get into trouble," he had shouted at my father.

But, Pedro was a fisherman and I had taken the job the night he shoved off for a week's trip. I wondered if Steven Wainwright were the kind of man Pedro meant. Surely, I was not looking for trouble from a man like the fascinating bachelor. I was only looking for the things of life that I had secretly craved ever since I was fifteen. Never before had they seemed so desirable, or so close as at that moment in the patio. I could almost feel them crowding about me, touching me as his fingers had touched me. Why? Do not ask me. It is given for a woman only mysteriously to feel such things. She cannot explain them to others.

"Well, here you are at last. I thought you'd gone on strike," said the man who had been signalling me.

I looked at him without really seeing him. I offered the tray. He took two packages and I handed back wrong change twice.

"Haven't you been in this country long enough to learn how to count our money?" he asked. He was not just trying to kid me. He really thought I was a foreigner. It was the costume, and my dark Latin type, of course.

"I'm American sir," I answered, "I'm sorry."

"You an American!" he interrupted, as if unable to believe it. "Why, you look like a girl from Cuba or the Argentine, or—"

"I was born in Key West."

"**S**CHUYLER, is it necessary to investigate the nationality of people who sell you cigarettes before you offer me one? I've been waiting long enough for a smoke, it seems," spoke up the girl next to the man. She was a very pretty blonde, and had a very proud manner.

I turned my back on the table and sauntered away, but I guess it's impossible for a woman to keep from looking back when she is conscious of following eyes. I gazed over my shoulder for a second. Yes, the man called Schuyler was watching me as he offered the blonde girl a cigarette. I felt a mysterious sort of presentiment about him too as our eyes met, and a wistful little smile lighted his young face. He was the type of good-looking athletic fellow that made me think



*I picked up the costume Mr. Wainwright had given me. Never in my life had I held such silken softness.
"It's lovely, lovely," I cried, feasting my eyes upon its gorgeous colors.*

It was early dusk in the patio and a breeze stirred the palm branches. All around me were beautiful women, gorgeously gowned, their soft throats and hands gleaming with jewels as they chatted with well dressed men.

of youth and the sunny outdoors. Quite different from Mr. Wainwright whose looks and voice mysteriously suggested the thrill of the forbidden. The palm patio crowd gradually thinned out. Dusk melted into a night that seemed a sort of purple dark. The stars rushed out; and in some fanciful fashion I thought of each twinkling point of gold as a spurt of the orange flame I had held up to light Mr. Wainwright's cigarette.

Oh! How I envied those gay people going to his carnival at Fiesta. Almost at that moment I saw a slice of silver sailing slowly above the feathery fringes of palms. A new moon! Looking over my left shoulder I made a wish.

Sam, the bell captain, was hurrying toward me when I came back to earth. There was a sly look in his eyes, as he began speaking: "Just had a bird asking about you. Wanted to know who was the 'princess' selling cigarettes. Say! He hit the nail on the head. 'Princess!' You've got an air like that, Nunciata. It's in your walk, your voice, everything. All the help notice it, and they think you're putting on the high-hat."

"Who wanted to know?" I demanded, my heart leaping at the hope that Steven Wainwright might have called me a princess.

"That gets a rise out of you, all right. What'll you give to know?" he teased.

"Please, Sam, tell me quick. Was it Mr. Wainwright?" I demanded.

Sam's answer was a long low whistle. I knew then that I was on the wrong track. My hopes went dashing down. I turned away, but he called me back.

"So you've taken a tumble for the Big Noise, too? Good night! All you women fall for a man like him.

"Gosh! the way that Mrs. Vanderpool guns him. They say she's got everything but cash. Well, she's out to cop him or I'm a Chinaman. Which reminds me, kid, you and your tray of smokes are being paged by that dame in her suite. Number A top floor, the one with the gold bathtub, you know. Tossing a big blow-out tonight. Wainwright's up there. With his looks, and the berries to furnish women with playthings it's no wonder he's a regular Sultan. You heard

about his affair with that movie queen didn't—"

"What's the number of her suite?" I cut in, edging away.

"I told you once—A

—A. Can't you keep your mind on one letter? But, you didn't let me tell you. The fellow that asked about you is Schuyler Briggs the polo star. He's going to marry that blonde baby, Vera Thomasson, the sugar king's daughter. He wanted to—"

But I did not wait to hear the rest. I was on the way to Suite A. Nothing interested me then but the idea that I might see Steven Wainwright in Suite A.

I did. Almost immediately. He was in the midst of her wonderful drawing room, talking to a woman whom I judged to be Mrs. Vanderpool. She left his side long enough to tell me to give her guests whatever kind of cigarettes they wanted. Then she hurried back to him as if she was afraid to be away from him any longer than was absolutely necessary.

As I made the rounds, offering my tray, I studied her. She was thirty-five or so, a flawless, artificially preserved sort of beauty. Her peacock blue dress was a dream fitted to her stunning figure. She certainly seemed sweet and gracious





A feeling of panic swept over me as Steven Wainwright approached and stood looking at me. His eyes reminded me of liquid flames and his voice was clear but softly musical, holding a caressing note

thrilling secret. My wish, made in the palm patio, was already starting to come true. I turned eagerly at the sound of swift steps behind me, and faced Steven Wainwright.

"Tonight, after Mrs. Vanderpool's dinner, I'm giving a Spanish carnival at Fiesta. It will be a costume affair, and I want it to be colorful and picturesque. I'm having two giant colored men act as Moorish slaves, and carry in the champagne. Would you care to come and serve my guests? It would just make the picture for you are a typical girl from the grape lands of Malaga."

I would have clapped my hands in delight if I had not been holding the tray. The idea of going to Fiesta where I would be near him, and a part of his carnival, electrified me. "I would love to do it,"

I said. My eagerness caused him to look at me with lifting eyes. I thought he was secretly pleased.

"I will send my car for you. What time can you be ready?"

"About twelve."

At that moment I didn't even bother to worry what might happen to me at home on account of my staying out late.

"Fine! Things ought to be getting off to a good start about then. There will be a costume at Fiesta for you. Now, what

name shall my chauffeur give when he asks for you?"

"It is Nunciata, but the driver needn't ask. I'll be waiting at the north entrance."

"Nunciata," he repeated softly, his voice lingering over my name, "How pretty sounding!"

"I'm glad you think so, sir," I said impulsively.

There were steps on the balcony. A couple was strolling toward us. Mr. Wainwright backed deeper into the wall's shadow. I did likewise. Both of them suddenly stopped walking as if halted by the same desire. The man drew her into his arms until she was standing on tip-toe. Her head fell back so that her whole expectant face was upturned for his kiss.

[Continued on page 104]

enough but there was a hint of cruelty in her cool blue eyes that made me think she was the kind of person who never let anybody, or anything stand in her way. I could not shake off the feeling that we were destined to be enemies.

I went up to him last, having waited for Mrs. Vanderpool to be otherwise engaged for the moment. He gave me a look of interested recognition, and began to speak. What he said started a new little pulse throbbing in my temple: "Will you go out to the balcony? I would like to see you there alone for a moment."

I nodded quickly, trying not to show the excitement his request produced. On the balcony I found myself looking up at the thin slice of silver as if the new moon and I shared a



*This Girl
Says:*

He Tempted Me

DON'T judge me too harshly until you read my story. I was young. I fell in love before I knew the man I loved was married. I listened—I believed. You'd have listened; you'd have believed him, too. Oh, I didn't give way easily. But I've paid for it; I've paid for every kiss, for every moment of unbelievable ecstasy.

Is There Any Excuse for a Girl

I AM going to tell the story of my love for Laurie Greenwood, because I want to write my own defence of what I've done. It's terribly easy to say a girl is bad because she cares for someone else's husband. I've heard it said over and over again. But it isn't badness that makes you give up everything for a man. In my case the explanation lies in one word "love." And if you ask me what that means, I'll tell you. It means that nothing counts in the whole world but him; that for the touch of his hand, you'd give up everything that most women think worth while.

I gave up a lot. Love wasn't easy for me. I suppose I feel

too deeply. But the man tempted me with the thought of all his love would mean to me. The fear of what my people would say when they found out; the terror of what his wife would do when she discovered; and through it all and more than all, the haunting, ghastly fear that one day he would cease to care and that I should be left without him.

I was twenty-three when I first met him and I was living the sort of life that hundreds of other girls live. My mother was a widow and my brother Jim, my sister Kate and I kept the home going. We'd plenty of friends and I always had a young man hanging around. [Continued on page 125]

*This Wife
Says:*

She Tempted Him

DOES the other woman think she has done something clever in luring a married man from his home? Does she think the wife should merely perform the home duties, and leave the husband free to spend his leisure time and money on her? Do you blame me for not giving my husband up? I can't. I still love him. That counts most.



Who Breaks Up a Wife's Home?

I HAVE been the wife in one of these "eternal triangles" for longer than I care to say and I think it is time someone hurled a challenge at the fabrications of the other woman. I wonder if anyone believes them. I wonder if anyone fails to brand them with the moral stigma they deserve. I wonder why they are so unattractive and so lacking in feminine appeal that they cannot win the attentions of men who are seeking honorable wives. I wonder if in their desperate search for male society they do not all realize how cheap and sordid and dishonest they appear in the eyes of those who know their true condition. If they do not they are more stupid even

than I think they are. Have they neither dignity nor pride?

Some people may wonder why I endure the conditions under which I am living; why I am struggling to keep a home together which might easily have been broken up by another woman; why I am fighting against such odds with a stout heart. It is because I still love my husband and because we have a little son of whose future I am constantly thinking. I cannot believe that my husband, by some miracle or through constant devotion and loyalty on my part, will not some day be brought to a realization of the injustice he has done me and his boy. I know also that I [Continued on page 109]

*Can You Realize
How Desperate
A Girl Must Be
When the Streets
Are Her Last
Hope? I Was That
Girl. This Is
My Story*

The Star That

I WAS a street girl, and, if you don't know what I mean, I'm not going to tell you, because what you don't know won't hurt you.

Off there to the East of us, there is a Star in the Heavens these nights. No matter what they christened it in the baptism of the stars, its name is Romance! It shines upon the topmost story of the tallest building; and it shines upon the street.

It was shining full upon me, trying to warm me that bitter night, when I turned away from the Avenue into Fortyninth Street, and hurried on. The snow was falling, shutting out the cold with its blanket of soft white, but the wind beat through the feathery flakes.

I was dressed in navy blue, a little seedy; my fur jacket was worn thin; my shoes weren't what they used to be, and my hat was old. I could see myself in the long windows, a slim silhouette of a girl, and I knew that I was not bad to look at. I saw a face that was pale but pretty, and hair that lay in little damp rings as dark as night against the pallor of my cheeks. I had to look pretty. It wasn't a case of being introduced, growing into friendship, and something more. It was a case of a pretty face, a flash of the Star!

He was sitting upon the steps of an office building in the middle of the block. He had on a fur overcoat and he wore a silk hat. The coat lay around him like a rug; his hat was on the back of his head; his face was in his hands and as it dropped lower and lower he groaned: "Oh Lord! Oh Lord!"

I stopped and touched him on the shoulder. My bare hand sank in the warm



He was sitting in the snow when I saw him. "Is anything the matter?" I asked.

Guided Me to Love



He lifted his head. "Matter?
Yes. I can't find taxi. I got lost."

fur of his coat; "Is anything the matter?" I asked.

It wasn't what I meant to say, what I had been schooled to say, but there are moments in life when we forget that we have taken a college course.

He lifted his head; "Matter? Yesh! Hell's the matter."

"Can I help you? Are you sick?"

He put his hand on my arm and pulled himself to his feet. "Can't find a taxi. Got losh!" He was unsteady on his feet.

"You're hurt," I said. "Take hold of my arm."

"Hurt! I'm—drunk!"

"I'm so sorry!"

"Sorry, nothing! I wanta sthay drunk. Never get shober again—! Sthay drunk rest my life—! Bachelor shuppers—bad things!" He was swaying, looking at me. "Now—who the hell are you?"

"Just a friend!" I said. I felt bolder because he was sick and needed me so. Don't think, because you put a woman in the street, that she isn't a woman any longer; that she's just some bird of prey, of the night, of the dregs of civilization. She's a woman, still. And she responds to all a

woman's emotions. Ambitions may die, so may hopes and aspirations, but emotions—never! And I felt bold at the sight of helplessness. He was swaying like a baby on its feet for the first time.

I got him home and up the two flights to my room. His feet made a loud clattering on the bare stairs. It was an old fashioned brown stone house. In the basement was an Armenian rug store, on the parlor floor a book shop. Up two more flights was my room; and the front door was never locked.

He swore a little as I guided him along. It sounded like the mutterings of a man under an anesthetic. Oh, how I wished that he would stop it. But he meant it! Every word he said revealed the inner secrets that men and women disclose only when they are drunk with something that deadens the outer surface of pain, and leaves exposed only the raw, bleeding heart.

But, when I got him up to my room, he stopped swearing. He threw himself on my bed, fur overcoat and all, and in a minute he was sound asleep. I

hung up his silk hat. Poor fellow! He had soft light brown hair, and his face was good in spite of the stupor which sleep had thrown upon him. He looked like a big, soft, warm, thoroughbred animal fallen asleep on the bare highway.

And my room was bare enough. There was a bureau with a gas jet flickering over it. A wash-stand in one corner. My old satchel in another. A chair near the window; A bare floor; and the iron bed on which my unknown guest lay, in heavy sleep.

The window rattled. The snow was coming in through the sash, and the room was bitter cold. I could feel the wind creeping in under the door, up through the cracks in the floor. I fitted a little burner on the gas jet. It gave out a warmth that was like the friendly ray of a match-light in a shivering wind. Over the foot of the bed hung a faded blanket. There was warmth in it underneath its wretched colors. I opened it and spread it over my guest. He was in sodden unconsciousness but he was not muttering any more. A shiver ran through him now and then under that coat of fur, but even on that miserable bed he was at rest. Over his face there had settled a look of peace as if he had gone on, beyond the trouble that had made him desperate.

I sat down by the window. Oh, but it was cold! I could not take off my coat. I held my hands close together and put them to my mouth for warmth. Outside, far off in the sky, the Star was shining. It was bright and clear. It lay upon the clouds like a lovely lady, warm and comfortable in her bed of down, awaking from her sleep to smile down upon the world. It was the brightest star, all lovely with hope and promise.

The ray from the little burner upon my gas jet made a space of light outside my window like a box, and the snow was falling into it like bits of silver from the sky. I hadn't a cent of money; there was nothing to eat in my room; and I was cold and wet and miserable. The man in the bed was smiling tranquilly. He, at least, had escaped from the storm.

Strange ending this to my night in the street. It was my first night out and I had gone forth with a desperation born of failure and despair, those progenitors of all the evils of the world. And here I

was, back in my room with my trophy, a young man as miserable as I, sodden, dead to the world. It was quite different from anything I had learned from a girl who had given me my lesson; who had told me the technique of the street!

I had gone out into the snow, under the light of that Star! The Star that had looked down on me through all the misery of the past months! It had told me to go. It was so bright and luxurious, so temptingly comfortable, and it had guided me back, with him. There it was, now, shining in the eastern

heaven, serene and tranquil. Nothing disturbed its quiet shining.

"Much you know about life down here," I said to the Star. But the Star said: "I am Romance, and I never sleep."

I looked at the man on the bed. It seemed scarcely decent to stare at him. He was so off guard, so deep in sleep, so unconscious of my eyes. Every set expression was swept away and I saw his thoughts. He was unhappy, deeply unhappy. And he did not want to wake. He was trying to sink deeper and deeper into that mysterious world of sleep, so that life could never call him back.

I had been wretched before, but now it was worse. In a little while he would wake up. He would be himself again, and he would have to know that I was a street girl; and I had picked him up; and brought him in. Well!

Wasn't it all right? Hadn't I tried hard enough? I had worked myself to the bone. I had struggled as no girl ever struggled before. I had done the best I could. I had gone straight and I had failed utterly and miserably. And, when all the doors of hope were shut, and I was cold and hungry and without a cent, I had gone out on the street. A girl I met, by chance, had told me how! I was justified. Any girl who had been treated as cruelly as I by fate might have done that. And now, I had taken the step. There was no hope for

me! Oh, if I could only lay down my head upon that cold window sill and die before he woke up! The light from the window kept my eyes open. The Star was there!

"Never mind shining upon me, Star! I'm dead to all you stand for! Don't look at me! I'm not your kind!" Then, the street noises began.

The man on the bed sat up. He glanced at his fur overcoat, still around him; at his silk hat on a peg; at me! "Where am I?" he asked; and, then, "God, I'm thirsty!"

I went to the wash basin in the corner of my room; "I'll let the water run! Do you feel better?"

He got up and took off his fur overcoat. I brought him a glass of water and he drained it before answering: "No! And I'll never feel better." He took me in now. I still had on my hat and coat. It had been too cold to take them off. "You're a funny girl. Sit down, and tell me where I'm at." He felt for his watch, and went through all his pockets—"A damned funny one, I'll say. Why you didn't even go through my pockets!"

"Why on earth should I?"

He sat down on the edge of the bed and ran his hands through his hair; "Am I in New York City? Or have I gone crazy or anything?" He spoke with a little drawl; and his mouth had a way of laughing a little on one side; and there was a dimple but he wasn't laughing in his heart.

"Where am I at? And who are you?" The dimple faded. He was back to earth again.

The time had come. He would know now, and he would understand. "My name is Elsa Marshall, and you're in my room."

"How did I get here?"

"I brought you here this morning. I found you in the street, asleep, sitting in the snow." I knew that I was very pale, as I sat there in my hat and coat, looking [Continued on page 128]



Outside my Star was shining, bright and clear. It was all lovely with hope and comfort.

Back to Back



TWO such charming ladies as Sally Phipps of the Fox Studio and Andre Bailey, a Mack Sennett beauty, should be smiling at each other instead of turning away like this. Perhaps Andre is jealous of Sally's lovely wrap. It's hard to tell why Andre's fetching costume should be called "overalls" when it is quite décolleté enough for any Cinderella to wear to a ball.



The World, the Flesh and the Devil used to be a famous trio, but Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in "The Flesh and the Devil" leave the World out altogether, while Mae Murray and Conway Tearle offer sacrifice on "The Altars of Desire."



Assorted

Fashions New Yet Old



Caught by the camera, Viola Dana and Bryant Washburn blame "June Madness."



Joan Crawford and Douglas Gilmore sampling a real Apache kiss in "Paris."



Ask Dorothy Phillips and Lew Cody if kisses can lie. One of them is "The Gay Deceiver." When William Haines and Claire Windsor started on "A Little Journey," we're willing to bet that neither of them thought to buy a return trip ticket.

Kisses

by M-G-M Stars



Eleanor Boardman and Ben Lyon are, apparently, drunk with "The Wine of Youth."



Marceline Day and Malcolm MacGregor are two more of the gay "Gay Deceivers."

Sports of a Sort



Why should beautiful Helene Chadwick, of the Hal Roach Company, have to paddle her own canoe?



Sally O'Neil's daily dozen.



Is Thelma Daily of Christie Comedies using the right bait to make her a successful fisher of men?



These girls from M-G-M's "The Exquisite Sinner" claim their donkey is as stubborn as a man.

*This Strange Man
Rescued Me
from the Ocean.
I Came to Wish
He Had Let Me
DROWN.*



My Sea Beast Made Me Love Him

IT SOUNDS like a big jump, from a hall bed-room in the Wilson Avenue district of Chicago to a multi-millionaire's yacht on the Maine Coast. But it was nothing to the jump I took later.

When the story finally came out in the newspapers, it was taken for granted that I was a guest of Mr. Parker's. I wasn't. I was working at my regular job of private secretary to Mr. Billings, who manufactures automobile parts in Chicago. Mr. Parker invited Mr. Billings and his wife to spend the last two weeks of August aboard his yacht, the *Wanderer*. Mr. Billings knew his wife would be thrilled for the rest of her life over spending two weeks with the Parkers, and, of course, he knew that this was his big chance to sell about two million dollars worth of Billings steering gears and universal joints. Mr. Billings wrote Mr. Parker that he needed me along to take

care of his correspondence. So I had a little cabin all my own, with a typewriter, and my stenographic note-books, and a lot of reference material. I also had the handsomest pair of black silk pajamas, with a design in gold on them, that I ever saw. The pajamas would have had nothing to do with my story if it hadn't been for the gale of August twenty-third.

We went aboard the yacht at Portland on the seventeenth of August and for four or five days I had the laziest and loveliest time I've ever had in my life. The yacht was unbelievably luxurious, all clean white paint and polished brass outside, and all crotch mahogany and white enamel inside, with more conveniences and better service than any New York or Chicago hotel I've ever been in. The food was so good that I understood for the first time how rich women can let themselves get fat. I had breakfast on a tray in my room with all the red

raspberries and cream I wanted, a five course luncheon in the dining saloon, the most elaborate tea in the afternoon, with innumerable little cakes and caviar on little rounds of toast, and a big dinner at night with three kinds of wine. I'm not ordinarily awfully interested in food but I still remember some of those meals and the only thing that reconciles me to never having any more like them is the thought that I would lose my figure in about one month of such a life.

We sailed from one Maine harbor to another, through passages between rocky, fir-clad islands, and I had absolutely nothing to do but eat and look at the scenery and flirt with Jim Morton, the first officer. He was about the only man on board who wasn't old enough to be my father, a slim, handsome, blonde boy of perhaps twenty-two. I was twenty-four myself, and though I didn't take him seriously I couldn't help being affected by the way he treated me. He acted as if I were a princess or a goddess or something. He was perfectly happy just to stand near me beside the rail and gaze at me without saying a word. It was positively embarrassing to have a man so hyped about me at first sight.

THE only subject he could talk about was boats. He told me all about the yacht, and how it had cost one round million dollars, and was driven by Diesel engines that made almost no sound and no smoke whatever, and if Mr. Parker had been willing to have port-holes instead of real windows in some of the cabins and have the rail built up higher she could cross the Atlantic or even sail around the world. He pointed out the different kinds of yachts and fishermen's boats to me—especially the Friendship sloops that we saw every day. They were boats thirty or forty feet long, built like little sailing ships, except that, being so small, they had only one mast, with a big main-sail and a jib. Jim had been brought up on the Maine coast and he just raved about what grand boats the Friendship sloops were and how the fishermen and lobstermen would go out in them in any weather, except the worst gales, and how he'd rather sail one than command a yacht like the Wanderer.

That last night, the night of August twenty-second, we sat on the after deck of the Wanderer for hours after everybody else had gone to bed—except, of course, the two men on watch forward, a hundred feet away. It must have been a sweltering night on shore because out there in the harbor with the cold Maine water lapping against the sides of the yacht it was warm enough to sit in an evening dress without even a scarf around my shoulders. It was pitch dark, with no stars showing and no lights except the yacht's riding lights and the intermittent gleam of a light-house on shore. It was warm and dark and still, a night just made for being kissed. And Jim Morton sat there in a wicker chair beside me and struggled between his desire to kiss me and his fear of me.

I knew how he felt just as well as if he had told me. For a while I thought he was so crazy to kiss me that he would, any moment, just break through and grab me. I distinctly remember thinking I might help him out the way a girl can, but, being a girl, I wanted him to do it himself. I don't suppose I was the least bit in love with him and yet if he had kissed me I might have been. I wonder now what would have happened if the wind had come up half an hour later than it did.

You know how sometimes, after a sultry summer day, the wind will come up suddenly, cool and strong, without any warning at all, and get stronger and stronger, and it begins to thunder and lightning flashes across the sky? Well, all of a sudden, the breeze came. Jim Morton jumped up.



The man leaned back and got out cigarettes. He offered me hand felt the handle of the

"I thought so," he said. "There's a big storm on the way." The wind was positively cold. I stood up too and it whipped my skirts around me.

"I think I'll go below, Jim," I said.

He actually put his hand on my arm.

"Yes," he said huskily, "it's my watch in another fifteen minutes. I've got to go forward. But—" he hesitated and while he hesitated I could hear his heart beat—"I've got to tell you that you're the most beautiful, adorable girl I ever met or hope to meet. I—I—"

He stopped, scared at what he had said. I thought of saying to him, "You may kiss me if you like." Perhaps I would have said it if I hadn't thought he was going to do it anyway. If he had it would have changed the whole course of my life. I'd



one. I took it. He smoked in silence for a moment and then he turned toward me. My knife behind me and my fingers closed around it.

have obeyed Jim Morton four or five hours later, when he told me to go below, and nothing much would have happened.

But he just didn't have the nerve to kiss me.

"Good-night," I said.

"Good-night," he said huskily. "I'm sorry it's going to blow." As if it were his fault!

I went down to my cabin and took off my clothes in a slightly annoyed way. I was disappointed in him. He was so clean and strong physically and not afraid of anything—except me. I remember putting on those black pajamas with the design in gold and looking at myself in the long mirror beside the chest of built-in drawers. I am blonde and blue-eyed and my hair covers my head with a cap of natural curls. The truth is I thought I was sort of alluring. But so far it

hadn't done me much good because all the really nice men I'd met acted too much like Jim Morton. With such thoughts running through my head I went to sleep.

A few hours later I woke up with a sudden feeling that something was wrong. Something was happening up on deck and the yacht was rolling and pitching as it hadn't rolled and pitched before. I grabbed a dressing gown, and slippers and ran out into the passage and up on the deck.

I'll say I was scared. Did you ever look out on the sea at five o'clock on a morning when it's really angry? The night before it had been calm and still with hardly a ripple on the surface. Now we were in the middle of a gray, cold waste of tumbling water. The shore was a gray line. The sky was the same sullen gray. The yacht was going ahead under full power, out of the harbor, toward the open sea. As I stepped out of the companion way the wind caught me and almost tore my dressing gown off me. I'd never felt such force in my life.

I saw Jim coming toward me, across the deck, his body braced against the wind.

"What's up?" I yelled. The wind tore the words out of my mouth. I don't suppose he heard them. But he must have guessed what I wanted to know.

He bent and yelled in my ear.

"We've got to have sea-room or we'll be driven ashore. Go below."

"I want to see," I yelled, in his ear. "I'm going to stay here." He shook his head and pointed forward.

"We'll clear the point in another five minutes and then you can't stay on deck. Go below."

I shook my head. I was beginning to get a thrill out of it even though I was scared.

"Go below," he yelled again.

I think if he had kissed me the night before I'd not only have gone below but I'd have stayed there. As it was I was angry. Who was he to order me around? I came to my own door in the passage but instead of going in I went right on and up to the after deck. It was perfectly bare; the awning and the deck chairs and the cushions had been taken below. Every once in a while a wave struck forward and breaking, shot water two

inches deep across the deck. It was beginning to rain, too.

I looked ahead. We were almost even with the end of the point and if it was rough inside the harbor—well, I saw now what they meant when they talked about waves, mountain high. I grabbed a stanchion with one hand and held my dressing-gown around me with the other hand and watched. I was fascinated.

Right behind us was a little Friendship sloop with two rags of sail. As I watched it disappeared. I thought it had gone down, but the next moment it appeared again, coming up on a wave. I shivered. A boat like that couldn't last long in such a wind and sea.

A big wave was coming. I turned my head just in time to see it looming over the yacht, solid as a mountain and coming like an express-train. The top of it curled high over the mahogany launch that was swung above the after-cabin and then it struck. There was a crash. I saw flying splinters of wood. I felt the whole ship tremble. The next moment I was up to my neck in a swirling, rushing torrent of water that broke my grip on the stanchion as if I'd been a baby and swept me across the deck and overboard. I had just time to take a deep breath before my head went under. I remember thinking, "I can swim," just as if swimming would have done me any good. Gertrude Ederle herself couldn't have made fifty feet in that sea.

I CAME up sputtering and trying to wipe the water out of my eyes so I could see. I got one glimpse of the yacht, hardly twenty feet away, and staggering like a wounded animal. She might just as well have been twenty miles away. Somehow I must have got out of that dressing gown. I remember thinking as a wave curled over and buried me, that my pale dead face would look quite handsome against those black pajamas when my body was washed ashore.

I went down, down, down and then I felt myself being flung up again in that icy water and I thought to myself, "One more breath of air before I die." Then my wrist was caught in an iron grip, my arm felt as if it were jerked out of its socket, something hard scraped along my back and I landed on something flat and solid with a thud that just finished me.

When I woke up I was lying on hard boards with a rope so tight around my body that it hurt. The boards were hard but they weren't still. They would heave up and up until I was almost standing and then they would suddenly go down with sickening suddenness. I felt as if the whole world was going out from under me.

A voice yelled in my ear.

"Coming to?"

I tried to speak.

I felt the man loosen the rope and pick me up. He stood poised for a moment and then lurched forward. He swung me and my head hit a sharp corner and I landed all scrambled up in a bunk. He took my hand and put it on some kind of square rail.

"Hang on," he yelled, and disappeared.

I DON'T know whether it was fifteen minutes or fifteen hours that I lay there, hanging on to that rail, thinking each plunge down was going to be the last and almost wishing it were. My back felt as if somebody had gouged a long strip of flesh out of it and every part of my body ached as if I'd been pounded with a club. I was the sickest I've ever been in my life. If anything the plunges got worse.

I had got to the point where I couldn't hang on any longer, where I didn't care if I was thrown on the floor and my head bashed in, when the man came back. I don't know how he managed to keep his feet but he picked me out of the bunk and put me in another on the other side of the cabin. It felt like a hammock and seemed to be movable because he hoisted it in such a way that I was lying in a kind of V, one side being the inside wall of the boat and the other side being canvas. I couldn't fall out. Then as we plunged he held a thick tumbler half full of whiskey to my mouth. Some of it went all over my neck but the rest went down on the inside.

Somehow I went to sleep. I suppose the pain and the fright and the pitching were just too awful. I couldn't bear to stay awake. It hurt too much.

When I awoke I was lying jammed in between the canvas and the side of the boat and we were pitching just as hard as

ever. I lay there a long time before the man came down again and lit an oil lamp that hung in a swinging bracket. He bent over and looked right into my face.

"Still alive?" he asked.

I didn't speak. I couldn't.

He rummaged around in the cabin. The canvas of my bunk was laced to an iron pipe frame that was suspended from the roof on chains. I saw now what he had done with it. The chains were long enough to let the bunk hang level. But he had hooked them all short so that the outside of my bunk was much higher than the inside, and so wedged me against the wall. Through the little spaces in the lacing of the canvas I could see him with his feet braced, hanging on with one hand. In his other hand he had a thick sandwich.

He was the most powerful looking brute I ever saw, broad-shouldered, thick-chested, and so tall that his hair just brushed the deck beams. I was suddenly as afraid of him as I was of the storm.

He turned. He was ever so much younger than I had thought. In fact he didn't look much older than Jim Morton. If he were washed and shaved he'd be rather decent looking.

"How long before the end?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"We're hove to under the storm jib," he said. "We'll ride it out if we don't spring a leak."

I raised my head up as high as I could and looked over the frame of my berth. I was in a rough room, ten or twelve feet long, with two fixed berths on one side. The floor was a wild jumble of clothes, shoes, pots and pans, broken dishes—as if everything that was loose had been flung in one mad heap and stirred.

He grabbed a rail along the wall, put one foot against a bunk and swung himself close to me.

"No bones broken?" he asked with a grin.

I shook my head.

"Hungry?" he asked.

I shook my head.

He grasped the chain at the upper end of my bunk.

"I'll help you out of there," he said.

"What for?" I almost shrieked it.

He grinned.

"YOU'VE got to get out of those wet clothes," he said.

I was sick and bruised and scared and cold and wet but the thought of taking my clothes off in front of that great hulking brute was worse.

"No!" I screamed.

"Don't be a little fool," he said. "You'll do what I say."

He reached up beside my head and opened a locker and hauled out a pair of blue flannel shorts and a blue woolen shirt.

"These are my little brother's," he said. "They won't be much too big for you."

"I won't," I said.

He just grinned and proceeded to unhook the chain so that in spite of myself I spilled out of the bunk into his arms, or rather into his arm. The boat still pitched so hard that he had to hang on with one hand.

"Now brace yourself and get 'em off," he said.

Somehow or other I did it.

"Now grab the pipe," he said, "and swing yourself up while I boost."

He boosted me and I went into the berth. Then he calmly hauled the chains up, one at a time, until I was so deep in the V between the bunk and the wall that I couldn't fall out. Then he climbed around the cabin, hanging on with one hand, until he got a dry blanket out of a locker. He wrapped me in that and went up on deck.

It seemed to me as I lay there, warm and dry, that the boat pitched just as far down and rose just as high on the successive waves but that the motion was slower. I had no fear of being thrown out. If we had got through this much of the storm safely we'd probably get through the rest. Then I'd have this brute to deal with. I shivered.

He came down in the cabin again and got into a bunk. I saw he was going to sleep.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"About a hundred miles off shore," he answered.

"A hundred miles," I gasped. [Continued on page 111]

I Hate My Beautiful Legs

ARE pretty legs the lovely gift of gracious goddesses to the girl-child, or are they rather a curse and a malediction invoked by spiteful gods with an eye to the pleasures of men? As the possessor of a good-looking pair of legs, I am inclined to believe the latter.

It is no easy matter to go through life with beautiful legs. They may be the admiration of men and the envy of women, but they are not by any means an unalloyed blessing to the girl who owns them. Perhaps, it is because I have them that I do not appreciate them. It is human nature to covet what one does not have. A girl with blue eyes wishes for brown. A girl with black hair wants to be blonde, while the blonde envies the damsel with Titian tresses. It may be so with me; I am not sure, but this I do know. As much as I should like to take my legs for granted and accept them as a matter of course, as I do my hands, my arms and my shoulders, no one will let me. They are invariably commented upon.

It is tiresome and, at times, unpleasant to be reminded of one's legs. One feels like a horse or a prize heifer. As if there were anything unusual about having legs! It is so silly. Legs are legs. A very important and necessary part of one's anatomy, I admit, but legs, nevertheless. I see no occasion for people to get up and cheer over a pair of legs, anymore than I see why posters should



be pasted up and a parade held because a child is born with eyes or hands. They are all in the natural scheme of things.

Why legs should be placed in a different category, I do not understand. Why must men notice a girl's legs before they pay any attention to the rest of her? Why do they congregate on the street to watch girls' legs flashing by?

I have been unable to escape it, I have looked at legs, my own and others, but I must confess that I still can see no reason for stopping traffic. Front, side and back, I have examined my own in the full length mirror in my room, but I can see nothing startling or extraordinary about them. Two firm, straight, sound compounds of bone, flesh, muscles and skin, with feet for appendages. That is what I see. Two legs that take entirely too large a portion of my income to keep silk-stockinged. Why should such a hullabaloo be raised about them? I wish, instead, men would turn their attention to inventing a chiffon stocking that would not run.

Why should a man, meeting me for the first time, say, with his eyes shifting from my legs to my eyes and back again. "You will pardon me. I hope, but you know you have the most beautiful—er—er—ankles I have ever seen. Lucky girl."

And why should that same man after the second or third meeting become more daring and suddenly in the midst of a serious conversation blurt out,

"My God, girl, but you have the most beautiful LEGS!"?

Why must that comment be repeated ad infinitum by every man? Girls get tired of it. At least I do. Sooner or later, and mostly sooner, all men find it necessary to talk about my legs. And that, too, when there are so many things much more interesting to discuss.

For a long time, I attributed it solely to the lack of imagina-

ful legs. I visited her one day several weeks ago, wearing a new and very attractive dress, quite short.

"Stand up," she said, "and let me see it better."

Foreseeing a lecture on the indecency of the modern style, I reluctantly stood up for grandmother's inspection. To my great surprise, in a voice that quavered, she said, "I am so glad that one of my granddaughters, at least, inherited my legs."



I have had many jobs and left many jobs—all because of my legs. When my various bosses have not been looking at my legs themselves, they have sent me out as a "bird-dog" to give other men the opportunity of looking at them.

tion on the part of men. They didn't know what to talk about, I thought, so they tried to make an impression by flattery. To admire a girl's legs, I decided, must be part of their "line." As such, I disregarded it. "Poor souls," I thought, "they must have something for a 'line.' And I suppose legs will do just as well as hair and eyes. The 'line' on hair and eyes has been somewhat over-played."

But several years ago I began to question whether it was a "line." Girls and women were commenting on my legs, almost as much as the men, and I began to wonder. A woman as a rule is loath to admire another woman. When she does give a compliment, it is usually one with a double-barrelled edge. So when I found women, thin and scrawny, plump and soft, young and old, saying wistfully, "My dear, I'd give anything to have your legs. You are wonderfully fortunate," I wondered if perhaps there was something after all to this matter of legs that seemed so to disturb the universe.

My wonder turned to horror when I found even my aged and pious grandmother obsessed with the importance of beauti-

"Why, grandmother," I gasped, "what do you mean?"

"I mean, my dear," and she smiled, "that you make me think of myself when I was young. When I was a girl, it was said that I had the most beautiful pair of legs in San Francisco. Pretty legs, my dear, are a gracious gift to a woman. You should be very thankful. And doubly grateful, my child, for the privilege granted by the mode of wearing short skirts that show them to the best advantage. I, unfortunately, had to wear long ones. But, never fear, my dear, no matter what the fashion, a woman with pretty legs will always find the opportunity to show them, and the men to look at them."

I was more than shocked to find my grandmother, whom I had always regarded as old-fashioned, talking about legs in that way. Grandmother, I decided, must be in her dotage. Nevertheless, I went home and placing myself in front of the mirror, I looked carefully at my legs again. Still I was of the opinion that legs were legs. But after what Grandmother had

said, I could no longer pass up the admiration of men as being simply a part of their "line."

I must be lacking in an appreciation of art and beauty, I decided. Good legs were evidently to be regarded as a work of art. But I would much rather be admired for a work of art that I, myself, had actually achieved, than for something I was born with. If anyone is to be complimented, it should be my



parents. I had absolutely no choice in the matter.

But it is I who have to suffer for possessing good-looking legs, not my parents. It is I who have to contend with the often objectionable admiration of men because of my legs. When I refuse to let a man kiss me, it is I who have to struggle and protest in vain. The man persists.

"No girl with such legs could mean that," he insists. "A girl with legs like yours wants to be kissed. There is no use in protesting. You can't mean it. You're simply trying to be coy. Why, you were made for love."

As a result of my legs, my friendship with many men has to be terminated, unless I want to go in for "petting," and, according to the reasoning of man, live up to (or down to) the standards demanded from beautiful legs. Is it any wonder I say good-looking legs are a curse invoked by spiteful gods?

In a street car I am ogled. Old men leer. Young men smile invitingly. Why? Because I have good-looking legs. In restaurants I have looked up to find men, seated two or three tables away, peering under my table. What strange things they are—these men! Their minds diverted, even from food, the primary instinct of life, to gaze at a woman's leg. But it seems as if a man never could get tired of looking at a woman's legs. The more he sees, the more he wants. Such odd creatures, men are. I honestly believe the average male's idea of heaven is to sit in a comfortable chair and have an endless parade of women's legs pass before him.

BUT I sincerely hope I won't be sent to that heaven. Too many men are making their own particular heaven on earth to suit me. Life is not a bed of roses, by any means, for the girls with beautiful legs. Because of the stress that is put upon a shapely leg by men, women in self-defense, have been compelled to take the contour of their own legs into consideration, when appraising their charms.

There are women who are frankly, and often cattishly envious of the girl who has pretty legs. There are women who have said they would "give anything in the world" to have my legs. Girls have blurted out spontaneously, "What wonderful-looking legs!" While others have sniffed, "My, but you wear your dresses short!"

A rather surprising incident occurred several months ago when I went shopping with a girl I have known for a number of years. No matter what the style, she has always worn her skirts to her ankles. I thought it was because of an extreme sense of modesty. Instead, I learned it was because her legs were not as shapely as they might be.

After searching through a number of shops, we found a dress that suited her perfectly, concealing the bad points in her figure and bringing out the best. The fitter was called to make alterations. My ideas were asked for and followed until it came to the length of the skirt.

"It must be at least eight inches shorter," I said, "and even then it will be long."

"I won't have it short," she replied, and told me why.

We both laughed but her skirt remained long. I was amazed, for she seemed to me the last person in the world who would ever give any thought to legs.

But it is the other kind of girl, the girl who is jealous, who makes it so unpleasant for the girl who has good-looking legs. It is they who say, usually in front of a man, "Do you really think you should wear your dresses so short?"

It is they, who say in an annoyed tone, "Why can't you cover up more of your legs when you sit down?"

Or, "You certainly showed enough of your legs when you got on that train."

My complete scorn for the exaggerated importance legs assume in the scheme of things, came when I found mine were being considered as an asset in my job. I thought I was employed as a stenographer because I knew shorthand and typewriting. I learned, instead, it was because good-looking legs are useful in business. Too many times have I been sent to a man's office with papers that a messenger boy could have carried just as well. It is true the boy probably could not have created the impression my legs did and future business might not have been sent to my firm.

I have had many jobs and I have left many jobs, all because of my two quite normal legs. When my various bosses have not been looking at my legs themselves, they have sent me out as a "bird-dog" to give other men the [Continued on page 106]

My Midnight

Brother or Lover?

Which

Could I Believe?

I WAS sitting on the porch the day that Ted Bristow first came to the Bar-D. It was late in April. The snow had gone off, and down in the big corral, old Elmer, our foreman, and the men were breaking horses. Instinctively, I knew the man on horseback was looking for a job.

"Is the Boss home, Miss?" he inquired.

His voice had a lazy drawl that was very beguiling, and when he looked into my eyes delicious little chills of excitement raced through my veins.

"He's at the corral," I said.

He touched his horse with his spurs and rode off.

"I hope Father hires him," I mused aloud. Just then young Del, my brother, came out.

"Hires who?" he asked.

"That man," I answered, trying to make my voice sound casual. "He knows his business if I am any judge of men."

Del teased me so, I went inside. Later, I learned that the man had taken Father's eye even as he had mine.

No one knew where he had come from other than that he was not a Wyoming man. His ropes were too long for that. Elmer called him a "dally-man" because of his habit of taking half-hitches or dallies around the pommel of his saddle once his loop had settled over a steer.

"He's from one of those Spanish countries, like Nevada or Arizona, or mebbe California," said Elmer.

Of course no one asked Ted where he hailed from; it was not done in our country, and he never spoke about it himself. He proved to be an all-round man on the range.

I never knew Father to be so taken with a man. Only Del refused to accept Ted, but I thought nothing of it; Del was only eighteen.

It was pleasant that summer to go riding with Ted in the evening or to find him in town, just accidentally, of course, and have him ride beside me all the way home.

Ted was good-looking, handsome even, and in the only way a man can be in the eyes of a girl who has been brought

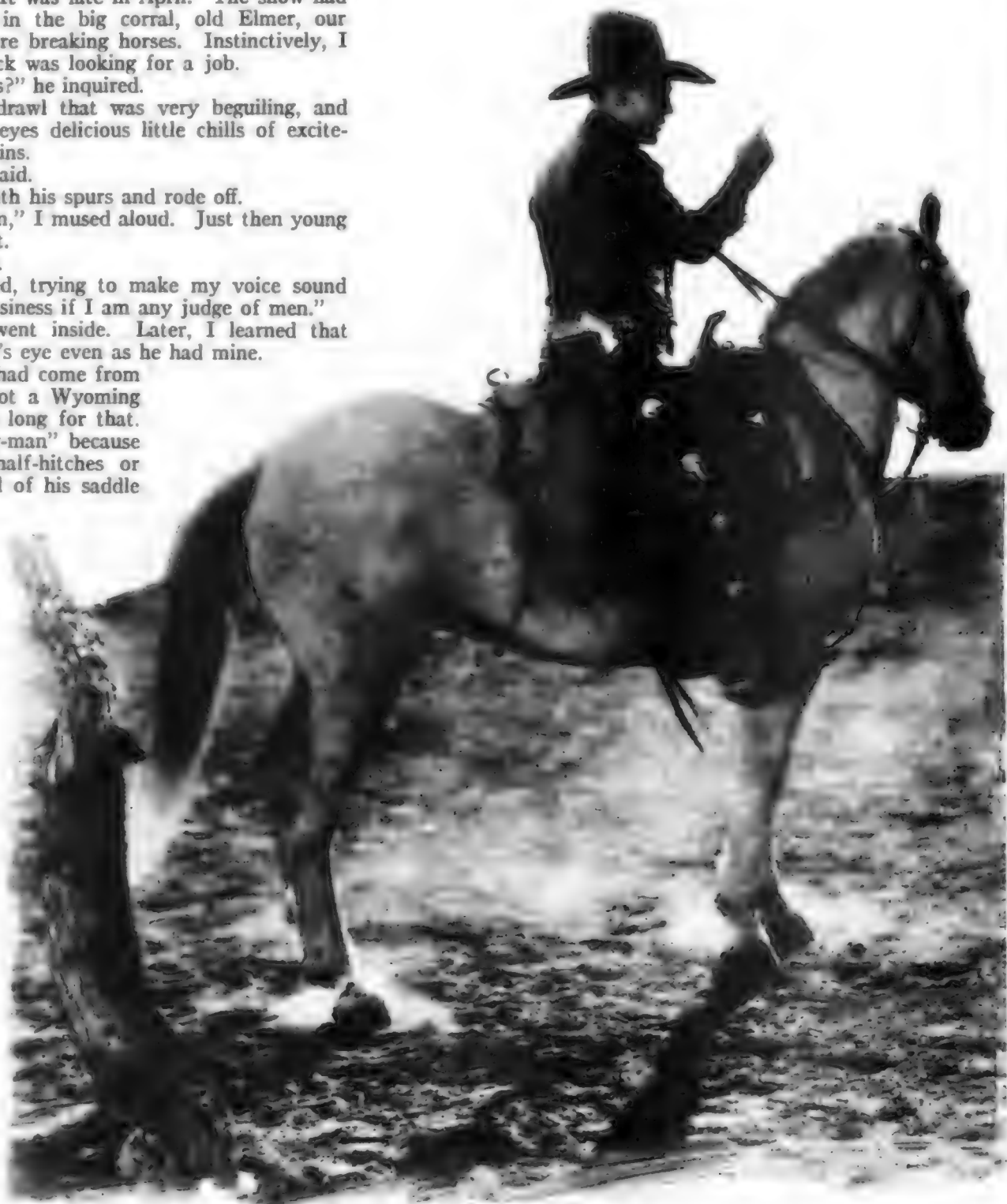
up in the open. He was shy and had little to say, but you sensed the strength of him and felt his ability to do the right thing at the right time, without orders.

Since coming to the Bar-D he had started a herd of his own, running his stock with ours at so much per head for range. Father had made him "top hand." When Elmer was away Ted became temporary foreman. When Elmer got too old

to ride, I knew Ted would have his place. In another ten years he'd have a ranch of his own.

One evening just after Ted and I had ridden home from town, Del came to my room, his face strangely sullen.

"Say Rita," he exclaimed, "you go slow with Bristow. Seems to me you are together all the time. What do you know about him?"



t Intruder

Delicious little chills of excitement raced through my veins when Ted Bristow rode up to our ranch looking for a job.



"I know as much as any woman needs to know about a man," I flared back, angry at his daring to take me to task and suspecting that Sam Hurley, the sheriff, one of my rejected suitors, was behind Del's advice.

"Why don't you speak for yourself John, and not for Sam Hurley?" I paraphrased with fine sarcasm.

"Hurley's all right," Del flung back at me as he stamped

until he was getting in his saddle, then, under his breath, he said, "Have you thought of looking at home for the thief?"

Father was on him like an eagle.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

Hurley was cool enough and exasperating.

"I was thinking of that new man of yours, Bristow. What about him? He's a stranger round here."

out, banging the door after him.

One night in the fall Elmer came in to report that some one was rustling our yearlings.

The men went out to ride line at night. They caught no one, but every day father, or one of the men, discovered that more of our stuff was missing.

Whoever was stealing our yearlings was not stopping to run an iron on them on our range; they were running them off and hiding them. The Bar-D was not a difficult brand to work over, if one were not molested. It was father's idea that the rustlers were crossing the San Andres range, to the south of us. Elmer, a Bar-D man of twenty-years' standing, rather agreed with him.

Like all rangemen, Elmer always refused to be pinned down to anything definite in the way of an opinion. Gold is where you find it, and he thought that the same thing could be said of rustlers.

The news spread rapidly. Father notified the Cattlemen's association. They offered to help. Sam Hurley came, offering his aid.

"We'll take care of this ourselves," father told him. "There's nothing you can do, Sam."

"You must have some idea where your stuff is going," Sam said.

Hurley held his tongue



I saw the sheriff's hand steal towards his gun. I raised Ted's

When father spoke his voice was velvety, but cold as death itself.

"Hurley," said he, "I'd be most careful not to voice that suspicion where any Bar-D man might overhear it. It would most certainly necessitate the presence of the coroner."

Although we had ten men riding for us at the time, not counting Elmer, I did not catch a glimpse of any of them for days. I knew Elmer and some of the boys were guarding the passes of the San Andres, while Ted and the rest of the men were strung out along the river to the east.

Only my brother Del had stayed behind. He was only a kid, and yet I felt it might have been better had he gone out with the men, better for him, I mean. It was only three miles to town, and Del was spending too much time there to please me; and in the wrong company, if I knew anything about it.

Several times lately he had appealed to me to help him out of his gambling debts. Father was so bitterly opposed to

gambling that I knew he would not forgive it even in his son.

If Del had not been held down so strictly I imagine he would not have taken such a savage delight in running wild. I tried to make him promise to give up some of his friends; Sam Hurley, for one.

Nothing came of my effort. The last time Del had come to me for money I had threatened to speak to father. He laughed at me, knowing I would do no such thing. I countered by guaranteeing to speak to Hurley at the first opportunity, and he knew I meant that.

At a time like this, when the Bar-D was in danger, it seemed to me Del's place was on the firing-line with the men. I suggested this to father. He shook his head, a little sadly I thought. "We don't need him," he replied; "this is a game for older heads than his."

He went off to bed, leaving me alone. It was a wild night outside and the ranch-house trembled under the onslaught of the driving gale which had been blowing since dawn. The air



revolver and said, "Don't you try to draw your gun, Sam Hurley."

was filled with strange, eerie sounds. Once or twice rain-drops spattered against the windows.

I went to bed but I could not sleep. I looked at my watch. It was after midnight, but between worrying over Del and the cattle-rustling, I could not close my eyes. I was used to wind and storm, and yet this night had a peculiar effect on me.

Some nights are like that. Every creaking beam and rattling window chills the blood and makes one listen expectantly, dreading heaven only knows what.

I sat up in bed five or six times with strange little shivers running up and down my spine as I tried to explain to myself some unusual noise. I had just about determined that I was foolish when I thought I heard some one tapping on my window.

I closed my eyes and tried to ignore it but that mysterious tap-tap came again, clearer now above the noise of the storm. I sat up, then.

"Rita! Rita!" some one called.

I couldn't recognize the voice, but it flashed into my mind that Del was in trouble. I ran to the window.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"It's Ted," came the answer.

"Ted?" I gasped. He was supposed to be on a night's hard riding to the east.

"Hurry," he begged. "Let me in through the kitchen!"

I threw on a robe and had the door open before he reached it.

"Whatever is the matter?" I cried. His face was drawn and his right shoulder all blood-soaked.

"Don't get excited, Rita," he groaned as he sank into a chair; "this shoulder isn't serious. Don't wake up the old man if you can help it; he'll come in soon enough, and before he does, I've got to tell you something."

His reticence exasperated me.

"You stagger in at this time of the night with a bullet-hole through your shoulder and tell me not to get excited? What has happened? Have they run off [Continued on page 137]



**JUDGE OBER-
WAGER** has based this article on cases that have appeared in his court. These experiences contrast with Judge Oberwager's own marriage. He and Mrs. Oberwager are still sweethearts; they have three charming children, yet Mrs. Oberwager has time to be one of New York's ablest women lawyers.



Must Romance End with the Honeymoon?

By Charles A. Oberwager

*Magistrate of the City of New York,
Who as a Judge Is First a Friend*

"LOVE is blind," runs the familiar joke, "but marriage is an eye opener."

This is probably the world's most venerable gibe at holy matrimony, old no doubt in King Solomon's day. And yet, hoary with age as it is, and dulled by repetition, it is in the terminology of the vaudevillian, the profession's one sure fire gag. "They always laugh at it," declare these entertainers, meaning the young, the old, the in-between, the single and the married. Women in particular are sure to enjoy it.

Like all durable axioms, this jest has within it the essence of a truth, in fact it rests entirely upon the one inevitable truth that applies generally to marriage. For if you translate that musty old joke into terms of seriousness it becomes brand new and personal for each and every one of us.

And there is good and sufficient reason why that ancient gibe at wedlock brings a special response from the woman. It rings the death knell of her dearest illusions, and no woman ever becomes so sophisticated but that she clings to these illusions, nor so old but that she recalls them with a sigh.

One does not sit long as arbitrator in the Domestic Relations Court, sifting out the intimate details of romances that have failed, without coming to realize that marriage and its problems bear more heavily upon the woman than upon the man. Her love is different from his, a gossamer fabric, golden hued and radiant, a fabric of which romance is the web and illusions the weft. His love is most often a matter of expediency, though he does not usually realize it. There is the wisdom of ages back of the line "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart; 'Tis woman's whole existence!"

So, though a member of the gentler sex laughs louder at the joke than the man, her mirth is but a gesture to hide her real feelings, even from herself; a camouflage to cover the disappointment of the matron who has lost her illusions by marriage, to quiet the vague fears of the maiden who senses instinctively that her dreams are too etherial to be possible of fulfillment.

Was there ever a normal girl who did not approach her wedding day with uncertainties behind her smiles?

IF YOU could look into the innermost heart of the average bride-to-be and read the truth written there you would discover that her mind is never done asking her heart a question, a question that recurs more insistently and poignantly as her wedding day draws nearer. She does not voice this question even to her closest intimates. To do so would imply doubt of her lover, for the question that pounds relentlessly at her mind and her heart is this:

"What will the honeymoon bring?"

She is eager for her earthly taste of Paradise, that is true; eager for the consummation of her ardent love! But what will be the cost? From observation and from instinct she

knows that disillusionment almost always treads upon the heels of honeymoon bliss. And how is disillusionment going to affect her?

Will her lover prove to be the man she thinks she is

marrying after the honeymoon fires burn out and she finds his true measure? That is part of her fear. But there is another side to the problem even more poignant, one that spells, not doubt of him, but fear of herself. What effect will the honeymoon have on her? Will her ideas change even if there is no change in him?

Even if her experiences in the lists of romance have been few and superficial she has already learned that there is little of permanence in the thrilling ideas set alive by the transports of ardor. She has been enamoured of other men; she has painted them with perfections and basked happily in their radiance, only to discover that they were all illusions.

Of course this present love is different! But were they not all different, each lover seeming more perfect than any of his predecessors? She is aghast now at the very thought of having to pass her whole life with any one of these lovers whom she thought so perfect! What is going to happen this time if her illusions fail?

A VERY young married pair were baring their troubles before me one day in the Domestic Relations Court and I had asked when their quarreling first began.

"Right after our honeymoon," said the husband quickly. "Your Honor, she was finding fault before we got settled."

"Yes," retaliated his wife, "it didn't take long to find out what a four-flusher you are. Judge," she explained, "he was so different from what I thought he was, I could hardly believe he was the same man."

We had in Court that day a visitor from out of town, a sociologist in search of material.

"The same old story," observed this visitor. "Disillusionment is at the bottom of all early marital dissension. Nowadays, there is approximately one divorce for every six marriages. And when you consider that most of them are sought within the first year or so after the marriage and by the wives—it seems clear that the actual cause is the shattering of illusions, in particular the wives' illusions."

There is some truth in that, no doubt. Disappointment, of course, is at the bottom of most marital trouble. The error lies in attributing all marital disappointment to the loss of illusions. In fact, if there is one thing that generally saves wedlock from disaster, making it the durable, comfortable state it is in the majority of cases, it is that same bugaboo, disillusionment! If it weren't for disillusionment the divorce swing would probably be in the other direction.

Why? Well, just think for a [Continued on page 113]

I am the Sorriest Woman on Broadway

EVERY day my mail contains letters from stage struck girls. Usually my secretary answers these letters, and I never see them, but yesterday she came to me with a little smile on her almost expressionless face and handed me a slip of violet tinted paper.

"This may interest you, Miss Blaise," she said. "It's a little different from the others."

The letter was similar to hundreds of others written me since I became a star, except for the last paragraph which intrigued me, held me tense and retrospective.

"I know I am pretty, I know I have talent, but I also know that a great deal more than that is demanded of a girl if she would achieve fame, and I am ready to sacrifice everything, absolutely everything. I have heard of the price one pays for success in the theater, but I am ready to pay that price, any price, if it means my name in electric letters like yours, and the opportunity to give voice to the emotion that seems to stifle me."

I might have answered that letter and given the girl some advice, but I didn't.

As I sat there in the library of my big apartment, staring at the written words, a swift panorama of the past ten years flitted across my mind. I sat again in the shabby dressing-room of a small one-night stand theater and refused my first proposal of marriage, a proposal made by a clean straight young juvenile man, who made a most astounding prophecy.

"I'm going to be somebody, Jack," I told him slowly. "The day isn't far off when you'll see my name in electric letters on Broadway. I don't love you, but if I did I'd refuse you just the same. I never intend to marry, but I do intend to let the world know I'm alive."

"That's easy to say, Lillian," he answered, "but not so easy to do. I'll grant you talent and looks, but there has to be opportunity as well to reach stardom. Suppose that opportunity never comes to you?"

"I'll make it come," I retorted. "There isn't anything on earth that's going to keep me from the top. If a woman isn't

willing to sacrifice everything, isn't ready to pay any price for fame she doesn't deserve it."

Horror swept over his face. "Good God, Lillian, you don't mean you'd sell yourself?"

"If necessary. I hope it won't be—but—if it is—"

"And how much happiness do you think you'd get out of fame, purchased that way?" he asked hotly. "I know there are women who've sold themselves and are topnotchers, but do you think they're happy? Not on your life! Everyone knows how they got where they are and they know everyone knows it. Success, bah! what does it mean to them?"

"It would mean a lot to me," I answered stubbornly. "You're talking now because it's something personal."

He looked at me steadily. "You of all women. Gee, I





*I Was Ready
to Pay the Price for
SUCCESS.
And I Became a
STAR
But You Must
Read My Story
to Learn How
I PAID*

"Why did you bring me here?" I demanded. "Not to make love to you," Morris Westburg said. "I wouldn't make love to you. You are too easy."

thought you had a soul, and something fine in your make up, I believe you have in spite of your insane talk. I can't bring it out but some day you will meet a man who can and if it's too late you'll be the sorriest woman on Broadway."

"Maybe, but if I am you'll never know it."

I was playing a bit in a second year success then, touring the smaller cities of the East, but I had no intention of remaining in the "bit class," the year following.

When we closed just before the holidays to bring our star

into New York for rehearsals, I decided that was the time to take my first stand for success. There was a small part in the production I could have had, had I desired, but I refused it. Deliberately and with cold calculation I determined to lay siege at Morris Westburg's door.

If reports were true Westburg was a connoisseur of beauty, the foremost dramatic director in New York.

It was not easy to gain access to this great man, but day after day I went to his office and sat on a padded bench outside his door hopefully waiting for an interview. At the end of two weeks, probably to get rid of me he sent word out to me that he would see me.

He was not at all as I had imagined him to be. I had expected a suave, sensual individual who would leer at me. Instead I faced a quiet cultured man whose slightly graying hair, perfectly chiselled features and cold blue eyes gave him an air of aristocracy, totally at variance with the rumors about him.

"I am Lillian Blaise," I stammered, "I came to see about an engagement."

"Yes?" he said, "Sit down."

After a silence that made me quiver with embarrassment, he turned and looked at me critically. "Didn't my office girl inform you that I was doing no casting at the present moment?"

"Yes, but I wanted to see you any way."

"Why, since there are no vacancies in any of my companies?"

I felt my cheeks color, for it almost seemed as though he could read my thoughts with those cold blue eyes. "I—I thought that perhaps—if you saw me—you might make a vacancy," I stammered.



*On that first night Westburg took me by the hand and led me before the curtain for the applause of an admiring audience . . .
But when his eyes met mine they were cold . . . I would have given everything to know he loved me.*

"So?" He pursed his lips, but there was a merry twinkle in his eyes. "I judge by that you fancy yourself very beautiful."
"I have been told I am," I answered quickly.
He laughed. "You aren't lacking in conceit, I'll say that much. And are you as clever as you are beautiful?"
"I'm sure I could act under your direction, Mr. Westburg."
The amused glimmer in his eyes reassured me.

"Stand up," he said, as if speaking to a kindergarten child. I obeyed.
"Walk across the room."
I hoped he couldn't see how my knees trembled under me.
"Come here."
I came back to his desk.
"You are ambitious, aren't you?"

"Very. I'd sell my very soul to achieve success."

"How long have you been on the stage?"

"A little over a year."

"How old?"

"Seventeen."

"Yes, I believe you aren't any more. What do you know about me?"

"I don't understand."

"Oh, yes, you do, just what have you heard about me? What brought you to me?"

My eyes fell. "Why—why—that you are a wonderful director and—"

"That I could make a successful actress of any girl if I liked her?" He looked at me steadily. "Haven't you heard that?"

"Yes, sir."

"But that I always demanded a price for the making. You heard that also, didn't you? Answer me," as I turned away.

"Ye—es," I mumbled miserably.

He drew a deep breath. "Yet you came just the same, didn't you? Had you ever seen me?"

"No."

For a second his eyes became like steel. "Gad! You are ambitious," he drawled. "Or are you utterly without morals?"

I suddenly felt sick with shame. I would have fled from the room if a hypnotic something in his eyes had not held me. "I am ambitious," I cried defiantly, "I won't go on all my life being a nobody. I know I have talent. I know I can do big things if I am given the opportunity and there isn't anything I won't do to succeed."

"You deserve success," he said quietly. "Suppose you call again tomorrow and we'll see what can be done for you."

For three days I continued to call at the office. Each time I was admitted into Westburg's sanctum and each time I left feeling seared, ashamed and defiant. Yet not once did he touch me, not once did he do other than question me, but he did it in a manner that whipped the hot blood to my cheeks, and made me wonder if he was not playing with me as a cat does with a mouse. Then on the third morning he gave me a letter to the stage director of a play he had in rehearsal and informed me that Browning would let me read the ingenue role to see what I could do with it.

From the time I read the part on the darkened stage until I played it the opening night on Broadway I did not see Westburg alone again. He appeared the last week to give the final touches before the dress rehearsal, but he did not address me once, and though my vanity was piqued at his indifference a great relief enveloped me. I had stepped upon the first stone to success and no payment had been demanded of me. It was like a miracle. Something almost unbelievable. Sheer determination and fearlessness had achieved the impossible.

The critics were wild in their praises over the new play and I came in for a good share of their commendation. I was still in bed with the newspaper on the covers beside me when the telephone bell rang. When I reached for the receiver and answered: "Hello," a woman's voice came over the wire.

"This is the Westburg office," she said. "Mr. Westburg wants you to be here at twelve o'clock."

I dressed hurriedly and took a taxi. A terrible foreboding that my day of reckoning had come swept over me and made me shiver as though the breeze which fanned my cheeks were wintry instead of the warm air of Indian summer.

Westburg was seated at his desk with his inevitable papers when I timidly entered in response to his "come in." He smiled when he saw me and bade me sit down. "Rather a personal success last night," he greeted me. "The critics seem to think they've discovered a find in you."

"They were very kind," I said.

"Unquestionably you possess talent," he continued. "And it depends entirely upon yourself just how far you go. You've the makings of a star, but you have to be developed.

Are you ready to sacrifice everything in order to become one?"

I sat in absolute silence for several seconds, and in that silence I could hear the ticking of his watch, my own heart-beat and the murmur of the street traffic many stories below. "Yes," I answered.

"Very well. I have drawn up a five year contract for you to sign. Read it over carefully and if you like, consult a lawyer before you bring it back to me. You will find a clause in it binding you to remain single while you are under my management, another which forbids you to have any love affair, to appear in public unveiled or to frequent cabarets or public restaurants. In other words, if I undertake to make a celebrity of you, you are to become a recluse except when you are upon the stage. Is fame worth it?"

"Yes." I waited for him to continue, but he merely smiled an enigmatical, twisted smile and waved me towards the door.

I read the contract twice, noted the sliding scale of salary, the fact that for one year I was to play leading roles, the second year to be featured, and the third to be starred, then I seized a pen and signed it.

What did marriage or love mean to me? A star! A star under Morris Westburg's management. I wanted to shriek with joy, to cry out to everyone who passed my window that in two years at most my name would be in electric letters, that already I was one of the favored of fortune. I snapped my fingers at love.

I was considerably surprised when Morris Westburg knocked on my door after the performance that night.

"I have ordered supper at my apartment," he said quietly. "I want to have a little talk with you. Will you hurry, please?"

Just for a second I studied his cold handsome face, then I turned deliberately and began to unfasten my frock. I heard the click of the door and realized he had left the room.

He was wait- [Continued on page 107]



Westburg sent me a curt note of congratulation in a box of roses. I saved every petal, putting them away in a jar near my bed. Their fragrance seemed to me a breath of hope.



All Night Long, a Battle Goes on in Your Dreams. The Forces of Your Personality Engage in a Fight That Never Ends

Have Your Dreams

WHAT did you dream last night? Well, perhaps you had better keep that to yourself, because modern psychologists and students of dreams might show you that the dream that seems to you innocent, interesting, amusing or exciting, has a hidden meaning that you would prefer to keep secret.

The wise old gentlemen in spectacles have been probing into dreams lately, and they think they have proved that all the nice old theories for interpreting the meaning of dreams were just ancient superstitions. In place of the confident predictions which your grandma used to get, perhaps from the old reliable dream-book, they have set up new theories which are enough to make your hair stand on end. Nowadays you have to be careful about telling a stranger what happens in your sleep-world. He may be a psychologist, and, if he is, he may read all sorts of naughty things in your mind.

Maybe you have grandma's old dream-book yet. There are three such quaint old books on my table now: "The Gypsy Queen Dream Book," and "Aunt Sally's Policy Player's Dream Book," and a reprint of one that goes clear back to the second century, a dream

YOU have often dreamed of falling from a great height.

You have awakened in a cold sweat after you were walking unclothed through a crowd of people.

In your sleep you have thought you were swimming, or climbing out of the water.

Again you may have dreamed you were flying, floating around your room or soaring high in the air.



By Boyd Fisher

Hidden Meanings?

HAVE your most common dreams any real significance?

The old dream books say dreams are hints of what your future will be.

The wise men of today find they reveal your real elemental self, your hopes, fears, loves, hates, ambitions, hidden desires.

After you read this article you will have a better understanding of the real You, as shown in your dreams.

book of Artemidorus, the Greek. They are all so full of thrills and terrors that it is a pity to cast them aside.

For instance, suppose you dreamed last night of going to a wedding and seeing a bride all dressed in white. What is the meaning of that? One of my old books says: "A dream denoting a funeral; if the dreamer is ill, his death is denoted."

You won't like that version, but another one is more cheerful: "To dream of contracting a marriage denotes happy times. To see a marriage; sickness and melancholy. To marry an ugly person, death or some serious disaster. A handsome person; joy, happiness and great advantages. To marry your own wife or husband; much profit. To marry a virgin; honor without profit. To espouse one's sister or brother; serious entanglements. To marry a servant; others are endeavoring to deceive you."

Now it happens, in this case, if you turn to the modern psychologist to compare what he will have to say about the same dream, he would probably be easier on you than the dream book. He would say, simply, that this was a "wish-fulfillment" dream. There is some one whom you really want to marry [Continued on page 115]

*I Was a
MISSIONARY
And Had No Right
to Be in This
PUBLIC HAREM.
But it Came to Pass
That the Lord Moves
in Mysterious Ways
HIS WONDERS
to Perform*

My Own Arabian



WE SAT under the cool arches of Abu Hannin's coffee-house, perched on the rocks above the sea-drive at Nahr-el-Kelb. Below us, the Mediterranean spread like a great mirror, its oily smoothness unbroken by a single ripple. Abu Hannin hobbled nimbly over the cool, damp floor, supplying his patrons with coffee. Squatted in the center of a group of listeners, his white beard wagging, Abdul Kadir, the aged story-teller, recounted interminable exploits of Salah-Din, the Turkish legendary hero.

I sucked contentedly at my water-pipe and blinked lazily at the broken, rocky cliff across the way where a flock of goats grubbed scanty pasturage, while the ragged goat-herd piped liquid notes of minor melody in the shade of a slab of rock. It was all very peaceful and lazy and Turkish. My companion, Dr. Abbott, a flushed, pudgy professor of fifty-odd, had fallen victim to the warm seduction of the afternoon and

settled into a fitful doze, his bald head covered with a flaming bandanna.

The calm was suddenly ripped wide open by the noisy blare of a klaxon and a yellow automobile swept round the bend. Dr. Abbott blinked his eyes open and frowned at the approaching car. It flashed by kicking up a cloud of dust. I had time, however, to notice two enormous negroes sitting in front, dressed in buff-colored livery and maroon turbans, while in back, her face revealed by her wind-tossed veil, sat one of the most beautiful women I'd ever seen. To a man fed-up with the black, shapeless bundles representing women on the streets of Kieff, such a vision was like a sudden, cool breeze after a sweltering day.

"Who was that?" I asked Dr. Abbott. He scowled through his glasses.

"I don't know—er—that is, I don't know her name."



A young girl burst into the room, her eyes wild with terror. There was a bad scratch near her mouth. She threw herself on the floor at my feet.

Night

"Oh come, Dr. Abbott," I laughed, irritated at his scowl. "just because I'm inquisitive doesn't mean I'm going to follow the lady. Who is she?"

His face grew a shade pinker. "She is a Jezebel, a bad woman, a very bad woman, I understand. I want to warn you, Bowman, that two young teachers of the college staff were sent back to America in disgrace last year because they were too inquisitive."

"About the same woman?"

"About the same woman."

"H'm, that's interesting."

I had been a member of the teaching staff at the American Missionary College only three months, yet the position was growing irksome, due to the deadly, unchanging routine of college life. I was sick of psalm-singing, bell ringing and tea-drinking, of all that went with teaching the heathen the way he

should go. The constant dragging of the Bible into every conversation was as tedious as listening to the continued prattle of a precocious child. I made no pretence of erudition in religious history. I was an athletic instructor yet my frank admission of the fact had shocked them to the point of protest. My worldly desire to study Oriental life outside the college walls seemed incomprehensible to them and a hundred paths of interesting investigation were barred because of my connection with the famous institution. Dr. Abbott's

shocked sternness over the mere inquiry as to the identity of a beautiful woman was the kind of thing I most objected to: the mean suspicion that, unless closely watched, I would go straight to the devil. I was curt as I turned back to him.

"Let's be moving. It's cool enough now to enjoy the ride back."

Abbott looked distastefully toward his mare. He noted my irritation and was inclined to be pleasant.

"I'm afraid I'll never enjoy riding. I'm not built to fit a horse. If you don't mind, let's go back more slowly than we came out," my fat companion suggested.

I UNTIED my small, black stallion and jumped into the saddle. The horse, delighted at being free, pranced lightly across the road and, at the first sign of a loosened rein, was off down the slope like a shot.

"Wait!" Abbott yelled.

"Going to give him a run," I called back.

The run was longer than I intended. The cool of the evening felt so good, I let the horse set the pace and gave myself over to the exhilaration of the ride and the enjoyment of the barbaric scenery. On one side, the Mediterranean, turned to molten gold by the fiery sun-set, came to within a foot of the road; on the other, broken, granite cliffs rose sheer for two-hundred feet.

I had galloped more than a mile when I saw the yellow automobile at the top of the next rise. It was standing almost in the middle of the road. The two negroes were on their knees repairing a tire. Farther on strolled the lady, her veil up as she drank in the beauty of the setting sun. For a moment I hesitated, then adventure beckoned.

The lady heard the beat of the horse's hoofs and pulled down her veil. At the same moment, the servants, unused to tire-fixing, began hammering at the rim they had just put in place. With a bump, the big car slid off the jack and slowly rolled backward toward the outer edge of the road, where there was a nasty drop of twenty feet to the sea below. The chauffeur, with a startled cry, jumped on the step and started twisting the wheel but swung it so the car veered more sharply toward the edge.

"Put on your brake!" I yelled, spurring my horse.

The negro paid no attention but frantically twisted the wheel the other way.

"Your brake, you fool!" I yelled again, as I jumped from the horse and ran toward the car.

The woman also ran forward, calling something in Arabic, but the chauffeur was too frightened to hear. The car veered back into the road. The back wheel missed the edge, but the front wheel slipped over and the big, new machine jarred to a stop, hanging to the cliff edge. I climbed

to the step of the car, locked the hand-brake and turned to the woman, who had again lifted her veil.

"Your man forgot to put on his hand-brake before he jacked it up," I explained.

"Ees 'and brake? Jhack eet opp?" she queried, with a puzzled smile. "I do not quite onderstan'!"

"He forgot to pull this," I pointed to the brake, "before he used that," and I pointed to the jack in the middle of the road.

"But, yes—I onderstan' now," she answered, dazzling me with a smile. I hardly dared breathe for fear she would pull down her veil and hide the perfect beauty of her features. I had never looked on a face that contained so much glorious, youthful beauty with so much sophistication. Her mouth had the soft, expectant lips of a young girl; her straight, classic nose and firmly modeled chin showed self-reliance and determination, but it was the deep-blue eyes, with their heavy fringe of black lashes that held me. They held the knowledge and worldliness of a Cleopatra. Fearful of embarrassing her, I walked around the stranded automobile.

"I think your chauffeur can back into the road with a bit of lifting on that front axle."

She called to the negroes, who had retreated down the road and were looking at the automobile and their mistress in scared defiance. When they heard her demand that they again enter that devil-wagon, both broke into vehement chattering. She shrugged her shoulders impatiently.

"They are frighten'. They not come."

"Can't you drive?" I asked.

SHE shook her head sadly. From down the road came the sound of a horse's hoofs. I had completely forgotten Abbott. Now, as he came around the bend, bouncing in his saddle like an animated jumping-jack, I saw what I had let myself in for. No amount of explanation would convince the doctor of my innocence. Somehow, that thought gave me satisfaction. I climbed into the sloping seat of the car.

"Have one of your negroes get my horse and ride it to the city and the other lift on that front axle," I said to the woman. "I'll drive the car, myself."

That evening, as I rose from the dinner table, Dr. Abbott called:

"Oh, Bowman, Dr. Christian wants to see you."

There was a trace of malignant satisfaction in his puffy eyes. He had repaid me for leaving him to ride home alone that afternoon.

"What does he want to see me for?" I asked, going to the head of the table.

"I'm not certain, but I advise you to see him at once."

The other teachers were listening in. They knew I was in for a dressing-down and they were not sorry.

"You told him about this afternoon?"

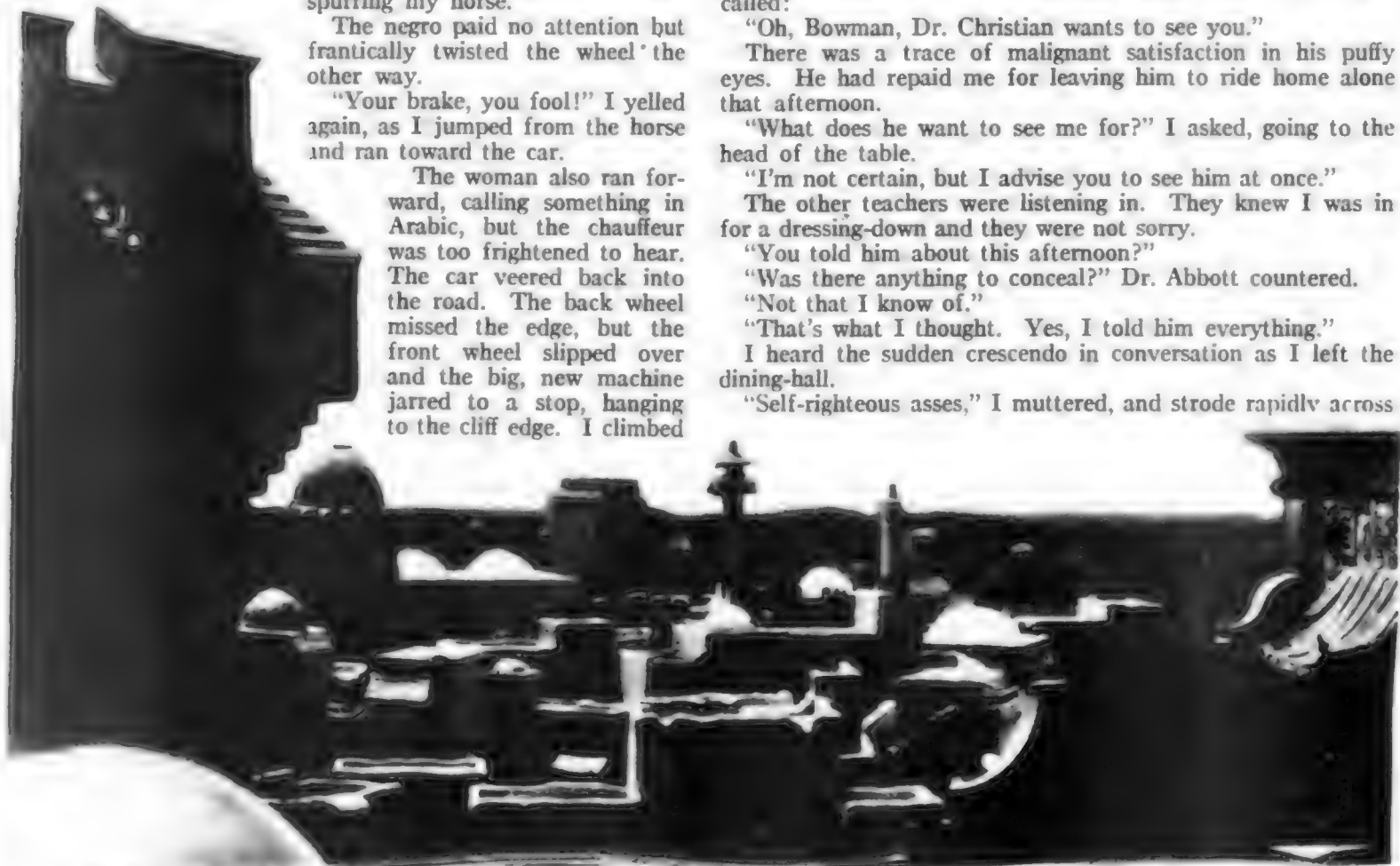
"Was there anything to conceal?" Dr. Abbott countered.

"Not that I know of."

"That's what I thought. Yes, I told him everything."

I heard the sudden crescendo in conversation as I left the dining-hall.

"Self-righteous asses," I muttered, and strode rapidly across



By the light of the rising moon, I looked out upon the white roofs and dark olive trees of Nahr-el-Kelb spread out below me. The velvet of the night plucked at my imagination.



the gravelled quadrangle. Unless you kept to the closed coterie of women who were known, the silly, hysterical women of the colony, you were prejudged and damned.

I was in no pleasant frame of mind as I rang the bell of the president's house. At the moment, it meant little to me whether I was sent back to the United States or not. Dr. Christian, himself, came to the door. He was a tall, spare man, slightly stooping, always dressed in a rusty Prince Albert coat. His hands and feet were over-large; his grizzled features, stern yet kindly. His face lit up as he recognized me.

"Ah, Bowman, come in! Join Mrs. Christian and myself in a cup of her tea. No? Well, just step into the library and I'll join you in a moment."

I entered the library nursing my rebellious spirit. The gloom of the dark room helped to some extent. The long book-shelves were filled with heavy, black tomes on religious

As I stood up dressed as an Arab, Marika clapped her hands. "But you are handsome," she cried. "You are wonderful."

and historical subjects. Portraits frowned from the walls, stern-lipped, beetle-browed, unforgiving Puritans, not a pleasant face in the lot, the men who had started and endowed the college. A wave of home-sickness for

New York and its gayety swept through me. The idea of resigning came to me as a flash of genius. Then Dr. Christian returned.

"What was it I was going to speak to you about? Oh, yes."

I shifted uneasily, wishing he would come to the point. I noted the tall, bent figure; the lines in his strong, sad face. Somehow, I had great distaste for the coming interview.

"Now then," the president sighed, settling into a chair. His face became thoughtful. "Dr. Abbott came to see me this evening before dinner, Bowman. He mentioned something about a drive, an automobile ride, I believe it was or something like that. I thought you'd like to [Continued on page 119]

*A Daring Episode
in the Love Life of a
Famous Beauty*

Men Who



KISSES do not lie. That is one of the things men have taught me. I have been kissed by many men but not one kiss was genuine or unselfish or born of honest love. So if I am wisely bitter in my thoughts of men it is because of the things they have done to me. They have shown me that every least bit of happiness has to be bought and paid for in the hard exchange of a man's world.

Edwin Bruce Hester

Have Kissed Me

I Learn the Difference Between Loving and Being Loved

What I Have Already Told:

BECAUSE I was beautiful I had been kissed and kissed again. Some I had forgotten and others I had remembered. When I had been a mere girl of seventeen, there had been Dick Grey, the grocer's son, and following him in rapid succession, Roger Mainwaring, a typical rich mamma's boy; Archibald Dawson, a stage-door-Johnnie; George Darell, a London man-about town; and last and dearest of all of them Hugh, Lord Chalfont. It had been bitterly hard to refuse to marry Hugh because I really cared for him, but I knew that he would never have asked me that if he had not been ill and I just couldn't take advantage of him. After he went away there was nothing left for me but my work, and it was during rehearsals I met Basil.

Now Go On With My Story:

IN A QUIVER of twittering nerves, a cloud of face-powder, a wild cacophony of near-music wrung from the orchestra by a pitiless musical director, the semi-final rehearsal of "Naughty Girl!" at the Summerhouse Theater opened.

Hilary Clegg, the stage manager, flung the remains of his personality at a lovely chorus, mentally reduced as nearly to pulp as a chorus can be.

"Now ladies, for Heaven's sake! Shove a little ginger into it! Remember the Guv'nor's in front and he can tame wild women, let alone nice little girls scared of their own voices."

Netta Stevens flashed a cynical smile at me.

"When in doubt curse the chorus," proclaimed. Netta with deep mock wisdom. "Turn a blind eye on the leading lady's faults, for she can't afford nerve storms. Go gently with the star man in case you drive him to drink. But give the chorus fits all the time. That's why we're here."

I smiled a half-patetic smile. Then my eyes met the laughing grey ones of the extremely good-looking chorus man who stood near, wearing perfect morning clothes as if he had been born in them, his silk hat on the back of his head, slightly to the left. The storm and stress of the weary day seemed to have left him utterly calm and composed.

"Amen!" he murmured devoutly in reply to Netta. "But, my dear Miss April Rogers, even the Guv'nor can't shoot us. He can only give us the benefit of his experience, real or imaginary. A well preserved old gentleman, but hardly a man-eater, what?"

A faint glow of returning confidence stole over me. To the on-looker there was nothing extraordinary about the smile or the words; to me they carried a personal and private significance.

"Oh," said Netta contemptuously, "you're on velvet, my dear man. The Hon. Basil Wray, the noble aristocrat now working in the Summerhouse chorus, is far too good an advertisement to get fired. We should miss the daily paragraph about you in the papers."

The Hon. Basil smiled sadly.

"You are beautiful and full of grace; I'm plain and dreadfully clumsy. Look at the way I knock the scenery about. They always chuck out the unskilled labour first. Hullo—we're on in a second."

We were indeed. The orchestra crashed into the fox-trot that heralded a dance club scene at the opening of the last act. I, in my wisp-like gown, slid thankfully into the arms of the Hon. Basil Wray, my dance partner. He held me perfectly, and the faint, firm pressure seemed to inoculate me with confidence from outside, since that within me ebbed very low. My stage experience eclipsed his by many months, but the Hon. Basil had grown up in a world in which he was accustomed to do as he pleased in his own way. This habit is priceless in any walk of life.

Because of it, the Guv'nor, otherwise Gillingham Kent, Napoleon of musical enterprises, sitting in the shrouded stalls among a professional audience few and select, his grey hair beautifully brushed, his simple clothes fault-



Basil's eyes laughed into mine; the lazy voice said something only one voice could say.

"You darling," the great producer, Gillingham Kent told me. "You give me back my youth. In return I'll give you a career."

less in their simplicity, smoking cigarette after cigarette in a long tortoiseshell holder, let his introspective gaze linger on me with approval. Basil, who could dance if he could do nothing else, was lending me that poise and assurance one good dancer can give another. Because I rested in the arms of a man who attracted, admired, and wished to please me, I stood out from other girls through sheer happiness.

Gillingham Kent turned to Clegg at his side, so Clegg says, and commanded:

"Give me a note of that fair girl's name, the one dancing with Wray. She's got a style of her own, personality, all that sort of thing. I'm not at all sure we haven't found a winner in that girl. Otherwise your girls are damned awful and I'd like to burn the lot of them. And the show's the biggest frost in history. It'll last about a week."

From this Hilary Clegg, who knew the Guv'nor very, very well, gathered that he was entirely pleased and looked forward to at least a year's run.

"Basil Wray's no good to you," said Netta that night at home. "He's got no money, and expensive tastes. Probably one of those West End society women's running him, and you know what that means; she has first call on him and you can amuse him in his few spare moments. It won't do you any good with Clegg because you're there to attract men in the stalls, not men on the stage. And all these titled fellers who work, or pretend to work, are wrong'uns. It means their families have given them the push, and if your family doesn't know the truth about you, who does?"

I sat back on my heels before the gas fire. Our little flat

seemed less trivial than its wont, and little happy devils danced through my veins.

"I don't care. I like him. I could almost love him. His eyes don't turn me cold when he looks at me, like most men's do, and I don't have to be on my guard all the time. You're worse than wise sometimes, Netta; you're warped. You know





With a heart beating wildly, I danced for Kent, tossing my slender beauty to and fro with all the art I had been taught.

could never jar on one another. Little flames flickered in my heart when I saw that steady, half-laughing, half-adoring glance steal out from his grey eyes. He had for me a caressing gentleness of manner very far removed from the free and easy boisterousness of the average stage man.

Netta's mythical society woman must have occupied very little of his time for very early we drifted into the habit of lunching together. And one day he explained it, looking at me thoughtfully across a narrow table that seemed like some fortunate island in a crowded room.

"Heaven," he said, "is simply a series of little Soho restaurants where the tables are always just far enough apart. There are never more than two people at each table, and they've always enough money left for a taxi after paying the bill. Only they never have to pay it because in heaven you go on lunching for ever and ever, and always stay in that early, dreamy state when it's quite perfect simply to be together. There!"

I looked at him with the friendliest smile because I felt utterly happy.

"You're a delightful liar, Basil. You've had a fearful lot of practice, or else I seem very new to you. Everyone knows that the early, dreamy state never lasts. You'll fall in love with me, or I with you, or both of us with each other, and suf-

as well as I do one can always feel if a man's the wrong kind. Let me alone to play with my Basil, there's a dear."

"Why of course. You will anyway. But don't say I never told you," warned Netta.

A peace passing all understanding began to brood over me, peace with an undercurrent of thrill. It was so obvious we

ter most awful torments, and get nowhere. I like your idea of heaven, but this is earth. Didn't you know?"

He offered me another cigarette out of a battered silver case, but I shook my head.

"Then come out into the Park and sit beside me on a green chair and dream about mice," he suggested, with just that

note of wanting her a girl rather loves, if she's a real girl. We wandered out into the sunshine and sat upon green wooden chairs which require a certain amount of sentiment to pad the hardness of their seats.

"Tell me about you," I began idly. "What are you doing in a place like the Summerhouse?"

"Nothing worth while unless you like to love me, my dear. I've had a little soldiering, a little sport, a little fun and little love. Being a younger son I haven't even a little money, but the fine old name, God bless it, seems a bit of a draw on the stage. One day you'll come out into the country with me, won't you please? Thank heaven I can still borrow a car now and again. You don't mind my being at the theater, do you, or are you sorry?"

I turned and looked at him and our eyes met in perfect steadiness because of that inscrutable magic in our relationship.

"Fool!" I said. "You know I'm not! In fact I'm rather glad."

Gillingham Kent's suite of offices impressed me more as the half of some historic castle than a place in which to get work done. It was a vast apartment of carpet, tapestry and priceless old furniture. Behind the writing table that looked as if it weighed a ton, sat the grey-haired theatrical magnate, like some scholarly old antiquarian among his treasures.

I ENTIRELY lost in a vast leather and oak chair that needed a feudal baron to set it off properly, gazed at him through the smoke of his interminable cigarettes, fighting desperately to preserve a little of my own personality.

"Miss Rogers," intoned his suave, velvety voice, "I sent for you because I noticed your work at the rehearsal of 'Naughty Girl!' I want to know whether you take the stage seriously or simply as a shop window in which to show off your physical attractions."

A faint smile took the sting out of his words.

"I want to get on," I replied slowly, dwelling on him with thoughtful eyes. "Most, I suppose, I want to be independent of men. So I think I want to take my work seriously."

"Without influence the odds against a chorus girl's becoming a star are about a thousand to one," said Gillingham Kent very gently.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Why trouble to tell me that when you know I've no influence?"

"Because I want you to have no illusions. What I mean by influence is a man with money behind you. On the other hand you have personality and character. You have a certain type of beauty which is popular just now. If I like I can make something of you, supposing, of course, that you choose to work. The questions are: Do I like, and do you choose?"

"There's no reason why you should like, and there never will be," I said. My words echoed through the vast room with a note of challenge. The expression on Kent's face never varied by the faintest shade.

"There is more than one type of reason, even with theatrical producers, though you may have discovered only one so far. To create a new star would be something of a feather in my cap. Also the star one creates is less expensive as regards salary than the star one tempts away from someone else. Shall I say I have no personal interest in you? I'm talking

business. I do choose to make something of you; if you like to work hard for three months you shall have a small part and a better contract. If you continue to do well there may be few limits for you. Are you interested, or do I seem simply a very wicked old man?"

He leaned back in his chair and considered me impersonally but very shrewdly. I strove hard to pierce his words, his manner, and find the real motive that lay behind them.

"I think—" I began almost helplessly. Gillingham Kent put out a white, deprecating hand.

"For heaven's sake, Miss Rogers, try and be a little more metropolitan in your outlook. Remember that hundreds of girls in my companies would give soul and body, and I want neither, for the chance I'm offering you. If you ask me why I offer it, I can only tell you that you strike me as promising raw material. But if you'd rather remain raw—"

Feeling like a stupid little girl, I struggled to beat back the tide of shamed scarlet that ebbed into my cheeks. Evidently he saw me as vanity incarnate, so beautiful, in my own opinion, that every man must necessarily be running after me.

"You think me a little fool," I began abjectly, "but to us the world isn't always an attractive place, and if we think what we do of men, men taught us. But I'm frightfully grateful to you, and I'd love to accept your offer."

He rose slowly to his feet.

"My secretary will write to you and tell you all details. I doubt if you will see me again for three months. In the meantime work hard, and let me wish you luck."

I went slowly from the big block of offices, my head full of the dreams a girl loves most. I saw myself famous, sought after, admired, adored. And in the sheer beauty of this radiant vision, I almost believed in Gillingham Kent's impersonal interest.

NEITHER ambition, work, nor a career can quench love, nor can the floods drown it. The romance of Basil Wray and April Rogers became the gossip of the Summerhouse Theater. Clegg was neutral. The shadow of Gillingham Kent's interest brooded over me and as long as it continued I could do no wrong.

I wondered occasionally if I were mad. "Basil's a man, you little fool," I told myself over and over again. "How many men have you known and kissed and gone about with? Dozens! And how many men were genuine, or disinterested, or unselfish? Not one! Yet you dare to love this one! And what is love, anyway? What makes you think you know?"

Then I would meet him again, and the gray eyes would laugh into

mine, the lazy voice say something only one voice could say.

"I don't love you, Basil," I insisted breathlessly. "It's proximity. We're just pals. I can talk to you, and you like to tell me things. I don't believe in love; I don't understand it; it's a myth; there isn't any."

"You don't love me, and you look at me with that in your eyes!" he murmured scornfully. "I don't love you, do I? And you can look back at me and tell me so! Aren't you a darling little liar, April? If I subtract you, what thrill is there left in life, and if you subtract me [Continued on page 100]

Is There Any Excuse for a Girl Who Breaks Up a Wife's Home?

PRIZE CONTEST

BY ONE of the strangest coincidences that ever happened in a magazine office, these two stories, one of which answers the other, came into the office of SMART SET at the same time. To give SMART SET readers a chance to see both sides of this problem these two true-life stories are published in parallel columns on pages 38 and 39 of this issue.

Read the girl's story—She says the man tempted her.

Read the wife's story—She says the girl tempted the man.

What do you wives or husbands, who suffer because you are caught between the sides of a "triangle," think of the other woman or man? What do you children think of your father who has deserted, or is ready to desert, his family?

SMART SET wants to know what its readers' experience has been.

Write, out of your own experiences, your answer to the question:

Is There Any Excuse for the Man or Woman Who Breaks up a Home?

For the best letter, SMART SET will pay \$15; for the second best \$10; for the third best \$5; and for each of the next ten best, \$1. Letters must not be over 300 words long. Contest closes February 10th, 1927. SMART SET editors will act as judges.



Big lady chief of the First National Tribe in ceremonial dress, worn by Sally Winters but not designed for winter wear.



Hst! Cleopatra, queen of vamps, is back. Meet her as Gertrude Lawrence in "Oh, Kay!"

Our Feathered Friends



If the original Diana were half as captivating as her First National namesake, Diana Kane, it's hard to see why she had to go a-hunting.



If a costume seen on the screen today will be seen on the street tomorrow, what if someone copies Madeline Hurlock's simple diaphanous lace dress? Yes, she's one of Mack Sennett's beauties.

It's not a man's world any more. First the ladies captured cigarettes and boyish bobs. Now Louise Lorraino, of M-G-M. has brother's socks.

Stocking Styles



Patricia Avery, Metro-Goldwyn Mayer, wants to be sure you see her cameo, so instead of wasting it on a brooch she wears it on her ankle. Some girls use a watch in place of the cameo.



from Screenland



Why hide your best beau in a locket? Estelle Clark, M-G-M., has hers hand-painted on one knee of her sheer silk hose. Is the other knee reserved for his rival?



'They're wearing 'em higher in Hollywood. Hip pockets have long been in vogue. Now here's M-G-M.'s Joan Crawford with hip length stockings, silk all the way up. Do you suppose skirts will follow this upward trend?

Dorothy Sebastian, M-G-M., has found a new parking place for her handkerchief. If you want to try it just slip a ring on a garter and slide the 'kerchief through the ring.

ire Luce of the Ziegfeld forces has such a perfectly
 tched pair of legs that you can't see one behind its
 n as she holds this bird-like pose before the camera.
 't it lucky that Claire didn't try to imitate that other
 bird and hide her pretty blonde head in the sand?



If you love a ukelele lady, you
 can't help loving Frances Upton
 who with naughty eyes, dimpled
 knees, not too much—nor yet too
 little—costume, twinkles bril-
 liantly to the dainty music of
 "Twinkle-Twinkle."

Can't You Women Behave?

By Professor A. M. Low

Whose Scientific Researches and Inventions

Have Won Him World Wide Fame

THE ladies—God bless them. How often we hear this toast, and was ever a blessing more needed! The very fact that mankind pretends to an attitude of deference to the female should prove to all thinking persons that we exaggerate woman's importance and give to her a position in the scale of life that is not justified by her mental development.

That my remarks are matters of opinion only, will probably be evident to every man; intelligent beings are aware that there is no such thing as a fact. We merely use that word to dignify some happening in which many people faithfully believe.

Three times a week for thirty-seven months I have made careful notes of the conversation of men and women, who made no attempt to conceal their ideas and who did not know that records were being made. By means of the ordinary dictaphone such results can be preserved for subsequent study. They have established, with damning clarity, that the mask of beauty, available to women who do not hesitate to use the pigments prepared for their use by the skill of male chemists, covers emotions that I can only describe as primitive and degraded.

At a race meeting I have heard over twenty women tell each other that racing did not interest them. They usually added that they were present to be with some man.

That the world is changing and is still very new is clear but realization of this world's youth is, in the main, confined to a man. Nature is levelling the sexes but mankind cannot complete the work of countless generations by a few years study at a boarding-school. Such examples of academic memory as we find in female students, are often due to the large proportion of the male which exists in each woman. Memory is not mental capacity. It is useful for purposes of unfair examination but it is a poor excuse for an inability to profit from recorded knowledge.

For centuries women have been protected by the dictates of chivalry. Men have endeavored to conceal the weakness of their sisters by centuries of make-believe. I myself will give up my seat in the train to a woman because I know she is weaker. I will take off my hat to her because she is incapable of self defense by thought or action. But by so doing I insult her—if she had the brain to appreciate the real meaning of these actions.

Women ask for equality. By all means let them have it; in the future I will stop a woman in the street and ask for a light

in full knowledge of the fact that she will endeavor to turn the occasion to some profit.

Biologically I might consider the female as an imperfect specimen of an unfinished man, realizing that in the scale of life mankind is by no means finished and that we who live today will be little more than cave-men in the views of those who are to come. Scientifically, only a short time has passed since the geological period when the female was only of service in the reproduction of the species. The matter of which we are all composed has passed through innumerable forms of plants, trees and water-borne life. We have reason to suppose that this process is still going on.

We knew that mental improvement is taking place and we can see that just as the science of chemistry, astronomy and physics began only a few centuries ago, so today new senses are coming to light and serve to throw into relief the ghastly ignorance of modern thought. Is it not logical to suppose, therefore, that women partake of the the nature of those living creatures which led up to mankind?

They have only recently seemed worthy of education. Their closer connection with the rhythm of life is a proof of their condition. For rhythm owes its origin to those days when tidal refuse was the food of such creatures as lived in pre-historic times.

In modern life, do we not see that men require more stimulus to partake of dancing, and music than their more animal-like sisters? In uncivilized regions most women are still slaves.

I write of averages. The average female mentality is not that of the woman who claims credit for her husband's work by virtue of his lazy love and the physical attraction which he cannot yet control.

In other planets beings may be found who do not suffer from our too close relationship to the animal, but we of this earth are still in the age of brute force. It is but yesterday that

we burned witches alive and clubbed the female to death if our luncheon rabbit was a trifle overdone. How tempting to think of the good, old times, but how much better to realize that we can achieve the same result by thought and by refusing to admit that fifty years of education and two or three centuries of so-called ethnology can raise the female to the general level of man.

There are still far more men than women in this world—a state of affairs which should cause the ladies to think, if such an operation were practicable. I cannot claim to forget that

GIRLS!

Professor Low thinks he knows a lot about women. He is frank in his criticisms of you modern girls. Does he know? Or is he an old fogey and all wrong?

Surely the readers of SMART SET can take care of themselves in any contest of this kind, so the job is up to you. We will publish the best letters written in reply to Professor Low. Get busy, you girls, and set him right about yourselves.

women are known as the gentle sex and I do not personally contend that I am so free from animal influence that I am dis-interested at the sight of a pretty girl. Far from glorying in the statement, I despise myself for it, and attribute such ideas to that phase of my mind which shrinks in horror when it realizes that nails are still fitted to my toes and that when hungry I still tear the flesh of animals with my teeth.

Is it really true that women are gentle? Have not most of our historical atrocities been performed at the instigation of women, if not directly by their action? A bad tempered female can easily produce a world-wide war and it is found, in practice, that these dainty darlings do not shrink from the sight of blood. On the contrary they will enjoy a brutal prize-fight and cheer wildly in the bull ring or at the sight of a dying stag.

Of the faithfulness of women I have heard a great deal. Some dogs are faithful. Some dogs please us because they have not the brain to grasp the short-comings of our nature; but if a man is enthusiastically describing a football match, the woman, while simulating attention, is wondering if he will be drunk on Saturday or if the great question will be put to her instead of to her best and most hated friend.

A woman will go to almost any length of immorality to secure her desires and those who are most clean, good and noble owe much of their rectitude to fear. They fear that by a mis-step they may lose attraction for purposes of marriage. To this end of marriage their training compels them to deck themselves in clothing that is costly, unhealthy and ludicrous. They will bind their feet; they will torture their bodies; they will daub their cheeks and lips with war paint, and endure real suffering to emphasize their physical charm. And they will forget, poor things, that their sex, and the natural weaknesses of their sex, prevents their subjection to the concentrated education that is necessary to every male if he is to attain the average of

accumulated knowledge handed down from his ancestors.

It is impossible for any being, without that concentrated training to achieve the continuity of thought which is the attribute of the male and an adequate reason for his supremacy.

In this article, I deal with the modern woman who claims to work "as well or better than the average man." A few outstanding examples there may be, but on the average, how can I honorably say that I think women are better doctors, better dress designers, better cooks, better able to plan a home for babies or better able to undertake the grim fighting of the soldier? The basic material is not there, and it will take centuries to build it up.

In their own province women are hopelessly outclassed. Women will not trust women doctors. Women do not trust their own sex, for they know that they fare better under male direction.

Each day I see hoards of undeveloped creatures, of whom many dozens would be necessary to supply one man with mental amusement, and I observe that my caution in their presence is wasted for when they believe themselves to be alone their conversation is decidedly "advanced." Women realize that men prefer the interest of mental effort and by so doing they acknowledge that the mind of the male is not merely larger and heavier than that of the female but so constructed as to be capable of more rapid thought.

Most women smoke to attract attention. They consume drink in great quantities in the vain hope of losing that self-consciousness which must tell them that they are as yet closer to the animal than to their brothers.

Men do not publish their portraits in the illustrated papers in the hope of making a satisfactory match; neither do we read the drivel which defaces the pages of daily newspapers with beauty advertisements and descriptions of Lady So-and-So's at home with her perfectly sweet pекinese matching the color of her boudoir cushions.

I do not see my men friends showing clothes to each other as an item of surpassing interest. I do not find every theater in the land surrounded by photographs of semi-naked men in order that they may better display their attractions.

I have yet to find an average woman who can attribute the fact that her morals are better than those of a rabbit, to any other instinct than fear. I have known, it is true, women who were prepared to go to any length to secure food for a half starved child and one of the most beautiful sights of my life will always live in my memory from a scene in which a woman predominated.

Her son was recovering from a slight operation and when the surgeon handed the child back to his mother, with traces of fresh blood upon his nose, it was pleasant to see the half angry, half terrified look upon her face as she clutched the child and bent over it like a frightened tigress. These things can exist but I can not reasonably say that they are free from a very high



"The mask of beauty worn by women," writes Professor Low, "covers emotions that I can only describe as primitive and degraded."

percentage of animal urge. I know that the convolutions of a woman's brain are so different, and the total weight so much less, that it would be unkind and unfair to expect any large amount of original thought. Hysteria does not lead to logic.

Women will delight in a gory boxing match and a woman medical student will betray a callous regard for the most touching incident under the plea that she can "steel herself to bear anything." The blunt truth is that she has not enough imagination to understand other people's miseries and pain. That women can bear pain is only natural. So can the lower animals, if I may take an extreme case to point the argument. Women are fond of claiming that their position in the world is due to the brute strength of man. This is true in many respects, but it was this brute force that enabled man to improve his brain and it is not by brute force that he has overcome the strongest animal in his progress.

During the great war I did not find men walking the streets and inciting others to fight while they themselves conducted tea parties to raise hospital funds.

One swallow never makes a Summer neither did a few highly paid munition girls or nurses prove the female equal to the male. In war time the female claims to fight as much as the man but screams with horror at the bombing of "defenceless women."

The word "honor" is almost unknown to the average woman other than as a convenient term, but of course all women are not dishonest, and more than one white elephant has been found in India.

How extraordinary it is that men must marry these women. The much vaunted love in which women are supposed to be so expert, is probably a remnant of the rhythm with which sex rules the world. All intelligent people hope to see the laws of marriage altered. They hope to establish that friendship in women is merely the state of affairs which exists before knowledge renders it impossible.

I never claim to be free from the charm of the opposite sex, simply because I realize that it is a necessity, like food and raiment, wherewith the scriptures hoped we might be content.

Women excel in religious practice, for religion is to them the same as the painted idol to the savage, whose habits during ceremonial dances most closely resemble those of her so-called civilized sisters at worship. Most sacred ceremonies appeal to women for the worshipper is expected to believe things that she knows to be untrue. Women find religion a convenient advertisement in their business and a valuable addition to social leadership.

Let it not be thought that I deride the possibility of a good woman or a happy marriage. It is a fact that they have been known to exist and it is this that causes man to worship the ideal and lures thousands to their doom. Poor men; they are



In spite of his arduous labors as a chemist and inventor, Professor Low has found time to put women under his magnifying glass and study them. He thinks he knows them but the women themselves may object to his data and laugh at his conclusions.

driven by the sex instincts of countless ages which cannot be avoided until the gradual blending of the sexes brings us to the time where such differences no longer

exist. If only men could realize that by turning these physical peculiarities to good account they might rid their minds of the instinctive demands which cloud their sense of real love!

All civilized progress has been based upon love, upon a perpetual tendency toward good, and nothing is to be gained by pretending to ourselves that the ideal woman can exist now, after what is relatively only a few seconds of development. Man has given women equal rights in marriage and elsewhere in law, with results that are too ludicrous for words. Today if I remark to my friends that Jim had a fine time on the Continent, the only result is a side-long wink; but if I say that Mrs. Jim did the same, it is not mere prejudice that produces an expression of horror.

It is due to the instinctive knowledge that the chemical differences between men and women cannot be overcome by a few shouting, academically qualified half-sexed females.

Instinct still leads us so strongly that we must give up our seat to the lady in the train in order that she may compete with us more freshly on the morrow.

The struggle of life has improved and hardened men; it is too bad that women should be debarred from similar encouragement. To place these creatures upon [Continued on page 103]

I Lived

(How I Came To Live a Lie:

WHEN I became engaged to Donald I almost forgot the horror of my affair with Bert and my grief at hearing that my fatherless baby had died. My sister had let me stay with her until it was all over and mother and dad had never found out. I had always meant to tell Donald the truth but every time I screwed my courage to the sticking point something happened to prevent it. So, I went on planning my trousseau. Into the midst of that happiness came my sister's announcement that my baby hadn't died at all and that she and Frank, her husband, wanted to adopt it. I was bewildered and utterly wretched but before I could decide what to do about giving my baby up forever Donald came on a surprise visit and there I was between two fires.

(Now Read What Happened When I Told The Truth.

WHEN Donald arrived so unexpectedly at my sister's in Pittsburg that Saturday morning. I had been on the point of telling my brother-in-law that I refused to give up my child. But Donald's arrival stopped me from telling him anything, of course, and Frank, after saying a few words of greeting, took up his hat and left for the office. There was nothing else he could do, under the circumstances.

Kate called me into the kitchen.

"You little fool," she snapped at me. "What are you going to tell him?"

"I don't know, Kate," I said.

"Well, you'd better make up your mind quickly," she went on. "He's bound to see the baby, before the day's over and want to know whose it is. If he asks me, I'll tell him what I've told everybody else, that it's one Frank and I have adopted." Then she went upstairs to look after the baby.

I went back to Donald, in the living room.

"What's the matter, sweetness?" he said. "You look as though you'd lost your last friend. What do you say if we hire a bus and go out for a nice long drive. It's a peach of a day. And I've got a



I sat there like a stone image, with only my lips moving, and told Donald about my past and the baby and everything.

*A Hope Inspiring Chapter
in a Transgressor's
Life Story*

a Lie

lot of interesting things I want to talk to you about."

"All right," I said, and ran up to get my hat.

Donald was in very gay spirits, and I tried my best not to let him see how badly I felt. He knew of a place where you could hire machines by the hour, and drive them yourself. He'd rented cars that way before, when he was in Pittsburg, to drive out to the work he had to inspect. It wasn't long before we were out of the smoke of the city, and spinning along quiet country roads. The crisp fall air made me feel better. Donald was rattling on about his work, and when it would be done, and about our wedding, and the trip he wanted to take to Bermuda for our honeymoon. For quite a while he was so busy talking himself that he did not notice how quiet I was. But after a while he turned to me and kissed me.

"What's wrong, beautiful child?" he asked. "Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Donald," I said. "I want to talk to you. There's something I've got to say, something very important to both of us. I don't think I can say it, while we're driving. You will be too busy managing the car to pay attention to me. Couldn't we stop somewhere?"

"Why sure." He began to slow up. "Do you mean at some roadhouse?"

"No," I told him. "I'd rather stop along the road somewhere, if you could find a quiet spot."

DONALD didn't ask me any more questions, and before long we came to a little grove of trees beside a stream where the country people went for picnics. Donald parked the car there and we got out, and sat on one of the benches, by the stream. It was quite warm in the sun, a sort of Indian Summer day, although the breeze while we were driving had seemed chilly. When we got to the bench the first thing Donald did was to take me in his arms and kiss me. When he did that, I began to cry. I simply couldn't help it.

"Look here, sweetheart," he said, putting his arm around me. "You're in trouble. Tell me what it is."

"I can't," I said.



Donald stood for a long time without saying a word. After a while he turned . . . And his face was the color of ashes.

"Can't tell me? Then I don't see who you can tell. Come on, now. Out with it. If anybody has been treating you badly, leave them to me. I'll murder them."

When he said that, another terrible thought came to me, something I had not thought of before. Suppose I were to tell him my story, and he should want to kill Bert. I'd read of men doing things like that. Whatever I might say about the baby, he must never know the name of its father. That was one thing I could never tell him.

I had made up my mind to confess, of course. There was nothing else I could do. I cared too much for Donald to go on lying to him for the rest of my life, living one big lie from morning to night, year after year. I don't know what other girls might have done, but for me it was the only way, though I knew I was signing my death warrant.

How I told him, I do not know. When I look back it seems all blurred, like a dream. At first I was crying, but after that I couldn't even cry, I felt so terribly. I just sat there like a stone image, with only my lips moving, and told him how I had met a man in our town, and how we had gone swimming together, that first afternoon, and to the movies, later on. When I came to that night at the bungalow, I could scarcely speak, my mouth was so dry. I heard Donald give a sort of groan, but I didn't dare look at him. I knew if I did I couldn't go on. Then I told him how Bert had tried to make love to me again, and about my coming to Pittsburg, and why I came. The last thing was about the baby, how I had only just learned about his being alive and how Frank and Kate wanted me to give him up.

"So the only thing for me to do," I said, when I had finished my story, "is to take the baby and go somewhere and start all over again. I can't go home. My sister won't have me. And you will be through with me now. So I guess there isn't any more to be said."

Of course I suppose I had some faint hope, just a shadow of a hope, I guess, that Donald would take me in his arms and try to comfort me, but he didn't, and I don't blame him. He had looked up to me, always, from the first time we met, as a sweet and innocent child. He always called me a child. He never liked girls who tried to act as though they knew everything there was to know, who pretended they had a right to be bad, because men were bad—and then to find that I had given myself to another man and was the mother of his child! I don't suppose any love, no matter how fine, could stand a

shock like that, coming so suddenly. When I said that about his being through with me, Donald got up and went over to the edge of the stream, stood there a long time, not saying a word. After a while he turned, and it almost made me cry again, to look at his face. He was the color of ashes, and seemed to be years older than he had been, half an hour before.

"What were you going to do, if I hadn't come today?" he said.

"I was going to write you everything," I told him, not daring to look at his face. That was the truth, though. I had made up my mind to that while trying to read his letter at breakfast.

He gave a queer laugh and motioned to the car.

"We'd better go back," he said, and opened the door for me.

That was all. Not a word of anger, and not a word of sympathy. Things were just ended. I can't blame him. I suppose he didn't dare to speak, for fear he would say something awful. He had been terribly hurt. The expression of his face showed that. Maybe I hadn't made my story very convincing. I hadn't tried to excuse myself or to put all the blame on Bert. If I hadn't gone with him to the shore that

night, the things that followed never would have happened. Of course I hadn't meant to do anything wrong, but I didn't ask for any sympathy on that account. I hated myself too much, to ask anything of Donald, then.

All the way home neither of us said a word. He let me out, at the house, and drove off to take the car back to the garage. My sister was just going out with the baby when I came in. I suppose my face told her what had happened.

"You've told him?" she almost screamed.

"Yes," I said. "There wasn't anything else to do."

She put the baby in the carriage and walked out of the room.

"You can wheel him yourself," she said. "I'm through."

I took the boy up to my room, put him on the bed. Then I began to pack my things. I felt I couldn't stay in the house another moment. While I

was doing it, I heard my brother-in-law come in, heard him talking to my sister in the room below. Presently he came up to my room and shut the door.

"Kate has told me," he said. "What are your plans?"

"I haven't any," I admitted, "except to go away."

"How much money have you?"

"Twenty-five dollars," I said, "and my ticket back home."

"Do you intend to go home?"



Never a day passed that I didn't think of Donald. Even though I hadn't seen him for two years I was still as much in love with him as ever.



When we returned to the hotel my brother-in-law was waiting for us. He didn't have to ask what had happened; our happy faces told him the story.

"I don't know. I suppose I'll have to tell mother about it." My brother-in-law came over to me and put his arm around my shoulders. I have always been very fond of Frank, but it was only then that I found out what a really big man he is.

"You poor child," he said, in his warm, kindly voice. "Don't think I blame you for what you have done. I understand. And maybe I respect you more, for being honest, than I would have if you had taken the easiest way out, as so many women would have done. Kate and I made a mistake in the beginning, I guess, in letting you think your baby was dead. I'm terribly sorry for you, and for Donald, too. He's a fine boy. Do you expect to see him again?"

"I don't think so," I said. "I guess he doesn't want to see me. He'll be back though, after a while, for his suit case. If you should see him, tell him how sorry I am. And tell him, too, that I have never cared for any man but him and never shall."

"All right," my brother-in-law said. "I'll make it my business to tell him." Then he put his hand in his pocket and brought out a little package of bills. "Here's some money I want you to take. No, don't count it now. It's all right. I was going to spend it on the baby anyway. And I don't want you to go home and explain things to your mother. Let me do that."

"You?" I asked, very much surprised.

"Yes. I can do it a lot better than you can. And I have some business that will take me to New York the first of the week."

"But if I don't go home, where am I to go?" I said.

"I've been thinking about that, too," Frank said. "I don't know whether you know it or not, but I have a brother living in Washington. He's a pretty influential man, and I've written him to look out for you. Give him this." He handed me a letter, with an address on the envelope. "And take good

care of the baby. I've gotten to be awfully fond of him."

I threw my arms about my brother-in-law's neck and kissed him. I couldn't help it. In all my suffering and trouble he had been the only person to give me any real sympathy, any real help, over the rough spots.

"How does it happen you had this letter all ready?" I asked him.

"I knew, this morning, when I left the house," he said, "what you were going to do."

Then I asked him if he would mind if I kept on calling the baby Frank.

"I'd like to have him named after the finest man I know," I said.

"Not a bit. And once in a while I'll be down to see him."

Just then Donald came back for his satchel, and my brother-in-law went down to have a talk with him. When he came up again, I had finished packing and was staring out of the window, watching Donald as he went down the street. It seemed terrible to think I should never see him again. When my brother-in-law came in, I was crying. Kate was with him, looking very angry. She started to say something to me but Frank stopped her.

"No use in any more quarreling," he said. "The thing's done, now. Get the baby's things ready, Kate. As soon as dinner's over I'm going to drive your sister down to the station."

Nobody said much, after that. Dinner was a silent affair. When we had finished, my brother-in-law drove me to the train and got my ticket. He said I was to write him, at the New York office of his company, as soon as I found a good boarding place, and he would see [Continued on page 133]

*I Have Lived
Among Savages
And Found That*

Wild Men



A woman who travels alone in the jungle has less to fear from savages than from so-called civilized men in big cities. I have gone utterly alone, without escort, and often without knowledge of the local language, among some of the wildest tribes of Africa and Asia, and I have never been molested.

EVERY winter I roam some little unknown track of savage country. It is a queer thing, the call of the Wild. It is stronger than love, or duty, or tradition, or civilized instincts. Personally it takes me in all sorts of ways and all sorts of places.

I cannot stand and watch a ship sailing for an unknown port without longing to be on her: at the mere sight of strange names read in books, or marked on maps even, I feel a queer tug at my heart. Sometimes in a restaurant, or theater, or at a party, I feel a sudden sense of loneliness, a longing to escape, and I imagine for a moment the breath of a burning wind on my face and the distant throbbing of a tom-tom.

It is not for copy that I travel, or for instruction, or sport and adventure, or even for pleasure in the accepted sense. I am just following an instinct that my logical sense cannot account for.

A sense of permanency irks me. Civilization, if prolonged, represents to me a cage, gilded and safe and comfortable, that sometimes I long to escape and, throwing everything aside set off for the Unknown, to live as the primitive creatures live, to fight for food, and warmth, and shelter, and, maybe, life itself; to set my wits, will-power and bodily strength against my fellow

men and women, against raw crude nature itself.

No matter how fond I am of a place I could not bear to remain in it the whole year round, and no matter how fond of a person, I must sometimes have the tonic friction of other minds and personalities.

I have often been lonely in big cities or among crowds of familiar people, but never in the great empty spaces. I have learned that Kipling knew what he was talking about, when he said, "He travels the fastest who travels alone!"

That this viewpoint is exceptional if not eccentric is proved by the misunderstanding and misjudgment that I have encountered on the road. I am used to

International Newsreel

being the ship's mystery on every ocean I have ever sailed, the much chewed problem of people in every walk of life from Ambassadors to engine drivers, and to being taken for everything that I am not, from a Bolshevik spy to a cocotte!

I am used, too, to the sympathy of a well meaning people for a poor little bit of femininity up against a rough world, and I am afraid that their pity is wasted, for I have yet to find a tight corner or an awkward situation from which I cannot extricate myself just as well as any man could do it for me!

From the much discussed sex point of view the risks that women run among primitive men have been grossly exaggerated by people who know nothing of which they speak. More often than I can remember I have been annoyed and insulted by white men in big foreign cities, and by half castes who have learned insolence and white vices; but never once have I been treated with anything but extreme respect by primitive people in primitive places, though I have wandered utterly alone, without escort, or presents, or prestige, often without knowledge of the local language, among some of the wildest tribes of Africa and Asia.

Once indeed I received a proposal of marriage from a troglodyte Sheikh of Tripolitania, and it was couched in more

Are Safest

By Lady
DOROTHY
MILLS
Famous English
Explorer
and
Writer

respectful terms, and its rejection received more gracefully, than by seven out of ten white men in similar circumstances!

On another occasion I was offered my pick of a certain tribe of Touareg warriors in Central Africa, and it was most obligingly suggested that should my choice fall on an already married man he would divorce his existent wife if I wished it—further, that he would also kill my husband if desired. Could chivalry go further?

In more sophisticated places the quality of one's treatment depends very much upon the nationality of one's temporary hosts. With the exception of Britons and Americans, who of course understand and respect feminine independence, I found that the Turks treated me with more consideration and respect than any other race.

While traveling through the wilds of Asia Minor last winter, except in the bigger towns where they suspiciously accounted for me as a spy, they took such care of me that I could scarcely call my soul my own. Though they knew nothing whatever about me they were positively grandmotherly, and so that no harm could possibly befall me they used to lock me in on every possible occasion, in railway carriages, in station waiting rooms, in hotel bedrooms.

Once even, in a little lost town of Southern Anatolia, a hotel proprietor refused to let me put up in his own hotel, saying I was too good looking to be safe in a place where the soldiers of the local regiment lodged, and he paid for the cab himself while he ransacked the town for suitable accommodation!

It has usually been among the white Latin races, who would never allow their own women folk to prowl about the world unattended, that I have found myself the most misunderstood. I remember a charming old French Colonel in South Algeria once asking me how long I had been traveling away from my home and husband.

"Three months," I answered.

"And you are still virtuous?" he asked.

"Of course," I laughed.

"*Tiens, que c'est bizarre!*" was his astonished answer.

For every unpleasant experience one comes up against, humanly, or rather femininely speaking, one strikes half a dozen illuminating and admirable ones. Rough life brings out all that is best in a man, if he has a best, and I have often been amazed and touched by manifold acts of unselfishness and chivalry from the most unexpected people, men, who at first sight, one would have imagined steeped in every kind of villainy, who looked as if they would cut any one's throat for sixpence.

[Continued on page 102]



Part of the year Lady Mills, in London, lives the life of an accomplished woman of society. But when the call of the far places comes to this born nomad, she goes out alone, dressed in strange costumes, to live a strange life among wild people.

IF ANY one had told me when "Sour Mug" first came to high school that some day I would voluntarily kiss him, I would have said that he was crazy.

My father was the owner of the Fleming Machine Manufacturing Works. This fellow evidently belonged to the rough element down in the Sixth Ward, where father's factories were and he was always shabbily dressed when he came to school.

Sour Mug was especially conspicuous among the Freshmen because he was old enough to be a Senior. Apparently he had dropped out of school to work for two or three years, and had finally decided to come back and get an education. He looked out of place. Perhaps he felt out of place, but that thought never occurred to me at the time.

My younger brother, Chester, also a Freshman, seemed to know a little about him, because he mentioned him at home, trying to tease me.

"Adele's got a new sweetie," Chester said. "He sits and looks at her all the time. She's some little vamp. And talk about hard boiled eggs—why he's hard baked. Remember those gang wars a few years ago? All that bunch from the Sixth Ward and the boys from the First Ward—how they always had a scrap when they ran into each other on the streets?"

"Yes," said mother, "it was in the papers. They threw rocks, and it wasn't safe on the streets."

"Well," Chester went on, quite important, "this Spike Lockley that's making eyes at Adele was the leader of that Sixth Ward gang and some fighter. Never got licked, and no cop ever caught him. He's going to play football and he'll be a bear. Nobody'll beat Blair High at football this year."

"Well, if he's settling down now to get an education—" Mother started, always ready to say a good word.

"Oh, I guess he got tired of working," I said. "And maybe he just wants to play football. That's rough enough."

Out of school hours Spike was working for his uncle, who ran the Lockley garage. I saw him there once or twice in his overalls, all black and grimy with grease.

Sour Mug came to school on a dirty, black, old motor-cycle. It was the noisiest thing. He wore an old sheepskin-lined coat with it, and big leather gloves, and a helmet and goggles and puttees and looked too formidable for anything. When cold weather came and there was snow on the ground, he came to school in a little old car that looked as if he had rescued it



*We Needed Sour Mug
on Our Hockey Team, So I Vamped
Him. How Could I Know He
Would Skate Into My Heart?*

Kissing for

from some junk pile, but at least it was not so awful as the motor-cycle.

It turned out that he was a demon in football. He was the life of the team, all right, but I thought he was all the more of a brute.

The boys no longer called him Sour Mug after he began to win football games for the school, but his social standing with the girls didn't change. When the cold weather came and Horseshoe Lake froze over everybody got interested in skating. I did not wonder that they wanted Spike on the hockey team when I saw him on skates one Sunday afternoon. He could skate rings around any of the boys.

Hubert Walker, captain of the hockey team, (we called him Hubby) went around to the Lockley garage to talk to Spike



When Spike met me that Sunday he wore a brand new sweater. "Why, you're all dolled up," I said, and he answered. "Of course, look who I'm going skating with."

Keeps

about hockey. Chester reported that Spike didn't care much about the bunch that were playing hockey—they dressed up too much. He said he had nothing against them, because they were really a nice lot of girls. To me, all this didn't ring true.

"Oh, he's just pretending," I said, impatiently.

"Think so?" said Chester. "Well, I'll bet he's got to work for his uncle. He's poor; and that's why he doesn't dress up. If he had the dough and the clothes, he'd wear them, don't fool yourself."

One Friday evening a bunch of us got together at the home of my chum, Caroline Washburn. The boys got to talking of hockey.

"We just got to find a way to get Spike Lockley on the team. We just got too," said Fatty Webster.

Hubby Walker said: "Maybe the girls can figure out how to rope Spike into the team. I'm going to call on Adele Fleming for suggestions. Speech—speech—"

"Why pick on me?" I said, surprised. "How should I know what to suggest?"

"Who else would know better than you?" said Kate Foulkes. "He's daffy about you. He's always looking at you like a dying calf or something." And everybody laughed.

"He does not," I retorted. "He's always got his nose in his book."

"His nose," said Walter Bennett, "but when he looks up he looks at you."

"That's right," said Caroline. "Maybe you can hypnotize him and persuade him."

"You flatter me," I said. "I have no such power."

"It's for the glory of the school," said Hubby. "It's your duty."

"I move Adele Fleming be a committee of one—" some one said.

"Just kid him along," said Kate Foulkes. "We've got to win that championship—Vamp him into playing hockey and then you can forget him."

"That would be a dirty trick," I said.

"It's a dirty trick to lose a wonderful hockey player the school needs," said Caroline.

Well, I didn't think I wanted the job, but there was no doubt that I was nominated. Then the whim struck me—it would be a lark, at that.

"Well, if everybody will patronize him," I said, "when you need tires or any fixing or anything—"

"That's a darned

good idea, Adele," said Hubby. "That's the best yet. Anybody who wants a new car, get it from Spike, so he gets the commish. Everybody get behind him."

"And meanwhile Adele will do her stuff," said Kate.

"Atta girl," cried Fatty Webster. "Ladies and gentlemen and fellow vamps, permit me to introduce the famous Miss Theda Negri Pola Bara Nita Cleopatra Naldi Fleming, all the famous vamps of history rolled into the one and only irresistible. Come on, Theda, come and practice on me and let's see how it's done. I'm hungry to be vamped."

"Nobody vamps a fat man," I said. I slapped his cheek a pretty little smack, and everybody roared.

To be a vamp, in a good cause. Well, I started to think about it. How could I get close to my victim?

At breakfast I hinted to my father that I would like a nice little car of my own. The other girls had them. And then Chester piped up, and wanted to know how about him? Father gave me a look.

"We've got three cars, now. But I'll give you the old roadster. It only needs tuning up."

Well, that was something. That afternoon I drove it around to the Lockley garage and asked for Spike. At first he seemed embarrassed, but he said he was glad to see me. I told him the roadster needed tuning and fixing. He said he'd try it out, and then drove my car around the block two or three times, listening to the motor, and all that, with me sitting alongside. He seemed rather superior when he did that.

"I'll tune it up, reline the brakes and put it in swell shape," he said.

"That's good," I said, "because my father's going to give it to me."

"Oh, then why not have it painted, too? I can have that done. Make it a blue to match your eyes."

He pointed out a new car, in a lovely blue, in the sales-room window, and said he could match that. I told him to go ahead. Then he drove me home.

"I suppose we'll see you playing hockey, now?" I said, as he left.

"Nothing to it," he said.

"Oh, I know you love it. The school needs you. You wouldn't refuse me, would you?" I tried to catch his eye, but I couldn't.

"Well, maybe I'll think about it."

Really, he was quite human, when you talked to him, and especially when he smiled. He spoke to me in school the next day, polite and friendly, but still a little distant and afraid of me. The girls noticed it and spoofed me about it.

I was quite heartless about it. I caught Eddie Lockley's eye across the school room at times, and sometimes I smiled, sometimes I ignored him. Later I'd give him another smile. I would pick him up on the way out of a class room and explain my trouble in getting some problem in geometry, and then he would see me for five or ten minutes after school in the hall, to explain it, and I would mention hockey, and praise his skating.

One afternoon he drove the roadster, all fixed up, to our curb, and it looked like new, when I ran out to him. The engine purred softly, and he was proud of his job. I praised it. And then I insisted upon driving him back to his garage.

"How about hockey?" I said.

"It means nothing in my young life."

"Wouldn't you do it, just for me?" Inwardly I was ashamed of myself as I said it.

"Well, that's different," he said, laughing.

"Then you will?"

"You make it hard for me to put temptation behind me, but of course you're only kidding me."

"Why do you say that?"

"I'm not altogether a boob, even if I look like one."

"You look less like a boob than any one in school, Eddie."

I spoke his first name softly, and you should have seen him blush.

"And will you go skating with me next Sunday afternoon?"

"If you play hockey, sure, I will," I said quickly. I stopped the car in front of his uncle's garage and he got out, but stood holding the door open.

"I'll have to arrange with Unk for overtime and work on Sundays, if I play hockey—"

"But you will?" I insisted. He looked into my eyes, in an honest way that again made me ashamed of myself.

"I'll do it, for your sake," he said.

That was the beginning of a season in hockey that made athletic history for the Blair High School. Spike surprised everybody. He handled that puck in a way that was dazzling.



He was so fast, so strong. He had a dash that carried him into difficult places and out again. And he was fearless. He made impossible blocks. He made impossible goals. He was all over the ice. He was tireless. He was what they called a brilliant individual player. But that wasn't all. Above that, Hubby Walker told me, his greatest value was the way he taught the boys team work. He seemed to know all about it. He just had an instinct for such things. Hubby wanted to resign as captain, in favor of Spike, but Eddie wouldn't let him.



"Come on, practice on me," said Fatty. "I'm hungry to be vamped." I gave his cheek a pretty hard smack and everybody roared.

His fame spread quickly, naturally, and the hockey teams from other schools, knowing in advance what they had to contend with, would look for him. Sometimes they were so busy watching and guarding him that they would forget their own teamwork, and play even worse than they needed to. And sometimes they would try to hurt him. Hockey is a pretty rough game, and it is easy to lay a man out. We were afraid in some of those hot skirmishes that they would get him. But he always went in with a dash and came out with a dash, bandying the puck, and never did get a serious whack. It was sensational. I know I got a big kick out of it.

I had to make good my word about going skating with him that Sunday afternoon. I had told him I would meet him at the lake and he was waiting for me. He had on a new sweater and under that some other new rags.

"Why," I said, "look at us all dolled up!"

"Of course, look who I am going skating with," he smiled.

He had walked out to the lake, rather than drive his shabby little old car. I told him to leave his shoes in my car and in a couple of minutes we were on the ice. My girl friends, and boy friends, too, smiled and waved at me, and I knew what they meant, but to tell the truth there was com-

pensation in the satisfaction of such good skating. After we got started I did not mind it at all. Skating with Eddie Lockley was like flying through the air. I almost forgot the little game I was playing; almost forgot that he was Sour Mug.

"Where did you learn to skate like that?" I asked him.

"Right here on this lake," he said. "I could skate as long as I remember."

"You must have been born with skates on," I replied.

I had told the folks that I would be back at four o'clock. It was a quarter to five, and getting dusky, before I even thought of the time. I found that he was half expecting to walk home, but of course I took him with me in the roadster. And on the way he told me more about himself. Mechanics was second nature to him, and he was hoping to become an electrical engineer or something, and his work at the high school, in chemistry and physics and mathematics was preparatory to that ambition.

All this now gave me a new understanding of him. I realized that he was not only strong and daring, but he also had a brain in his head. And somehow, with enthusiasm for the future on his face, he didn't look like Sour Mug any more. He was just Eddie Lockley, and [Continued on page 141]

Tell Your Troubles to the Mender of Broken Hearts



She Is Waiting for YOUR Letter

WHEN you are sad or bitter or hurt, to whom do you turn for comfort and advice? Have you written to Mrs. Madison telling her your troubles and asking for her help? Thousands of people have done so, and she has failed no one. She is an expert in the art of mending broken hearts. No young person is able to solve, unaided, every problem that arises when love comes into one's life. Experience and wisdom are the only true guides. Write Mrs. Madison all about your heartaches, asking plainly what you want to know, and you will be surprised at the comfort and help you will receive from her.

By *MARTHA MADISON* *How to Hold a Man's Love*

FEEED them, flatter them, fool them!"

That's the way to keep men in love as William Johnson explains in his entertaining book, "These Women."

He goes on to declare there isn't a bachelor living who can't be charmed into contented matrimony with the aid of delicious, digestible, home-made food, daintily served, plenty of sincere, judicious praise and—well, not deceit of course, but willingness to mask one's likes and dislikes now and then.

Marcia, for instance, dislikes playing cards, yet she learned to play bridge and is beginning to play very well. She realizes that Edward loves to play and after their marriage will be likely to spend many a pleasant evening at home because his wife is a skilful opponent. He doesn't need to go elsewhere.

Winning love is often very easy, it just happens; but to hold love is a far greater test of efficiency, cleverness and charm.

While love is a beautiful dream, poised half way between earth and heaven, it also has practical aspects, which cannot be neglected. The girl who hopes to keep her Man in love with her, will if she is wise, make the most of practical aids to charm.

Every one in this world is hungry for affection. We all long for kind love. So if you are sweetly kind, fair-minded and tolerant, the man who loves you today, is likely to go right on loving you.

It's a pity Pauline did not realize this:

"Dear Mrs. Madison," writes Pauline. "I lost the love of a young man who is dearer than life to me.

"This is how it happened! He asked me to be his 'steady girl.' I wanted to say yes, but my parents are not well-to-do; our home is not cozy and I was ashamed to have a beau call on me. So I begged him to wait and ask me again.

"The next time he took me out there were four of us. My chum and her friend Jimmie and He and I went riding on a Sunday afternoon. He said he would ask for my answer that night as we came out of the movies. I didn't know what in the world to do.

"I asked my chum's advice. She told me to leave it to her. After the movies, she jumped in the car and called, 'Come, quickly!'

"So there was not time to ask the question.

"She told me to act cold and I did, although my heart cried out against it. Finally, my friend asked her what was the matter with me. I heard her reply, 'She doesn't care for you, because she knows you are ashamed of her.'

"He told me he was not ashamed of me but respected and admired me. I laughed sarcastically and finally told him to go to H—, using a word I never before used in my life.

"After that, he drove me home, but even at my door, he said, 'Please, dear, say it's all right.'

"But how could I explain! So I jumped out, slammed the door and in a second he was gone, forever, I suppose. He won't even speak to me now.

"It's almost a year since then and my love for him has grown deeper and deeper. Please tell me what to do. God bless you!

"Pauline."

You dear foolish girl, in your confusion and false pride, you chose a sure way to kill the love for which you long.

Why did you not pay your friend the compliment of being honest and frank? You could have explained very simply that while your parents were poor and your home unattractive, he would always be welcome there if he chose to call on you.

Did it ever occur to you that he may like you for yourself, not for your background or home environment?

Is he engaged now, or devoted to another girl? If not, write him a little note, Pauline. Tell him you wish very much to see him and name an evening.

If you cannot talk to him in privacy at home, go walking with him. Tell him why you seemed unkind and how sorry you are, how you value his friendship and would love to be friends once more.

Possibly, this may right matters between you. I hope so, dear, but be very careful indeed, not to be cruel again.

Mary is trying to hold the love of a man who is married to another woman. When he threatened to leave her, Mary agreed to do all he asked her to do.

"I knew I was doing wrong," she writes. "But I love him; he is so handsome and the night was so beautiful. He told me when he took me home that he would never live with his wife again.

"The next day I called up the place where he worked. He was

not in. I asked the office girl to tell him to call me up, but there was no call. At closing time, when I called up again, I was told he had taken a position in another state and left word he was sorry he hadn't time to say good-by.

"It is two months now and I haven't heard. If I don't hear soon I'll go mad. Please tell me how I can find him and how I can hold his love.

"Broken-hearted Mary."

Experience is a hard school. You have learned, Mary dear, for yourself, that sacrificing ideals and degrading oneself does not hold love, but effectually drives it away.

Let this man go. He cannot offer [Continued on page 136]

How Would You Advise this Girl?

This is one of hundreds of letters Mrs. Madison receives each month. Read the letter and decide what advice you would write this girl in reply.

"I KNEW I was doing wrong, but I love him and he is so handsome and the night was so beautiful. He told me when he took me home that he would never live with his wife again.

"The next day I called up the place where he worked. I was told he had taken a position in another state.

"It is two months now and I haven't heard. If I don't hear soon I'll go mad. Please tell me how I can find him and how I can hold his love.

"Broken-hearted Mary."

Now turn to the answer published in this issue and see if Mrs. Madison has told the girl what you would like to tell her.



THIS FUNNY WORLD

AS SEEN BY ALECK SMART



RUNNING through proofs of this issue we were caught by the aroma of "Only a Cigarette Girl." Gee, what a story that girl's going to tell you Smart Set readers. The Editor certainly made a *Lucky Strike*. It's exciting enough to knock the monocle out of *Herbert Tareyton's* eye. There were no *Camels* among the fellows she went around with and the drama of her career never stopped *Between The Acts*. One of the fellows is such a sheik that he ought to have been called *Murad*. Now you're probably expecting me to wise-crack that *Nunciata* should be named *Fatima* but I'll lay off that.

Speaking of Florida:

A young man wintering in Miami addressed a lovely beach siren whose bathing suit was as scant as the law allows.

"How dare you speak to me," she cried. "Such impudence! I don't know you from Adam!"

"Calm yourself," he answered, "I'm in the same boat. Really, I would hardly know you from Eve!"

We've Started Training, Cecil



Louis Natbeaux, 28 years old—and married—kissed his way to a film contract at Culver City, Cal.

Cecil De Mille used Natbeaux to test the love making ability of thirty-two actresses who applied for the role of Mary Magdalene in the spectacular film "King of Kings." Lou did the job so well that he got a contract and then he bade the fair thirty-two farewell and went home to kiss his wife.

The next time Cecil has a job like that I hope he'll tip us off.

What's Your Idea of an Ideal Man?

Kitty gives this verdict: "A tall fellow with dark eyes and hair—but he can't wear even a hint of a moustache. One who likes the company of girls, but is capable of giving all his devotion to one. A fellow who will rule me, but not too roughly. He should not drink, can swear moderately, should be a good dancer. Of course he must be intelligent and ambitious."

Girls, send me your idea of the fellow you want to marry—\$2 will be awarded for the best 50-word definition, and five \$1 awards to the five next best. Contest closes February 1, 1927.

Sniping at Contribs

"My beautiful legs I hate,"
Says a girl whose allurements are great,
She tells in this number
Just why they encumber—
But what if broom-sticks were her fate?
(See: I Hate My Beautiful Legs)

She answered the White Light's call
And offered to Broadway her all,
But they said: "O my Dear—
We Virtue receive—
You can't be anyone's doll!"
(See: The Sorriest Woman on Broadway)

Says Lady Dorothy Mills,
"You serene, polite men are such pills—
To a man from a cave,
I would be a fond slave,
It's only the tame male that kills!"
(See: Wild Men Are Safest)

Maybe a Letter a Day Keeps the Wedding Away

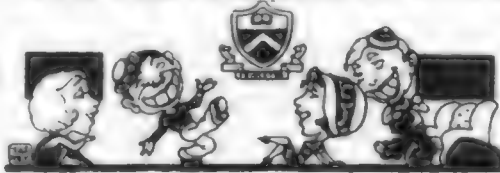
Over in England a man is boasting that he holds the love letter-writing record, having, in three years, written 1,040 letters to his fiancée, containing a million words.

If we were his sweetie, we'd tell him to write the next one on the dotted line.

Referred to Old-Fashioned Husbands

Take Morris, always the last man to leave the night-clubs, wants to know why someone don't invent "an electrically lighted keyhole" for late husbands. Any suggestions?

WITH THE COLLEGE CUT-UPS



"What happened to that blonde stenographer, Joe?"
"The wife made me fire her."
"Wasn't she capable?"
"That's just it . . . capable of anything."
—Virginia Reel.

She—Why do rabbits have shiny noses?
He—Because their powder puffs are at the other end.
—California Pelican.

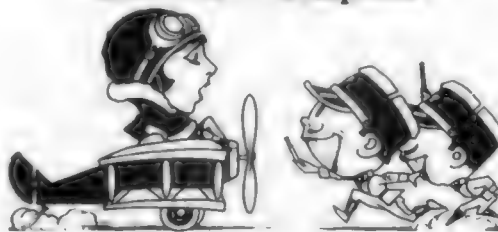
She (dreamily): Why do men like to kiss girls?
He: I bite.
She (adoringly): You great big handsome cannibal!
—Leatherneck.

Best Laugh From a Reader

William E. Kress sends this to Aleck Smart and calls it a Limerick. It's no Limerick, Bill, it's a double quatrain, but that's all right. We've got a grouch against skirts today, so we're printing it.

A young man to a tavern went,
In answer to an ad,
The Chef, a scowling, floury gent,
This question asked the lad:
"Did you ever dress a chicken, son,
And can ye tell me how?"
"Gosh mister, yes! I married one—
That's why I'm busted now!"

But Was It Kissproof?



What thrilling thing did Denyse Col-lin say when she landed on a French field from the full hour's flight which won her an aerial pilot's license? If you are a girl you can guess the answer: "Lend me a lipstick, my lips are parched from the cold!"

\$20 For Limerick Lines

Come on, you Limerick hounds—here's a new one. Fill in that missing last line and see if you don't win a prize. Send it in care of Aleck Smart, Smart Set Magazine. We'll pay \$10 for the best last line, \$5 for the second best, and \$1 for each of the five next best. Contest closes February 1, 1927.

There was a young girl who lip-sticked
Till her patient beau Henery kicked—
"Now look-a-here, Jill,
It shuts off the thrill,"

(available rhymes: sicked, tricked, licked, picked, nicked, ticked, etc., or what have you?)

December's Winners

Congratulations to Mildred C. Doepping, Steubenville, Ohio, who won first prize—a ten spot—in our December Limerick Contest by supplying the missing last line.

We also congratulate Miss Stella Grimm, of Sacramento, Cal., for winning the five-spot and these for winning \$1 bills: Edward L. Berchold of Troy, Ohio; Mabel K. Budlong, of Providence, R. I.; Genevieve Ackerman of Jackson Heights, L. I.; Ruth F. Brewer of Norwich, Conn., and B. C. Black of Durham, N. C.

CONTESTS STILL OPEN: The Homely Girl Contest and the Limerick Competition, announced in the January issue, will close February 1, 1927.

Folks this page is yours. Just remember that your notes can't come too thickly for—

Aleck Smart



What is pore film

and why must you remove it?

This is the second of a series of Princess Pat informative talks giving new facts about complexion care. Here we tell about the requirements of cleansing cream—a most important subject.

DO you fancy that we are merely creating a *talking point* when we refer to pore film? If so, visit some scientific library and consult the works of the most eminent authorities on the skin.

Pore film is invisible. Yet every night and every morning there is an accumulation on *every* skin. And it is *resistant* to ordinary cleansing cream. Therein lies the danger—and the reason every woman who values her complexion should know about pore film.

Pore film is acid. It glazes over and seals the pores of the skin. It is formed by the commingling of perspiration and oil given off by the pores. If allowed to remain pore film is injurious to the skin. It can be a first cause of roughened skin texture, blackheads, excessively oily skin, shiny nose, and eruptions.

And remember, ordinary cleansing cream will *not* remove pore film. Any prominent skin specialist will confirm this statement; in fact he is likely to say that unscientifically formulated

creams will make pore film even more harmful to your complexion.

Princess Pat Skin Cleanser Should Be Used By Every Woman In the Land

Princess Pat Skin Cleanser (you may call it cold cream) is definitely formulated to remove pore film. You may say you get along very well as it is, that you see no ill results from pore film. The explanation is that some skin has a high degree of resistance. But not to deal with pore film, merely *invites* the earlier fading of complexion beauty.

On the other hand there are thousands upon thousands of women who will see in this explanation of pore film the reason why all their beauty effort avails little, why their complexions remain unlovely despite nightly and morning applications of cream.

With Princess Pat Skin Cleanser you *know*—you have the comforting assurance that in regard to pore film *no chances are being taken*. It is precisely one of those situations when it is far better to be safe than sorry!

How Princess Pat Skin Cleanser Came to be Different

Princess Pat Skin Cleanser is a product of the modern laboratory. It is quite different from the inadequate creams of yesteryear. It was formulated in the full light of scientific knowledge of the actual *needs* of the skin. It was known that pore film had to be considered—and the need was met.

Further, the "stickiness" of old fashioned cold creams was avoided. Princess Pat is a light cream, delightful to use. It is a particularly *gentle* cream, agreeing with *every* skin. By no possibility can it encourage or promote hair growth. It does not necessitate vigorous rubbing. On the contrary, it seems literally to *melt* all the day's grime and dust from the pores. It is quite *impossible* for a woman not to like Princess Pat Cleansing Cream for the immediate effects she can see and feel.

But think *most* of the *most* important result. Princess Pat Skin Cleanser *removes* pore film and ends the troubles that ordinary creams do not combat. Accept our explanation at its gospel truth, scientific worth—try this different cold cream—and if it fails to live up to all *expectations*, receive back the cost from your dealer.

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Princess Pat perfect beauty aids include: PRINCESS PAT CREAM SKINFOOD AND ICE ASTRINGENT (THE FAMOUS TWIN CREAM TREATMENT), PRINCESS PAT SKIN CLEANSER, ALMOND BASE FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIPSTICK, TWO-PURPOSE TALC-~~PERFUME~~, TOILET WATER.

FREE So that you may know for yourself the remarkable effect of Princess Pat Skin Cleanser, we will take pleasure in sending you a trial tube free. Just mail the coupon.

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Dept. 1302

2709 South Wells St., Chicago

Without cost or obligation please send me a free trial tube of Princess Pat Skin Cleanser.

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(Print name and address plainly)



BLANCHE MEHAFFEY

*Leading Lady for Reginald Denny
in Universal's "Take it from Me."*

**Knows The Value of A
"Magic Touch of Beauty"**

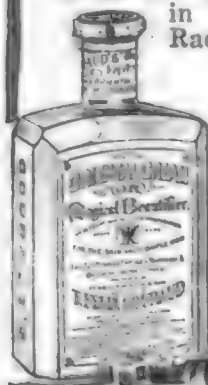
The Professional woman must look her best at all times. Her appearance is her success or failure. She cannot gamble with beauty—she must be sure. That is why Blanche Mehaffey and thousands of other professional and business women depend on

**GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL
CREAM**

"Beauty's Master Touch"

to keep their appearance always at its best. It renders to the skin and complexion a soft, bewitching, pearly beauty that commands the admiration of all.

Far superior to dry powders, creams and lotions. The entrancing, seductive beauty it renders does not streak or show signs of perspiration. Antiseptic and astringent, giving exceptional results in cases of skin troubles, wrinkles, flabbiness, muddy complexions, redness, etc. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel, also Compacts.



Send 10c. for Trial Size

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New York

M-28-7



Why I Went Home to Mother

*The
Confession
of a Little
French Girl
Who Married
Her Big
American
Hero*

I AM one of the several thousand "little French girls" who married American soldiers during the great war.

So many people have asked me if my marriage has been successful, and why we are living in Paris when originally it was my husband's intention to live in his own country, that I have decided to tell the whole story.

I was thirteen when the war broke out.

My father was killed almost at the beginning. My uncle was fatally wounded in the second battle of Verdun.

When I was sixteen the United States came into the war, and a year later we saw our first American soldiers in the tiny village of Vaurillac, where mother and I had come to live with my aunt, after my uncle was killed.

Practically the whole village had gathered at the station to look at them. We were both amazed and delighted when we heard that they had come to stay, that they were the advance-guard of a company which had been sent to prepare a camp at Vaurillac for a school of aeroplane observation. Vaurillac was not in the mountains but a few miles away the foothills began and on a clear day the peaks of the Puy de Dome mountains could be easily seen.

On fine summer days some of us made little excursions into the foothills in search of herbs, in the use and distillation of which all French peasants are very proficient.

WELL, one day in May, 1918, we had organized such an expedition to a place about seven miles from Vaurillac. There was a chapel there with a bell which the villagers always rang when a thunderstorm threatened, to drive it away.

A path led from this chapel up the hill to an abandoned stone quarry, in which I knew I could find a particular herb which my mother wanted. The other girls were busy plucking the herbs they wanted, so without saying anything to them I climbed the steep, rocky path alone. Just as I reached the top I heard the bell tolling and, glancing up, saw a big thundercloud coming from the mountains.

I knew that I wouldn't have time to run back down the path to the chapel before it broke, but I remembered there was a sort of shed in the quarry left by the workmen. I was running toward it when I glimpsed somebody coming down the hill. It was a man in American uniform, apparently an officer. He swayed from side to side and slipped and stumbled as he descended the steep path.

When the man was quite close he lifted his head and I saw that his

face was streaming with blood, the sight of which has always made me feel faint.

"It's all right," he called, weakly. "Don't be afraid."

I was afraid; very much afraid, but when he said that I ran to him, berating myself for cowardice.

As I reached the officer his legs seemed to give out and he sat down abruptly on a rock by the side of the path. I saw that the blood flowed from a cut on the forehead.

IT LOOKED, to my inexperienced eyes, like a mortal wound, and I was frantic with fear that he would die before I could stanch the blood. I got some water in his helmet and when I had washed the wound as carefully as I could with a strip torn from my petticoat I saw that it was not so deep as I had feared.

Just as I was thinking we might manage to get down to the chapel with him leaning on my shoulders, the storm broke. Almost at the same moment I felt the officer's body relax; he uttered a sigh and flopped over. The huge drops of rain were gathering intensity every moment, and there was I with an unconscious man, a mile from any help!

Fortunately, the path to the quarry sloped downward a trifle.

Putting my arms about his body I tried to lift him. At first I thought it would be impossible, but I was big and strong for my age and finally I managed to get my arms underneath him in such position that I could drag him forward.

The rain fell in sheets and we were both dripping wet. My dress clung to my legs and impeded me as I struggled along, dragging him inch by inch, foot by foot.

Youthful Beauty Instantly

by JEANNETTE DE CORDET
Specialiste en Beauté

AN amazing improvement in your looks is the immediate result of this special twin treatment for beauty.

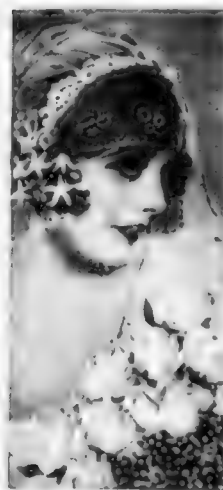
So perfectly do the shades of these twin toiletries—Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom—accord with the tints and tones of the natural skin, that their combined use gives fresh, youthful beauty—*instantly*.

Pompeian Beauty Powder, soft and velvety—delicately perfumed—spreads evenly with an enchanting smoothness and stays on for hours at a time.

Pompeian Bloom, a rouge with youthful tones, looks as though it were your own coloring. It does not crumble or break—and comes off on the puff easily.

GET PANEL AND SAMPLES

Generous samples of Pompeian Powder and Bloom sent with beautiful new Art Panel for only 10c. This picture, "The Bride," painted by the famous artist, Rolf Armstrong, is reproduced in colors, size 27 x 7 inches. Art store value easily 75c.



Tear off now! You may forget

Pompeian
Beauty Powder and Bloom

Mme. Jeannette de Cordet, Pompeian Laboratories
3100 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Madame: I enclose 10c (a dime, coin preferred)
for 1927 Panel and samples of Powder and Bloom.

Name _____
Street _____
Address _____

City _____ State _____

Powder shade _____

Medium rouge sent unless another shade requested



Prettier Lips among college girls

Dear Nan:

Just arrived in New York on the Century, accompanied by many beautiful girls returning to college after their mid-year vacations.

It was very intriguing to see the pretty dears whisk out their little Lip Sticks to "look pretty" just before meeting their families and friends. And I noticed that about two out of every three girls used the Pompeian Lip Stick. You know what a wonderfully natural color it gives!

*Jeannette
de Cordet*



Pompeian Lip Stick gives natural, rosy tint—protects lips—pure and harmless—has desired chisel point for easy application.

Pompeian
Lip Stick

When, at last, I reached the shed and drew him inside, I let his body fall on the hard rock and I collapsed myself. For five minutes I could only lie there and try to get my breath again.

When at last I got control of myself and sat up I saw that the officer was conscious and staring at me in afright.

"My Lord!" he burst out, at last. "Did you lug me all the way here?"

I nodded, too weak to speak.

"Well, I'll be darned! You are a plucky kid!"

His eyes shone in such a fervent mixture of gratitude, amazement and admiration that I had to turn mine away.

"And I fainted!" I heard him muttering, savagely, to himself. "A fine brute I am! I ought to be killed!"

At this I couldn't help answering:

"You pretty nearly were, weren't you?"

HE GRINNED, ruefully as he dabbed at the gash on his forehead with a muddy handkerchief.

"You're right," he said. "But if you think I'm bad, you ought to see my ship!"

"Your ship?"

I was puzzled.

"Yes, my airship. It's over there behind that hill, smashed to atoms. Propeller busted in mid-air and I came down—ker-plomp!" He illustrated with his right hand.

But I couldn't talk to him much. In the first place, though I could understand English quite well, I couldn't talk it for any length of time; and then, too, I was beginning to come to my senses and realize my position.

The rain hadn't stopped, but I was determined on what I thought would be the best course of action.

"Where are you going?" he demanded as I started to leave him.

"Down the hill to the farm. They'll send some men up to carry you down."

"Don't go yet," he urged. "It's still raining hard."

But I had grown suddenly bashful. With a muttered *au revoir* I turned and ran down the trail.

When I arrived at the farm my three girl friends stared at me in amazement.

"Toinette!" screamed one of them. "You're wet through and covered with blood!"

I spoke sparingly.

"There's an aviator up in the quarry hurt. Send somebody to bring him down."

I was, naturally, overwhelmed with questions, but I answered with monosyllables, for something within me moved strangely and stopped me from telling the whole story of what had happened.

All the next week I went about in a trance, remembering the blue eyes of the American officer, wondering how his wound was.

On the following Thursday, looking out of an upper window, I saw a familiar figure ascending the steep road that led to our house. Only waiting a moment to make sure, I sped out of the cottage by the back door and, rushing into the woods which lay behind the house, threw myself down underneath a tree and trembled, why, I didn't quite know; perhaps with sheer joy!

When I returned my mother came to me with a significant air.

"An American officer came here, asking for you," she said, severely. "We could not understand what he said, but he talked a lot in his own language. When he found you were not here he asked permission to write, and left this." She handed me a piece of paper, and watched me closely as I read it:

Dear Mademoiselle:

I came to thank you and was so sorry to find you away. I very much want to see you again. Will you meet me by the

wooden bridge this afternoon at five? I must be back at the hospital by six.

Richard Strawn.

My cheeks burned as I haltingly explained to mother:

"It was the officer who was hurt last Saturday, when his airplane crashed. He came to thank me, and to meet you," I added, knowing my mother's old-fashioned notions about the proper politeness to be expected from a young man visiting her daughter.

My mother's face cleared and she patted my hand.

"That was very polite of him. He seemed to be very nice—is it not so, Tante?" And my aunt nodded vigorously.

From then on we met each other daily, and often Dick came to the house and spent the evenings with us, partaking of our humble meals. Then came his orders to go to the front.

Before he left, Dick gravely asked my mother if she would consent to our marriage.

Mother gave it, but stipulated that the wedding should not be until after the war. So when he had received his discharge at Saint-Aignan, "St. Agony" as the Americans called it, we were married.

Before the ceremony Dick had told me about himself and his family. His father, he said, was one of the officers of a life-insurance agency. He showed me a picture of his mother and two sisters; the mother was a kind-faced woman of about fifty-five and the two young girls seemed very sweet.

I had not asked Dick if he had money, or what he proposed to do to earn his living when he returned home, but one day he said:

"Of course, after we get home, I shall stay with you until you have got the hang of things, but after that," with a rueful smile, "I shall have to go to work."

"But your work will not take you from me, will it?" I asked, a little frightened.

He hesitated. "Well, of course, I've never really done any work before," he said, "but I know father sort of expects me to go out on the road as a salesman for his company."

"But couldn't I go with you—on the road?" I asked.

He laughed, indulgently. "Now, sweetheart, don't worry. Everything will be daisies!"

We did not talk of it again and I put my fears from me. It was sufficient then that I had Dick—that he was my husband and I his wife.

The day after the church ceremony we went aboard a Cunard ship at Cherbourg. The seven days at sea were a constant joy. There seemed to be nothing else to do on this wide ocean but to make love!

DICK'S mother and sisters were at the dock to greet us, and the minute they came toward us I knew that their determined effort to be nice to me was only a sham.

They smiled at me, and Dick's mother kissed me first on one cheek and then on the other. "That's the French way, isn't it?" she said, and even in that simple and gracious gesture I seemed to perceive the distinction they made between me as Dick's wife and some other—American—girl who might have married him.

From the very first moment I sensed the disapproval of Dick's folks in his marriage, but I didn't understand that disapproval until much later, when I learned with horror, something of the way French girls were regarded in America.

Their soldiers had brought home stories but they couldn't realize that the sort of girls the soldiers talked about could be found in any big city, including New York. Paris has no monopoly on that kind.

Nothing of all this showed openly in the Strawn family's attitude toward me, I ad-

[Continued on page 95]

A Risk Women Have Learned Never Again to Take

This new way ends the uncertainty of old-time hygienic methods



Eight in ten better class women have adopted this NEW way which provides security that is absolute and banishes forever the problem of disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

DUE to modern scientific advancements, women's oldest hygienic problem remains a problem no longer. The hazardous and uncertain "sanitary pad" of yesterday has been supplanted with a protection that is absolute.

Thus social exactments no longer come over as ill-timed. Filmy frocks and gowns are worn without a second's thought or fear. The woman of today meets every day unhandicapped.

Kotex—what it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.



*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as cotton.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal. It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends all fear of offending.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the only pad embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the only napkin made by this company. Only Kotex is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes: the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company
Chicago, Ill.

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen
Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

Easy Disposal
and 2 other
important factors



① No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



② Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of cotton, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



③ Easy to buy anywhere. Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue



Learn at Home Easily — Quickly

THE tremendously increased interest in Interior Decorating has created hundreds of very unusual opportunities for ambitious men and women. It's easy now to establish a business of your own in full or spare time—to qualify for a high salaried, attractive position—or to mould for yourself an interesting, remunerative and highly respected Career.

\$50 to \$200 a Week—New Uncrowded Profession

Take advantage of the wonderful opportunities resulting from the pressing demand existing right now for trained Interior Decorators. Get into business for yourself, or earn \$50 to \$200 a week in work that is fascinatingly pleasant. Either full or spare time. Scores of properly trained Interior Decorators are urgently needed right now—by home builders, large Interior Decorating firms, Department Stores and a great variety of stores selling household furnishings.

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The Love That Did Not Fail

AS I WALKED home from the Sagmoor woolen mills at the end of a long, tiresome day I hadn't the least idea that anything out of the ordinary was going to happen. I had almost come to believe that nothing ever would or could happen to change my way of living. Oh, I don't mean that I really thought I would spend all of the rest of my life working in the mills, but I was so tired and blue and discouraged that I couldn't see a sign of hope in any thing.

Going to work in the mills at all had been, really, a desperate move on my part. Things at home were in a desperate way. Dad, dear, kind, lovable Dad was a failure in the eyes of the world. Oh, he was no failure in my eyes, nor in the eyes of my younger sister and brother. We loved him—loved him to the point of idolatry. Maybe we pitied him a little; for all practical purposes he was so helpless. But he was proud and it had hurt him when I went to work in the mills. But something had to be done and he was so awfully busy planning big things, planning for the fortune he was to make, that we children had to earn the money for food and rent.

It wasn't any false pride on his part, I know that. It was his pride in me that suffered. You see, he thought I had some talent, that I might, if I had a chance, be an artist. And I thought so, too. Oh, I did think so. Even as I worked hard in the woolen mills I couldn't forget the dreams that kept me hoping and working. I even spent money out of my scanty earnings in an effort to keep my dreams alive.

I had rented an old garage that stood at the rear of the tumble down house in which we lived, and had fitted it up as a studio. It was my sanctuary, my haven. There my dreams took on form and color. In that poor studio, which flaunted its finery, I really lived. Yes; and I made the studio pay for itself by painting display cards and posters for the Sagmoor stores. Sometime, if there was a little left over I would go to Mason City and take a lesson in painting from Alan Breslav, whose teaching was thus made to supplement the primary instruction given me by Dad. Where he had picked up his knowledge of drawing and colors I never asked, but I knew he had as keen a delight in them as I had.

As I reached the top of the hill the air blew clearer. I lifted my head, filled my

lungs with a deep, cleansing breath. One more turn, and I came to our—home? No. I can hardly call it that. It was just the house in which we happened to be living.

Clearly against the exquisite tones of the western sky I saw the beloved figure of Dad, bending now to place something carefully at his feet, then rising to his slender height. In spite of the stoop of his shoulders he always seemed to me to be on tiptoe when he stood erect. His brown eyes—wistful, seeking—were always peering over the top of a fence that was just a little too high for him.

"I'm building a rockery, Magda," he told me. "I'm going to get some ferns and moss for it." He pushed the mussed hair from his forehead and looked at me trustingly. Dad knew I would always understand his attempts to bring beauty into the sordid surroundings in which we lived.

Zelma flew down the walk and threw her arms about me—my little sixteen year old sister Zelma, with her brilliant beauty. Though I was four years older than she, I often felt myself much younger. Zelma was so sure—in some ways she seemed to have been born with experience.

Dinner was waiting. There were chops in a greasy pan, strawberries out of season, in a stained box, new potatoes, the first in the market, still in their ugly jackets, chocolate cake jammed in unsightly squares on a broken plate. On the sideboard were

two pink rosebuds, in a nicked tumbler, without water.

Dad's marketing, I felt sure. He always bought expensive things just because they looked so nice. And Mother always spoiled them by serving them in this way.

There was nothing there to feast the eye on. Nothing in that bare, square room, with its ugly flowered wall-paper to which the eye might wander for rest. I dared not look at Dad. Zelma was eating with her thoughts far away. Don, our big brother, who was a year younger than I, looked sullen. Mother sat in her chair and did not seem to mind the squalor and the lack of beauty.

I dropped my eyes to my plate and wondered. When we were younger Don and I used to speculate together about her. To our childish minds it seemed that we, the Garths, with our brown brooding eyes, our sensitiveness, our extreme fondness for each other, belonged to a family apart, and that she, the silent indifferent woman was

ONE man promised me an hour of ecstasy; the other man offered marriage. Where did my happiness lie?

scarcely related to us at all. It was strange. Dad cleared the table. The sight of him, with a soiled blue apron tied ludicrously under his arms, always brought a sting to my eyes. He washed the dishes and I wiped.

"Honey," he whispered to me, "can you lend me a dollar? I've got to go to the city tomorrow. That Bascomb deal—"

I fumbled in the pocket of my rough skirt and gave him the change I found there.

"No, no. Take it," I said, in answer to his embarrassed look. "Tomorrow's pay day. And tell me about the Bascomb deal."

His face brightened. "I need only a thousand dollars to go in with him," he explained eagerly. "I'll get that before September—"

Oh, the old story! I scarcely listened. Always Dad needed a thousand, two thousand, sometimes five thousand dollars for some deal by which our fortunes were to be made. Poor Dad! Meantime he was selling a patented window lock to hardware dealers. But he had let his commutation ticket run out, so instead of possible commissions on his sales there was only an incomplete rockery and an expensive, out of season dinner to show for his labors that day.

Don followed me to the front porch. He flung his arm across my shoulder and I leaned against it, glad of the firm, gentle support.

"Can you lend me a dollar, Mag?"

"Oh, Don! I'm so sorry. I'm cleaned out."

"I gave Mother every cent I had yesterday," he explained. "I thought it would last her the rest of the week. But you saw the way she let Dad blow himself. Seems like she wants things to be just as bad as they can be. Well—Say, Mag, can I bring some of the boys to the studio tonight for a little game?"

"Oh, Don! Please not tonight. I've got to work."

He dropped his arm from my shoulder and started off down the path. I could not bear the dejection in his walk.

"I'll just work until nine, Don. Bring them then," I called after him.

I was fitting my key into the lock on the studio door when I heard a car turn into the drive. It was Norman Holt. As long as I can remember Norman has been driving out from Mason City. He was fifteen years younger than Dad, but because he was grown up when I was a child he seemed to belong to my parents' generation.

"Mother and Dad are in the house, Norman," I called to him. "I'll be in soon."

"Let me stay out here with you, Magda."

"Don't come in here with me. Not here, please."

"But, my dear child, why not?"

Norman put his hand over mine and turned the key in the lock. His eyes swept the long work table, the easel, the sketches I had pinned to the white walls.

"Why didn't you tell me about this, Magda? I can help you. You must have lessons."

"I have had lessons," I answered, "and I've paid for them with what I make out here."

"So you'd rather have lessons than pretty clothes? Perhaps we can find a way for you to have both. You know how I feel. I'd do anything on earth for you."

"What I do I must do for myself, Norman. I'm finding a way."

"Well—You'll come for a ride with me later?"

"Perhaps we'll all go—"

At last I was alone. There was a poster I had to finish. Peace came to me, as it always did, once I had the brush in my hand.

But I had no sooner begun than I heard a quick step on the path. The door opened

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Ends two beauty mistakes

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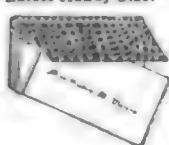
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and Zelma stood there, flushed, breathless. She wore a straight little blue frock I had bought for her. She was vital, vibrant, like an electrically charged flash.

"Must you work here tonight, Mag? Can't I telephone Charlie to come here? I can't see him in the house, and I—I don't want to meet him at the drug store. Not tonight."

I sighed. I could not bear to refuse Zelma.

"Bring him here, dear. But Don and the boys are coming at nine. Tomorrow's Saturday and I'll have all afternoon to work. I'm going to finish the picture then."

"Let me look at it, Mag," begged Zelma.

I TOOK the canvas from the closet and I propped it against the easel. At sight of it my throat ached with a quick, half fearful elation. This, my work, seemed to me to be not all mine. Something beyond me had guided my hand. I called my picture "Mystery." From the canvas Zelma's vivid face looked out with a quality of humanness that made the picture alive.

"Promise you'll not tell even Don about this," I cautioned her. "Monday I'm going to enter it in Breslav's contest."

"And if you should win the thousand dollars? Must you use it to study with Breslav?"

"No, but I intend to do just that. I shall go to Mason City to live for a year and study with Breslav. I must. It's my only chance to get away from all this. Oh, Zelma, I must!"

I walked toward the house, my mind busy with its visions. Norman was waiting to take me for a drive. Mother and Dad had not cared to go. In the cool air of the hills I could continue my dream.

We stopped, and I looked back at the scattered lights of the town. Distance gave them mystery. Even Sagmoor could be lovely, it seemed.

"You hate it, Magda," Norman said gently. "Let me take you away, send you to a good art school—"

"No, Norman, no," I broke in. "There is no need. You must do nothing for me—nothing. I'm doing it all myself. And next week maybe I shall have something fine to tell you."

Norman's clear blue eyes became shadowed. He seemed suddenly to grow older. "You mean," he said quietly, "you are going to be married?"

I laughed. "Why, no. How could you think that? Who is there here for me to marry?"

"You frightened me, Magda," Norman went on. "Now you'll have to know that I want you for myself. I want you to marry me. I know you aren't ready to hear this. You haven't thought of me that way."

"Oh, Norman, don't you see how impossible that would be? You are part of everything I want to leave behind. It would kill all I've hoped and dreamed if I married you."

"You mean that, just as it sounds?"

"Just exactly, Norman. I want beauty. You are associated in my mind with every sordid, ugly thing I've ever known."

"You don't mean to be cruel, Magda," he said. "but you are. There is beauty in what I feel for you."

We rode home in silence. I glanced toward the uncurtained studio window. Don had not returned. But Zelma stood in the center of the room, a terrible look on her face.

She did not move as I entered and closed the door behind me. Her face was white and her eyes were wide and frightened.

"Zelma, honey, what is it?" I cried.

"I think you're going to hate me, Mag, but some one has got to help me now. Charlie says he will not marry me."

Before I could speak or move Norman opened the door, forcing me to stand from in front of it.

"I want to talk to Zelma alone, Magda. Wait for us in the house."

"Not here. Don and the boys are coming."

"Then in the car." Standing dazed in the middle of the drive I watched him lead Zelma to the car. Then they drove away.

I crouched in the dark on the porch, waiting for them to return, afraid to go in and face Mother and Dad. In a few minutes Norman's car stopped again in front of the house. He helped Zelma to the sidewalk. Slowly they came toward me.

"Zel is going to marry me," he said quietly.

My heart stood still. No words would come. Blindly I made my way into the house. I sat in the darkened room that Zelma and I shared, waiting for her. Mother and Norman were talking in low tones downstairs in the hall. Fortunately Dad had gone to bed. I heard the outer door open and close.

Then in the darkness Zelma crept into the room and crouched on the side of the bed.

"Mother was terrible," she said in a stifled voice. "I'd rather have died than tell her, but Norman said we must. Oh, Magda, we don't need even to talk about it again, do we?"

I held her close. "It wouldn't do any good to talk about it now, honey," I said brokenly. "It's too late."

Next morning Zelma and Norman had gone away quietly to be married. Whatever her outburst of the night before had been Mother had returned to her quiet reserve. Dad was to know nothing of the true circumstances. It would have broken his heart, crushed him utterly. He worshipped Zelma. Mother told him Zelma was to be married and he came to me, his voice husky, his shoulders stooping with a new dejection.

"Had you seen it coming, Magda?" he asked. "She's just a child. Holt's old enough to be her father."

"He's not, Dad," I flared up unexpectedly. "You know very well Norman's barely thirty."

He looked at me in dazed misery. I tried to comfort him, but I did not dare tell him the one thing that would make him understand.

Don's eyes, wide open, shocked, and full of fear, told me that he knew. I put my hand on his arm and led him out to the studio. Perhaps it was not too late for me to talk to him.

"THERE'S hardly a chance for us, Don. Don't you see how hard we've got to fight?"

"You've said it," he cut in bitterly. "There isn't a chance. There never has been a chance. Oh, my God, see what they've done to Zel!" He bent his head in his hands and struggled to keep back the tears.

"But we can't let it get us, Don. We can't do even as many foolish or wrong things as ordinary people. They'd count against us more. I couldn't smoke or go out late with boys or do any of the things the girls I know do. There might be no harm for them, but for us—We've no background. Don; nothing to fall back on. And we have our heritage from Dad. He has the biggest soul, the tenderest heart and the weakest will of any man I know."

"I'm just like him, Magda," Don lifted his head and looked around the room with its signs of his dissipation. "Only—some times I can forget."

He rose and went toward the house without another word. Was that it? Was it to forget that Don drank? Was it to escape from sordid reality that Zelma had listened to Charlie?

I leaned against my easel. For me forgetfulness and escape were always there, in my inner visions, in my beloved work. Eagerly I got out palette and brushes and put the finishing touches on that canvas which was to bring me complete deliverance.

Next day, with my picture, carefully wrapped, under my arm, I took the three o'clock bus for Mason City. It was Sunday, my only opportunity to go to the city. Breslav would not be working. There might be time to talk with him.

Alan Breslav, a short, square rugged man, represented all the elements that had been denied to me. He had come from his native Bohemia many years ago, and had been a citizen of the world. Just why he had chosen to rest for a while in Mason City I do not know.

"I've brought my picture for the Breslav competition," I told him.

"I did not know—"

"No. I've been working on it a long time, and I wasn't sure until just lately it would be good. Oh!" I burst out, after he had gazed at it for what seemed to me a long time. "Tell me! Is it good? I can't bear not to know."

"It is so good, child, that I am wondering now what I am going to do with you. I did not expect anything like this to come out of Sagmoor."

"It doesn't come out of Sagmoor," I flashed back. "It comes out of me."

"I did not suppose until today that there was any difference. This is the first time I've seen your eyes flash or your hands tremble."

"I haven't dared. There's a fire in me, and no will to check it if it burns too bright. It's in me to feel too much. I dare not let go until I've built something to lean on."

"Do you think," he said gently, "if I stood straight and steady you could learn to lean on me?"

I suddenly felt encompassed by his strength, but I shook my head.

"It's got to be inside myself."

He shrugged. "Until then, until it is inside yourself, I'll be right here. Now, let me drive you back to Sagmoor. We are going to understand each other better, Magda."

I rose to go with him, but he glanced once more at the picture.

"I'm not to be one of the judges," he said, "but I believe they'll see in that picture just what I see. Real power, Magda. It's that you're going to lean on in the end."

I dreaded to take Breslav to my mother's house. In the bright light of afternoon it appeared more than ever cramped and colorless. The living room had never looked more utterly sordid. Pages from the morning paper still cluttered the floor. Clothing sprawled on chairs and tables. Window shades sagged crookedly, and over all was an odor of stale cigarette smoke and dust.

Mother's apron was soiled and her hair escaping from its careless knot, but she seemed indifferent as she stretched out her hand in welcome. When I saw Dad I had to stifle the swift cry that came to my lips. His fine head was sunken between his stooping shoulders.

"Where," asked Breslav, "is the little girl who sat for the picture?"

"She was married yesterday," answered Dad, and in spite of himself, his voice broke. I quickly led Breslav away, out to my studio. But even there the sordid tragedy of the Garths followed us. Don lay upon the divan, his head buried in the pillows. He stumbled to his feet. On his cheeks were the dried traces of his wet tears. Too heartsick to bear a stranger's scrutiny, he went from the place.

"I understand, Magda," said Breslav after a moment's pause. "Their fire, their tenderness, their beauty, live again in you. But



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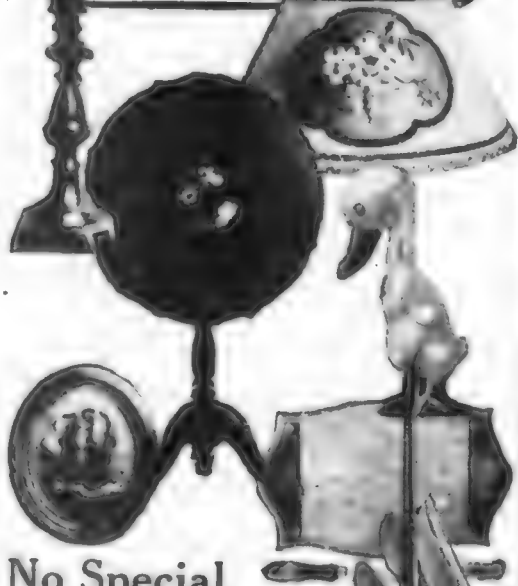
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added to all this, you have the strength they missed. You're going to be an artist, Magda, and you're going to be the finest woman I ever knew."

A few days later I received an announcement from the Breslav competition that I had won the prize. A check for one thousand dollars was enclosed. I called Don to the studio and tried to tell him coherently what had happened. He was almost as excited as I was.

"Oh, Mag, that's wonderful!" he cried. "And it frees me, too. I've a chance to go with Burke to Mason City. He's going to manage his father's cotton mills. He'll put me in the office. But I couldn't have left you here to pull alone. Do you think it will be all right if I send Mother and Dad a little money every week?"

"Yes, Don," I answered. "And I'll send them some thing too. I can keep on with my poster work, and I'll come home week ends."

It was going to be pretty hard on Dad, losing us all at once. But Don must have his chance too.

"Send Dad to me, Don. I should have told him my news first."

"He'll be mighty proud of you, Magda."

In a moment Dad stood in the doorway. His face was white and quivering. His whole body seemed so shaken and weak that he leaned against the doorway for support.

"I've got to go away, Magda," he faltered. Then he crumpled against my shoulder. "Oh, my God! I didn't mean it to end like this."

"Tell me, Dad, tell me," I cried.

"I went in with Bascomb. He made me rosy promises. I collected eight hundred dollars from my customers and turned it over to him. And he's cleared out. I didn't realize he was a crook. It is as if I had stolen that money, Magda. Oh, my God, I did steal it. It means—"

"No!" I checked him. "No, it doesn't mean that." Instantly my decision was made. There was no choice. There could be but one way. I told him quickly of the prize I had won.

"I can't take your money, little Magda."

"Listen to me, Dad. It was just you in me that made it possible for me to earn it. Who first taught me to paint? Who has kept me at it, understood it in me, encouraged it, praised it?"

"But what were you planning to do with the money?"

"Why," I lied, "I was planning to go in with you on that Bascomb deal. It was your money all along. But let's not tell Mother. She might not understand. It's best not to tell anyone. Not even Don."

Feeling that my endurance was at an end I gently pushed him toward the door. He put the check in his pocket. His shoulders straightened. His step was quickened with new life.

Don rushed in to me.

"WHAT did he say?" he questioned eagerly.

"Don, I just remembered that really the money belonged to Dad. I didn't have any right to keep it, not any right at all."

"You mean you've given it to him, that he'd take it? You're not going to Mason City? Then that means I'll not go either. It isn't fair, Magda!"

At that my strength broke. "Oh, Don, I am fair. I am! I can't tell you why, but I am!"

I stretched out my hand to him, but he would not meet my eyes. He turned and left me. My heart was dead within me, as I turned to write to Breslav that I could not study with him after all.

After that I settled down hopelessly to work at the mill. It seemed worse than useless to try to escape.

One day Norman telephoned that he was

to be at the house that evening. I dreaded it—dreaded seeing Zelma with him. I had not seen her since her marriage.

He was waiting for me on the long, dusty hillside. I climbed wearily into the car beside him. Somehow, Norman had changed. The twinkle had gone from his eyes. His lips made a straighter, firmer line. But the new shadow on his face had not aged him. Rather, he seemed to me almost boyishly helpless, as if life had suddenly proved too much for him.

"Oh, Norman," I sighed. "I am such a coward. I almost dread to face Zelma tonight. How is she?"

"Why, Magda," he cried out. "Don't you know? Zelma didn't marry me. She left me the day I took her away. She hated me for trying to save her. She said she'd marry me that night because she was desperate. It seemed her one way out. But I blundered somehow in trying to save her. Nothing I could do or say would reach her. I believe she has gone with Charlie Lane."

"Do Mother and Dad know?"

"YOUR mother knows, but not your father. I've been trying to find Zelma first. I don't think we need worry too much. She had considerable money with her."

"Where did she get the money?" My voice sounded sharp and hard.

"It is some I had given her for clothes, and to furnish a new house."

"Norman, I'm afraid. It's in all the Garth's to do things like that. If we slip once, we keep on slipping. It frightens me."

Norman placed his hand over mine. For some reason I could not bear his sympathy.

"There's something else I have to tell you, Magda. Breslav is waiting for you at the house."

"He may have an offer to make you, Magda. I know what you did with your prize money. Don has told me. That was a needless thing to do. You know I would have helped your father. You needn't have sacrificed your plans for that. And now won't you let me help you? There's a studio at the top of my office building. You could pick up plenty of work. In no time you'd be paying me back."

"It's impossible, Norman," I said wearily. "You have already done more for us than I can bear."

"I want you to promise me that you won't let Breslav do for you what you have refused of me."

"I can't promise, Norman. What he has to offer seems so different. It's a new world."

Sensing my mood he turned the car toward home. He left me at the house and rode on toward Mason City.

Breslav had been talking with Mother and Dad. He said good night to them and led me to his car. I drew a deep breath and leaned back. I seemed to be leaving all the sordidness and worry behind. Always with Breslav I seemed to enter a new country.

In Mason City we stopped before a large apartment building. We were carried to the top floor and entered a room at the end of the hall. It was a studio such as I would have planned had I known how.

"This is your room," said Breslav in answer to my questioning look. "Your picture sold. You are a poor manager of your own affairs, so I have taken them into my hands. You must work hard for a year, and the picture brought enough to enable you to do that. Afterwards, there'll be orders for more."

Wisely he left me then, for he must have known how deep was the upheaval within me.

Sunday I went out to Sagmoor and packed the few things I wished to take with me from the old house. There was no news of Zelma. But that night as I tried to

sleep in our old room I heard uncertain steps on the stairs. Zelma crept in and flung herself on the bed beside me. She trembled now and then shaking with muffled sobs.

"Charlie left me," she choked, "as soon as the money was gone. There's nothing I can do now, Mag, just nothing. There's no way out for me."

"Yes, there is, Honey." I strained her closer. "Sleep now, and tomorrow we'll find a way."

At dawn we left the house quietly while the others still slept. I left a note for Mother telling her that Zelma was safe with me. As I led Zelma into my new studio I hated myself. I didn't want her there. The place was fine and sweet and I was spilling into it the dregs of the old life.

I made Zelma lie down and finish her rest and went out to find Norman. Always Norman! Was there no one else to whom I could turn for help? I thought sadly of Dad, unable to help himself.

Norman, who was making money in Mason City real estate, received me in his prosperous, well furnished office.

"Zelma is with me," I told him at once.

"In the studio with you? But you must not keep her there. It will spoil your chance to work. I'll find a better way."

"Oh, you are good!"

"No, not good," he said a little bitterly. "Just helpless. I'm doing what I must do, that's all."

Then we went out and he took me in his car back to my new home.

Zelma was standing by the window. She turned as we entered and covered her face with her hands.

"I didn't know Magda was bringing you," she cried.

"I've come to take you home, child," Norman said gently.

"After what I've done?"

"You're just a poor little kid," he smiled down upon her. Something hurt in my throat to see her in his arms.

"I'm going to be good," said Zelma piteously as he led her from the room. At the door he turned and looked at me.

After they were gone I tried to fill my eyes with the beauty of my studio. But something seemed to stand in the way of my happiness.

Later that day Breslav came to outline my work. He brought with him the atmosphere I craved. With him in it the room seemed real and a part of myself.

"You should not have brought your sister here," he said. "I want you to realize that it is part of your agreement with me to leave Sagmoor behind. I talked with your father about that this morning. I think he understands. There's been too much softness and sentiment in your life, Magda. You need a year of hard, concentrated work."

He placed a fresh canvas on my easel and began to sketch. I felt suddenly the sense of invigoration and release toward which I had groped. Sagmoor receded and the studio became the only reality.

DURING the evening Norman telephoned that Zelma and Charlie Lane had been married.

"She seems happy," he said. "After all, she loves the boy."

I wanted to rush off to see them, but he had sent them away on a wedding trip. He thought they were better off alone. And now I was to put them out of my mind and go on with my work. He said good night and hung up the receiver while I was still waiting for him to say something more.

All the week I worked eagerly, finding peace and forgetfulness in my studies. But when Sunday came I was conscious of a great void. Life was not complete without my loved ones.

I dressed hastily and took the bus for



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Sagmoor. Even if I were breaking my agreement with Breslav I could not resist my desire to see Dad. Our need for each other was too great to be denied.

As I approached the old house I realized with a sudden sense of shock that it was empty. So that was what Breslav had meant when he said he thought Dad understood! Persuaded that he was standing in my way he had left, without a word, without a clue by which I might follow him.

While I was still trying to understand what it all meant Norman's car turned into the driveway. For years he had spent Sundays with Dad. I told him what had happened.

"Do you know where Mother and Dad are?" I asked.

"No, but if I did I should not tell you. For once I must admit Breslav is right. This is your year, Magda. You must put yourself wholly into your work. You have always been too willing to sacrifice yourself for others. Now you must be selfish in order to win ultimate success."

He led me from the house. My eyes were dimmed with tears as we drove away, leaving it solitary and empty.

"Magda, I must give you a word of warning," he said, after we had driven for some miles in silence.

"I think it was Breslav who bought your picture. Yes, he probably bought it because he appreciated it as a work of art. But all the same I don't like to think of you in the rooms he has provided. Do you remember what you used to say, that you wouldn't dare take chances, not even as much as ordinary folks? I don't think you know the real Breslav, Magda."

I looked at his face. But there was no warmth of jealousy; just the calm, gentle look Dad might have had.

"Breslav has opened a new world for me."

"Charlie Lane opened a new world for Zelma."

"Are you expecting me to give up the studio and the work with Breslav?"

"No, child. I am asking only that you let me do for you all the things that he is doing."

"No, Norman, no," I cried. "Don't you see that with you it is—different?"

He sighed, and drove me to the studio.

Breslav had told me to paint what was nearest to my heart. So during those dismal days when I did not know where Dad was I worked on a likeness of him.

Don was working in Mason City. I saw him now and then but he seemed to resent my sisterly interest.

"There's this much about it," he said bitterly, "you aren't to have me on your mind. There's no chance that I'll go straight. It isn't in any of us."

"You haven't found the right work, Don. What is it you want to do as much as I want to paint?"

"I want to—to build," he said, "to dig into the ground and place great stones for a foundation. Then to build walls—strong walls. Oh, Magda, I think if we had had that kind of a home, a home and a garden and trees we could see grow year by year, it all might have been different with us."

THE day I finished the picture of Dad I felt strangely alone. It was as if I had lost him all over again. I walked out into the city park, glad of the snow storm in which I could forget my restlessness for a while.

On a bench I saw the huddled figure of a man. Snow had covered him, and his face was hidden on his outstretched arms. Something in his pose brought to me a quick onrush of dread.

"Dad!" I cried as I reached his side. Half laughing, half crying I brushed the snow from his threadbare coat.

"You shouldn't have left me, dear. I've needed you so much."

"No Magda. The best thing I ever did for you was to take myself away."

I closed his poor, cold lips with my own. In spite of his protests I led him into the warmth of the studio. Never, never would I let him go again!

"See, Dad. All the time when you've been away your spirit has been with me, and out of your love and your smile and your eyes I've built this picture. I couldn't have done it without you."

I prepared a meal on my little electric stove. While we were eating Dad answered the unspoken question in my eyes.

"Your mother left me," he said. "I haven't been much good these months—not even as much good as usual." My heart nearly broke to see his brave attempts at a smile. "We love each other too much, we Garths. When we're separated we just bleed to death."

"Yes, Dad," I assented eagerly. "And other people don't understand that. But where is Mother now?"

"I think Norman knows."

When we had finished and I had made Dad warm and comfortable on the couch I telephoned Don to come to him. I left them together and went to find Norman.

"I was on my way to take you to Zelma," he greeted me.

"She is here, in Mason City?"

"Yes. I brought her home last week. She is in the house I gave her for a wedding present. And she is very happy with Charlie and her little daughter."

"Oh, Norman! And you didn't let me know until it was all over!"

"It was better so, Magda. Your mother is with her."

We got into Norman's car and drove out beyond the western boundaries of the city. The early dusk had fallen, and the windows of the little house glowed warmly as we approached it.

Zelma looked up from her pillow to smile at me.

"I have never been so happy in my life," she whispered. Her face was white, but radiant with peace. Mother was silent as ever, but when she took me into the next room to see the new baby there was a softness in her eyes I had never seen there before.

Charlie Lane stood abashed before me.

"I was a damned cad," he faltered, "and Norman has made me see it."

"Yes," I said, taking his hand, "Norman would."

Soon Norman drove me back to the studio. It was arranged that Dad was to have a room in the house where Don lived. Mother would stay and take care of Zelma for the present. My relief at having them all back in my life again was so great that for once I did not worry about the future.

A few days later Norman telephoned and asked me to come down to his office. Dad and Don were there when I arrived, and Charlie rushed in immediately after.

"It's all right, Norman," he cried eagerly. "Father says to go ahead. He'll back us."

Norman turned to me.

"We must tell you our story, Magda," he said. "You see, the new State Highway is coming through Mason City, and it's going to mean a boom. That land of mine out in the west end has suddenly become very valuable. Charlie has been looking around since he's been living there, and he has had the idea of subdividing it and turning it into a model suburb. His father will advance us the necessary capital, and Charlie is to be our agent."

"Don will go into the offices of Gregg and Gregg, the architects, and learn the building business from the ground up. And your father," he broke into a happy smile as he put his arm across Dad's shoulder, "why, it seems that years ago he studied landscape gardening, and he's drawn us some

plans that are going to make it the finest development in the state."

"It's wonderful! Now you'll no longer need to shoulder our load," I said to Norman.

The happiness suddenly died out of his eyes and a hurt, baffled look came into them. "May I come to see you tonight Magda?" he asked.

I assented, and hurried back to the studio, leaving them all excitedly talking about their plans. I had to get used to this strange new idea. The Garths independent at last! No longer would we have to look to Norman for help! It seemed to me that I, too, ought to share in this good fortune.

I telephoned to Breslav and begged him to come to me at once. He had not seen the picture of Dad since it was finished, and I felt that I must have his verdict. He stood with me before the canvas.

"That proclaims you an artist, my child," he said. "And now it's time that the woman in you began to live. I can't teach you any more of art until you have known the beauty of love."

"The beauty of love," I murmured, and into my mind came the thought of Dad, with the new look of strength, of Don, eager to begin his chosen work, of Zelma and Mother bending gently over the new baby. And most vividly of all I thought of Norman, with his tenderness and strength.

"I am beginning to learn that," I said.

"AH, HOW little you know! But I am going to teach you. I have grown to love you and to want you, little Magda. I am going to Europe in January, and you shall go with me."

"You mean," I whispered, "that you want me to marry you?"

Gravely he shook his head. "I wish that it might be so, my child. But somewhere in Prague there is a woman who calls herself my wife. I should be very good to you, little one, and we'll search together for all the beauty you have missed."

My heart was filled with a new radiance. "I don't have to search for beauty any more," I said. "I know now where to find it. It's been there all the time, but I was blind and couldn't see it. No, Breslav. You answer the need of the artist in me, but the woman would be shamed and starved by what you offer. And I am woman first and artist afterward."

Breslav left me, for he knew I had nothing more to say to him. I sat waiting through the dusk for Norman to come to me.

He looked like a little boy as he sat before me that evening. Now that he was asking instead of giving he stumbled in his speech.

"But you wanted Zelma to marry you, Norman," I reminded him.

"Oh, Magda, surely you understood that it was just because it seemed the only way I could help her. And in helping her I was helping you. I always saw you in her—in all of them. My love for you covered them all."

"You never told me you loved me."

"My dearest, didn't my life tell you that? No, I never told you. I didn't want to add my need of you to the need of all the others. But oh, Magda, how I have needed you!"

He stretched out his arms to me hungrily, and I went straight to him. And I know that even though Dad and all the rest are able now to make their way in the world without me, Norman will always have a need that only I can fill.

I am proud of my success in my painting, for it makes me feel that I do not come to Norman empty handed. But my love for him stands first. I am woman first and artist afterwards.

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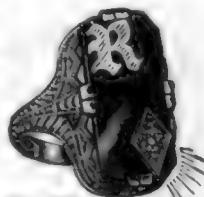
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Does Jealousy Kill Love?

[Continued from page 14]

FREEDOM in marriage is a fine thing—for other folks, says George Pinkerton, third prize winner. For himself and his wife, he doesn't want it. He thinks it has caused a thousand failures for one success. He writes:

Do I believe in freedom in marriage? Indeed I do—for dwellers in a distant city, for my next-door-neighbor, even, I think it fine to be free to live a life in which neither husband nor wife is tied down by narrow conventionalities. Life thus lived can be so much fuller, happier, broader—for them. But when it comes home, when the question must be decided for the little wife and me, I say, "To the devil with freedom. It sounds fine in a political rally. It is an ideal theory. But as far as practicing it goes, a thousand failures can be shown for every success."

Now, I am not one of those disgusting ogres at whose approach wife and all her gentleman acquaintances tremble. My wife is not a harping nagger who must pass upon the dependability of the new stenographer. Neither is our love founded on baser passions, thus making us read evil into each act of the other. No, we are self-respecting, fairly intelligent folks. We do trust each other; but we regard marriage as our grandfathers did. We want it to mean something to our children, something more than an arrangement of housekeeping, bill paying and the like.

I'm old-fashioned, I know. But so are thousands and thousands of others. And here is a secret. Hunt up those husbands and wives who believe in perfect freedom in marriage. You'll be surprised to find two facts. One, that the freedom enjoyed by the one member of the marriage pact causes unguessed heartache for the other. And another, while the husband or wife thinks freedom is a fine thing for him or her, he or she just can't seem to believe it exactly the right thing for the other. What do you think about it?

SEVEN one dollar prizes were awarded. The sequence in which these seven letters are listed does not indicate any preference on the part of the judges. The one appearing last was rated as high as the one printed at the head of the list. These letters are all good—so good they deserve publication. Indeed the letters in this contest were all surprisingly good and the editors seriously regret that space is not available for the publication of many more of them. Do not miss the contests announced in this issue on pages 60 and 80. Write SMART SET a letter in answer to the question, "Is there any excuse for the girl who breaks up a wife's home?" Also SMART SET would like to see your reply to Professor A. M. Low's criticism of women. His article appears on page 63. Two of these prize winning letters follow:

Jealousy Part of Love

There is an old saying that love and jealousy are seldom separated. I believe it. The first sign of real love is jealousy, for where indifference is supreme there can be no love. To be jealous is as much innate as to love. It shows itself in the child before love does. It is evident even among the higher forms of animal life. It is instinctive.

There are many other human traits which are not at all desirable when carried to the extreme. Pugnacity, for instance, may be a defect; yet it is born in us to be that way. Those who do not keep it under

control become undesirable citizens; those who stamp it out entirely are not worthy to be called citizens. It is the control that counts; it is what we do with the instinct that tells.

The expression, "He is insanely jealous," means just what it says—the person is insane. He has let the instinct control him instead of being its master. He has loved neither well nor wisely.

National and state laws do not bother the man or woman who never violates them. For him laws do not exist—except for his protection. Apparently I am not jealous of my wife; apparently she is not jealous of me. I dare say, however, that if I should suddenly begin to pay attention to another woman my wife would be jealous and show it; and she would be in the right. And what is more, if she didn't show it, I wouldn't think she really loved me. My conclusion would be that she didn't care what I did, which would be the same as saying that she no longer loved me.

Yes, I believe in freedom for my wife, and I believe in freedom for myself. But freedom does not give me license to do the unnatural, the immoral, or the unethical. Many is the crime, and much the harm done, in the name of freedom. Marriage is a mutual relationship, and where the husband goes his way and the wife hers there can be no mutual relationship, nor can there be any true marriage.

T. H. Rayne.

Jealousy Kills Love

After reading Mrs. Taylor's article, "Jealousy Will Never Wreck My Marriage," I say Amen. Yes, I certainly do agree with her.

First, she has depicted my married life most accurately.

Second, because love cannot truly exist where there is jealousy, according to my point of view.

Jealousy is selfishness and often leads to unhappiness. In a few instances that have come under my observation it caused insanity.

Give a wife or husband the same privilege you enjoy yourself, or in other words have faith in each other, trust each other, and love is sure to remain steadfast.

If we have faith and trust in each other they act as a barrier in our inclination to wrong doing.

A couple may be free from jealousy, have faith and trust in each other and still be unhappy if the husband fails to treat his wife as a partner in their business relations. If a wife performs her household duties faithfully, suffers as only a mother can suffer in raising children, she earns as much of their income as the husband and should have a bank account of her own from their combined earnings. Should it be necessary for a wife to ask her husband for money every time she needs it and then be questioned as to its purpose and have it doled out to her as though she were a slave or servant?

One of many amusing incidents of the kind that have come under my observation happened a few years ago while selling tickets at a railroad station. A wealthy farmer bought a ticket for his wife, then handed her a silver dollar for spending money. The expression that passed over that wife's face indicated anything but love. She abruptly turned from him and entered the train without accepting the money or bidding him good-by.

Ed. Rousell.

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Why I Went Home to Mother

[Continued from page 84]

mit. Nobody could have tried harder to be nice to anyone than Mrs. Strawn tried to be nice to me, and I loved her for it. I love her still—although I know she has never forgiven me, deep down in her heart of hearts, for marrying her son.

The unfortunate part of the situation was that every day I unconsciously did something which seemed to confirm the Strawns in their opinion of the French.

For instance, Dick and his mother showed me over their home in Bronxville soon after we arrived, and when later I was asked how I liked it I exclaimed enthusiastically, saying that I adored the wonderful and ingenious plumbing in the one room of the house which had not been shown, only pointed out to me. There was a little silence after I said this, and Dick's mother and sisters turned their heads away, and when I saw Dick trying hard not to smile I knew something was wrong. As soon as we were alone, I asked him.

"Well, dear," he said, embarrassed, "we—er—we don't speak of that room, not openly, you know."

"BUT why not?" I asked, puzzled. "It's nothing to be ashamed of, is it?"

Dick bit his lip.

After lunch we unpacked, the two girls exclaiming with delight as I took the filmy lingerie from my trunk.

"How lovely!" exclaimed Helen, "but you wear something more than that underneath, don't you?"

Laughingly I answered in the negative, whereat she seemed a little shocked, and said: "Well, I wear bloomers," in a way that seemed to condemn me as a very immoral person indeed!

The next day, before going out for a walk with Dick, I kissed them and said "bientot" as we do in France, and when we got in the street Dick said to me:

"Dear, it isn't necessary to kiss everyone every time we go out. I know," he went on hastily, as he saw that I was hurt, "that they do it always in France, but here it's considered unnecessary. It looks a trifle queer."

I thought it was a very strange country, but I meekly assented, and he went on:

"And while I'm on the subject, honey, I've got to tell you—I wish you wouldn't—I mean you needn't—" He stopped, embarrassed.

"What is it? Have I committed another crime?" I asked, laughing, for I was determined to smile at everything in those first days, no matter what my private opinions were.

"Crime! Of course not. Only—well," and it came out with a rush.

It seemed that I need not kiss him so much in public!

"But Dick, dear!" I said, "I don't kiss you in public! Only at home. Surely it doesn't matter if your family sees me kiss you?"

"No, of course not, once in a while," he answered, stammering a little. "But, honey, you do rather overwhelm me with your affections sometimes!"

I cannot tell you how hurt and puzzled and afraid I was. I stopped and faced him, tears in my eyes.

"Dick!" I sobbed "you don't love me any more!"

Dick grew red and his voice grew testy;



"They Used To Call Me Weary Winifred"

The personal story of a woman who never was really sick, yet always ailing—and how she made herself into a virile being of super-health and strength

IN New York City there lives a woman who has such amazing vitality that she is the envy of all her friends. Yet not so long ago they used to call her "Weary Winifred."

"The strangest thing," she says, "is that I never realized there was anything really the matter with me. My life, I thought, was that of the ordinary wife and mother. I never seemed to catch up with myself. If I stayed up late one night, I could hardly drag myself out of bed the next morning. I had to cancel engagements frequently, not because I was ever really sick, but simply because I was too weary to make the effort. I looked tired, acted tired, and was tired.

"My looks began to show the effect too. My neck began to look stringy and hollow. My cheek muscles sagged, my complexion was 'pasty' and colorless. My figure began to look dumpy. My age—which was only thirty-five—began to feel like fifty.

"Of course I took headache powders, tried, in various ways, to gain strength, and yet reduce my weight, changing from one thing to another. Still I did not improve.

"Yet with all these little ailments I was not really sick. There was nothing organic the matter with me. I just thought that I was the victim of ills that a great many unfortunate women were heir to.

"But one day I read an article, telling the story of Annette Kellermann's life—of how she, who is called the world's most perfectly formed woman, was once a puny, ailing girl, always in ill health. How she dragged herself out of her misery and actually made of herself the lovely creature of glorious health and beauty that she is today was a revelation to me. Indeed, I was so lost in admiration for that wonderful woman that I wrote her. In response, I received not only a charming personal letter from Miss Kellermann, but, far more important, a copy of her book called "The Body Beautiful"—a book which I can truthfully say led me to my present health and happiness.

"That little book opened my eyes. Today I am practically never tired. I am never nervous or irritable. I never have any of the petty ailments from which so many women suffer. I look fifteen years' younger than most other women of my age. My step is springy, my eyes are bright, my skin is firm and clear, and my body is slender and has the free, lithe grace of a young girl.

"And because I know that there are thousands of women who are now living as I did, miserable imitations of real women, I cannot too strongly recommend that they take this simple way out of their troubles. It is so easy!"

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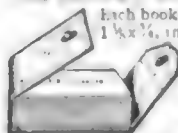
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He drew my arm in his and hurried me along.

"Love you! Of course I do, you silly child," he said. "Only it's that—oh, for God's sake! Don't cry here in the street!"

I wiped my eyes and stifled my sobs and said nothing more for many minutes.

But already I hated America!

Looking back, I can see where the fault was largely on my side. I should have tried harder to understand their point of view, but at the time it seemed to me that I tried hard enough. I fell in with every suggestion Dick made. Some of these suggestions, I knew, really came from Dick's mother. Such as when—

"Toinette, honey," said Dick one day, "don't you put a wee bit too much red on your lips?"

"Perhaps I do, dear," I said, humbly—and from then on used none at all, and my lips got chapped!

Dick's mother was one of the old-fashioned kind, you see. Neither of the girls was allowed to use cosmetics.

Once we went through the Metropolitan Museum and I stopped to admire a nude figure by a famous painter.

"That is lovely, do you not think?" I said to Dick, but he had his eyes elsewhere and hurried me along as if he hadn't heard me. Later I said:

"Dick, you are a fraud. If you had been alone with me you would have liked that picture, too!"

I was taken to admire a new skyscraper that had been erected on the waterfront. Frankly I told them that I thought it ugly.

"You're crazy," said Dick, shortly. "Why, it will have more than two thousand rooms in it!"

"Yes, that will be very practical," I answered, "but it is ugly, all the same."

"That's right, go on, you don't like anything over here!" Dick burst out, angrily.

"How can you think that?" I asked Dick, and then I squeezed his arm. "Of course I like lots of things in America and best of all I like my big husband!" I glanced up at him to see whether I had calmed the storm, but he shook his arm free and muttered:

"Well, I should think you'd show it a bit more, then!"

I found that the true New Yorker was an inveterate booster of his own city. It is my honest opinion that the reason they are continually lauding their city is because they are trying to convince themselves that they like it. If any New Yorker sat down and honestly tried to give a considered judgment of his town I believe he wouldn't be nearly so enthusiastic.

The tremendous rush of their way of living! I could never become accustomed to it.

"Walk faster!" my husband would constantly command me.

"But why?" I would ask. "We're not in a hurry!"

"You think you're on your boulevards," would be his invariable reply, as if being on my boulevards was something stupid and foolish.

AND the way they ate their meals! At home I had been taught to eat slowly, to enjoy my food. Lunch usually took us an hour and a half, in Vaurillac. At the Strawn home it was a hit-and-miss affair that lasted scarcely half-an-hour. Once Helen, the younger sister, and I were shopping together and we went to a big cafeteria for luncheon. I was still eating my salad when Helen had finished her ice-cream, and she exclaimed: "Oh, Toinette! You're so slow!"

I abandoned the rest of my meal so that she would not have to wait.

The one thing every American, even gentle Mrs. Strawn, was wont to criticize,

was the coming of prohibition. Everyone, it seemed, condemned it, and Mr. Strawn was especially vehement. One evening I ventured to express an opinion.

"I think it is fine that they should prohibit whiskey," I said, "but I think people should be allowed to drink wine."

"Yes, you'd like to make us a nation of wine-guzzlers!" growled Mr. Strawn, to my surprise.

"Father likes his whiskey," said Dick, and I detected an ominous note in his voice. His father had been rude, and he knew it.

Presently I grew to see that Mr. Strawn openly disapproved of me.

It was not long before I guessed the truth. Mr. Strawn was against me from the beginning because Dick had not asked his permission for the marriage; secondly, he had never been abroad and regarded all French people, and especially Frenchwomen, as immoral; thirdly, he resented the fact that Dick was staying on in New York on my account instead of going on the road for the firm, as he wished.

At first he concealed his attitude fairly successfully, but as soon as I realized the situation I went to Dick and said to him:

"Dick, when are you going to start work?"

He stared at me.

"Your father thinks I am holding you back. After all, you owe a lot to your father—and I won't mind if you do what he wishes."

"Are you telling the truth?" he demanded, almost roughly. "Is this right? You don't mind if I go? You'll be happy?"

I shut my eyes and lied.

"I don't mind if you go," I said, as though repeating a lesson. "I shall be happy."

"All right," he said. "I'll tell father to-night."

He went out and I threw myself on the bed and sobbed as though my heart would break. I was sending him away! I would be alone in this hateful New York!

DICK left in the height of midsummer; he was to be gone two months on this first trip.

I saw him off at the Pennsylvania station and tried hard not to cry, but the tears came when the train had gone and Barbara, the elder girl, was unwontedly gentle with me as we walked through the huge station towards the subway.

I think Barbara was the only one in the household who realized a little what I was going through. She said to me, gently:

"It must be awfully hard for you, having to part like this for the first time, but it's not for very long."

"Two months!" I burst out. To me the two months seemed like an eternity.

"They'll pass quicker than you think," said Barbara, soothingly, "and it isn't as though you had no friends. We'll try to make you happy, you know."

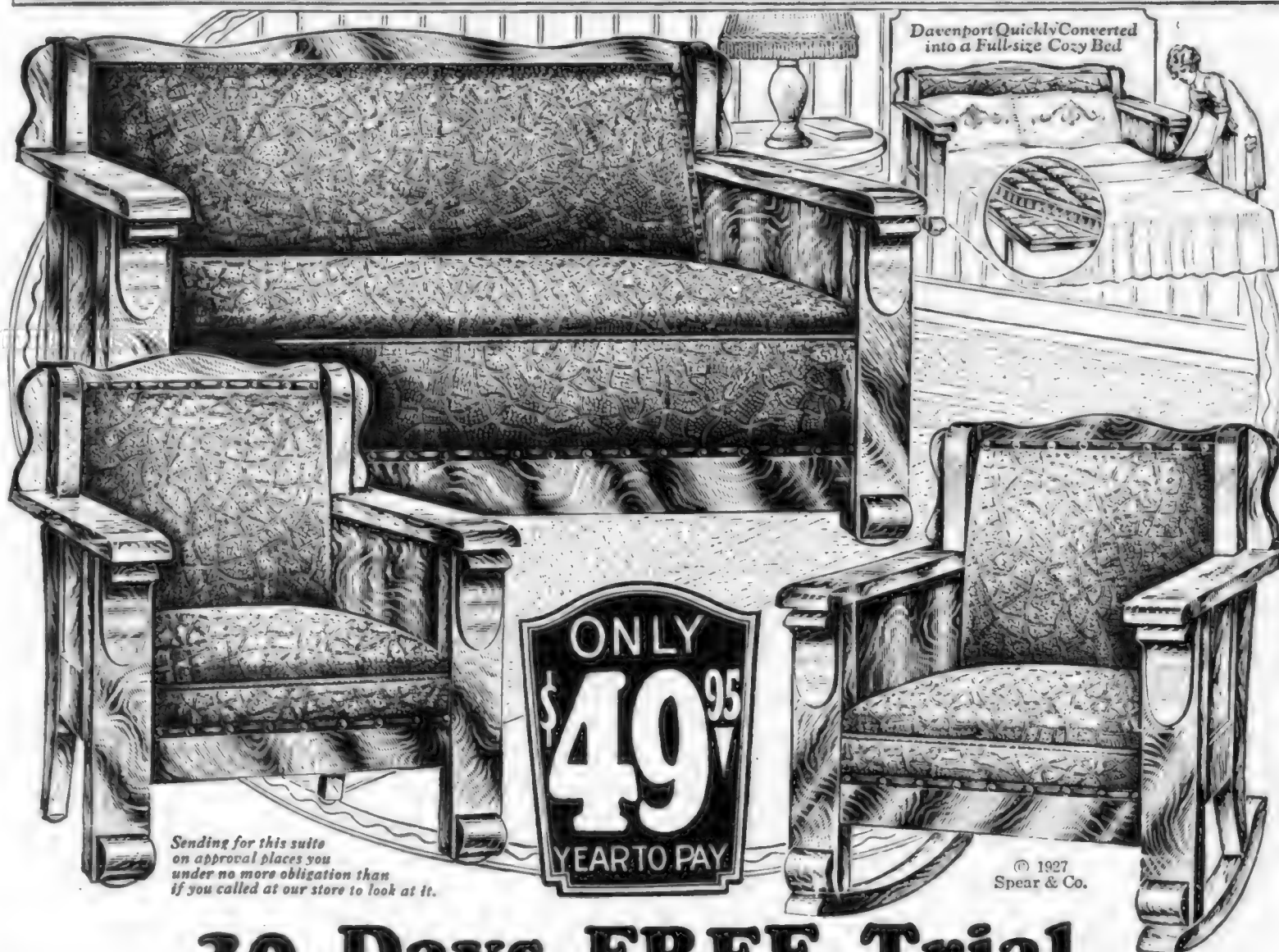
I was grateful to her, for I felt she was sincere. As far as that goes, I think they all meant to be nice to me, all except Mr. Strawn, that is. If the rest of the family had been deliberately disagreeable as Papa Strawn was at times I know I shouldn't have been able to bear it.

Even now I don't know whether I have made out my case clearly. I doubt whether any American girl could feel what I felt.

The non-adaptability of the Frenchman and Frenchwoman is, of course, notorious. A Frenchman doesn't make a good traveler and he makes an even poorer emigrant. "Home is where the heart is," and a Frenchman's heart is always in his own well-loved France.

Now that I know America better I realize that many times when I thought New Yorkers were being deliberately rude, they were only bluff and outspoken. But coming from a country where politeness is an axiom it

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was astonishing for me to hear an elevator-man say, one day, when I pressed the button a little impatiently: "Where the 'ell d'you think y'are?"

And this, too, in a big hotel, where employes were supposed to be taught courtesy.

Oh—I don't know! So many things contrived to rub my feelings the wrong way. My breakfast, for example.

In France, unless we are working on a farm, we don't as a rule eat a heavy breakfast, being usually content with a bowl of coffee and a slice of bread and butter. The Strawns being originally country people, had breakfast at eight o'clock and it consisted of ham and eggs, hot-cakes, cereals and fruit. They thought me "funny" because I preferred only a cup of coffee. No allowances were made for my own preferences; I was expected to conform my whole life to the ideas of the Strawns, and it never occurred to them, apparently, that I thought my own ways were better.

The only time I really enjoyed myself was when we went to the pictures or when they encouraged me, as Mrs. Strawn would sometimes, do, to talk about France.

Barbara was the one most interested in France. She was studying interior decoration and often said that she would like to spend a year studying in Paris.

But these talks about my country only made me the more homesick afterward, and there were many nights when I cried myself to sleep.

THE weeks of Dick's absence passed slowly and every day was torture to me.

I was given little privacy—perhaps in a mistaken effort to keep my mind occupied and happy. Either Mrs. Strawn or one of the girls was constantly with me, talking to me or taking me somewhere, and when sometimes I tried to get off by myself with a book they called me "mopey." I used to feel like screaming at them, sometimes, but I never did.

It was a combination of petty causes which led to the climax.

Nothing I did seemed to be quite right and however hard I would try I invariably felt their eyes seeking for some mistake they could single out and comment upon among themselves.

One afternoon, alone, I went to a concert to hear a famous French soprano sing. She chose *La Vie de Boheme*, and the music, with its atmosphere of the Latin Quarter, made me very homesick, so that it was with misty eyes that I walked through the foyer afterward.

A touch on my arm and an "*Excusez moi*" brought me back to myself and I looked up, surprised at being addressed,—especially in French.

A tall man with a beard stood smiling at me, his hat in his hand. I knew him at once. It was the brother of one of the priests of Vaurillac who had left the village to make his fortune in opera. Every year it had been his custom to spend a month at home. He was to me almost like an uncle.

"Monsieur le Bardet!" I exclaimed, overwhelmed with surprise.

"How splendid!" said my friend, "to find you here in New York, among all these people! There is someone with you?" He looked around.

"No one," I assured him.

"Then shall we have some tea?"

I assented, delightedly, and we went out to Broadway, both talking at once of a hundred things.

"Yes, I have heard of your marriage," he told me. "I am told he is a fine fellow. I am to meet him, no?"

When I told him that my husband was away for the present, he was disappointed.

"That is a pity. I would have liked to congratulate him . . . And you, Toinette?"

How goes it with you?"

I smiled and said everything was well, but he detected something not quite genuine in my tone, for he said:

"Yes, I can understand . . . It must be difficult, just at first . . . America is not France. And you like New York?"

"I hate it!" I burst out.

"O-ho!" he looked at me, keenly. And then he went on:

"I am not astonished. Everyone hates New York just at first. It is so big, so impersonal, but you will like it in time. This is the fourth time I have come here. I am at the Met', you know; oh, not a very big tenor yet, but with hopes, and already I like it better."

"I would rather die than live here forever," I said, passionately.

"So! It is as bad as that, eh? Well, why do you not go home—for a visit? It would do you good."

"My husband will not be back until September," I said, "and I can't leave until he returns."

We reached the tea-shop, a small place on Forty-Sixth street, just off Fifth Avenue, and seated ourselves at a corner table.

We must have talked an hour or more, for when I looked at my watch I saw that it was nearly the time set for dinner in the Strawn household.

"I must fly," I cried, jumping up. "I am never forgiven if I am late to meals." Already my big friend held most of the details of my life in New York. I had been bursting for a confidant for weeks, and he seemed so kind, so understanding.

"Then we will say good-bye, for a while," said Le Bardet, "for I go to Chicago and then West tomorrow, but I will write to you when I return, for I am determined to meet that handsome husband of yours."

It was only as he was handing me into the taxicab that I felt eyes boring into me and, turning my head, saw Mr. Strawn standing, glaring, in the doorway of the tea-shop, the last place in the world I would have thought to see him.

Noticing nothing, Monsieur Le Bardet bent over my hand and kissed it, as he would have done on parting from any woman friend. Then he lifted his hat and stood aside and when I could see the doorway again Mr. Strawn had disappeared.

I WAS perturbed, but not seriously worried. Something in Mr. Strawn's look had frightened me, but I reflected that I had nothing to blame myself for and that my explanation would be readily accepted.

When I arrived home Mrs. Strawn met me in the hallway wearing the tight-lipped expression that I had grown to know meant trouble.

"Mr. Strawn and I would like to speak to you in the library," she said.

I took off my hat and, holding it in my hand, entered the library, where Mr. Strawn was standing with his back to the fireplace. How he had managed to reach home before me I never knew. Mrs. Strawn entered and closed the door.

"Now, young lady!" began Mr. Strawn, but his wife interrupted him.

"Allow me, dear," she said, and turning to me: "Antoinette, I need not tell you how inexpressibly pained Mr. Strawn and I both are at what has happened this afternoon."

"I am afraid I don't understand," I answered, bewildered at the icy tone.

"Oh, don't try to play the innocent!" burst out Mr. Strawn. I went pale.

"You know very well to what I am referring," said Mrs. Strawn. "May I ask you how long you have been meeting this man, clandestinely?"

Even then I couldn't believe that they were so ready to think wrong of me.

"Oh, Mrs. Strawn," I begged. "What do you mean? You don't believe—why, the

gentleman I had tea with this afternoon is one of the oldest friends of my family."

"Naturally!" snorted Mr. Strawn. "But you must believe me!" I cried, desperately. "It's true! He's a Metropolitan tenor—"

"Ah! A singer!" Mr. Strawn's tone would have been the same if he had said "burglar."

"Yes, a singer. He is from Vaurillac. My father and he went to school together. We met after the concert and he asked me to tea, because we had so much to talk about. Is it a crime for me to have tea with an old friend?"

"A bearded roué kissing your hand!" growled Mr. Strawn.

"If this is true, Antoinette," said Mrs. Strawn, "why did you not bring him home to dinner?"

"He could not. He is leaving tonight for the West. I asked him—"

"Of course she would have a ready excuse," said Mr. Strawn.

At last I saw red. My cheeks were crimson with anger.

"How can you accuse your son's wife of such things?" I cried. "If Dick were here—"

"He shall be sent for," said Mr. Strawn, grimly. "He'll see his mistake fast enough. Your French ideas won't go in this family, you'll find that out."

"I was brought up more strictly than you are bringing up Barbara and Helen," I flared back, stung at last to tell them the truth. "My father fought and died for his country. He wasn't drunk every night."

Mr. Strawn made an apoplectic sound and Mrs. Strawn herself moved a step toward me, her eyes blazing.

Of course there was but one course open to me after that.

I left the Strawn's house for a downtown hotel that night. Mrs. Strawn would not allow me to say good-by to the girls. It seemed almost as though she feared contamination!

Two days later I was aboard a liner bound for France feeling, and looking, ten years older.

Arrived at Le Havre I went to Paris and from there straight home. To my mother I told the exact truth, leaving nothing out. She shook her head wisely and said I had done the right thing.

"If he loves you he will come for you," said my aunt, the tears running down her honest cheeks.

Two weeks later I received a wireless. "Meet me at Cherbourg—Dick."

When the great liner from which his wireless had been sent arrived in Cherbourg harbor I was waiting.

My heart was beating wildly. A thousand foolish conjectures rushed through my mind. Then I felt myself caught up in two familiar arms, heard his voice whispering in my ears, felt his lips on mine.

"Father sent for me," Dick explained, "and Le Bardet called to see you the night he came back from the West. When he told me how unhappy you had been, I realized what a damnable thing I'd done in leaving you all alone in New York, and I got right on the first boat and here I am. Maybe in a few years when we visit New York," said my husband, "you'll like it better."

"You mean, that we are not going back?" I gasped.

"Dad's given me the agency for his company in France," he answered, his eyes smiling into mine. "It doesn't carry much pay at first and I'll have to hustle, so I don't suppose we can manage to go back for a year or two, anyway."

That was six years ago. We have been back to New York twice since then, and I like it now—now that I don't have to live there, now that I don't see my entire future bound up with skyscrapers and elevators and American breakfasts!

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Men Who Have Kissed Me

[Continued from page 60]

where's the interest in all the stretch of lonely days ahead? There's no use fooling each other. We might as well be honest, mightn't we?"

"Basil," I said, "It's true, we do need each other, but somehow you aren't all I have or rather, I mean, I have something else because of your love. Does it sound silly? It came to me with you. And when Kent offered me my chance, though I didn't know it at the time, it was the thought of you that made me accept. He said perhaps I had talent. Well, now I'm almost sure I have."

"I'm sure too," he said with enthusiasm. "But I didn't mean just dancing. I want to act; does that sound very conceited?"

"Silly! It's darling of you and you'll surprise Kent and everyone else one of these days. Only, I'm jealous. Every man is, when his best beloved talks about her career."

"I DON'T know that I mean a career. But within my limits, I want to achieve something good, the best I can do. As for your being jealous, ever—" I lifted my lips, and he kissed them with impatient tenderness, and I kissed back. Kisses that are kisses cannot lie.

"Good-bye till Sunday," he said gently, holding both my wrists. "On Sunday we're going out of town and I'll show you the old ancestral home. On Sunday I'll have you all by myself with the sunshine on your face and the wind blowing through your hair. Good-night, my darling, or I'll never let you go!"

I fled up the stairs. He watched me almost out of sight.

When Sunday came Basil and I went out of town together. It was the old, old story of a man and girl, a smooth-running car and a ribbon of endless road. In other ages it has been a coach, a chariot, two horses, what you will, but the actors in the drama are always a man and a woman escaping from a world they know into another they know not and desire.

"We'll have the place to ourselves," he explained. "For this afternoon at least you shall be mistress of High Court. My father's very old, and he spends most of his time in the South of France. Bill, my elder brother, is in the United States, attached to the Embassy. Very sad, but it suits you and me quite well."

"Yes," I answered, utterly care-free, "it suits us awfully well. Everything does, Basil darling. That's our chief trouble. When we're together, we're always happy. There must be a catch in it somewhere."

For answer he unleashed the power of forty horses, and we tore headlong into Buckinghamshire. We came to a green valley with a river running by, and half-way up one slope a grey stone mansion, set by a master hand in surroundings of perfect peace. Basil stopped the car in front of a massive entrance, and I stepped out into a world I hardly knew even by hearsay.

The housekeeper apologized for the sheeted gloom of many rooms, ascertained our wishes regarding lunch, and left us together. In the library, looking out over terraced gardens, Basil began to tell me about himself and his family.

"You see, I'm rather the bad lad of the family. I was always in some hot water or other. Bill's a great sport, but my father never mentions me, and I'm not encouraged here. This stage stunt simply makes him sick. That's why all the servants are the least bit sticky. They like me quite well, but they're afraid it might

mean trouble if the gov'nor knew I was here. But I simply had to show you the place. We've been here for generations. That's partly why I love it all so."

His grey eyes stared out of the French windows into infinite distances, till I went up to him and put my arms round his neck.

"I love you," I said. "You're not really wicked. You're just a darling, and you never did anything very wrong. I think it's mostly because you love life, and girls perhaps, and the things you like, too acutely. Most people cut their loves and their likes according to the world's pattern. It's very safe and worthy of them, and deadly dull. You'll never do that and so you'll suffer, and make other people suffer pr'a'ps, but you'll get things in return you never would have had otherwise. After all we have to buy every ounce of happiness in this life, and how expensive it is!"

All the afternoon I stayed with him in the utter stillness of woods that grew down to the river bank, with the sunshine on my face and the wind blowing through my hair, and was kissed adorably and caressed adorably.

Afterwards we returned, setting our course toward the beginning of the endless ribbon of road, leaving adventure behind us, with only the routine of every day in prospect.

Three months from the date of our first interview, Gillingham Kent asked me to dine at his house in Pont Street. Basil nodded thoughtfully on hearing the news.

"Don't be hasty with him whatever happens, kiddy dear," he advised. "The world's a hard place and old gentlemen are amenable to careful handling. I doubt if any man, except a select few who often meet violent deaths, ever really means to be a brute."

I found myself, not unexpectedly, the only guest. In the hour that dinner lasted I came to understand why Gillingham Kent in his own world had become a great man.

"Tell me what you've done," he said in his velvet voice. "Have your dancing and singing improved? Are you teachers satisfied?"

"I've done my very best," I replied slowly. "Probably I'm not a genius, but hard work helps, doesn't it?"

"A genius can't succeed without it. No one drifts into fame. Listen, and I'll tell you."

I LISTENED. He leaned back in his chair and analyzed his career remorselessly for my benefit. He told me of things he had counted as certain successes which had failed, and failures redeemed from failure made into successes. I saw him no longer a dreamy, cigarette-smoking old gentleman, but a man who knew his job from A to Z, and who would be right nine times out of ten. For some reason I could not fathom, he made me a present of a life-time's experience. He left me breathless and admiring.

Subconsciously, all through the meal I thought of Basil, who coloured every phase of my life, because, loving him as I did, knowing he loved me, life had no interest apart from our linked personalities. Wherever I went I took Basil with me.

"Now," said Gillingham Kent, after we had finished our coffee, "you shall dance for me and I'll tell you how you've succeeded."

"But my frock!" I objected. "It's only suitable for ball-room dancing."

"You'll find your stage costume upstairs. Go and put it on." He rang for a maid to help me dress. "I shall be in the drawing-room."

Slowly, as in a dream, I stripped myself before the mirror in the great bedroom. Then I put on the tightly stretched silk stockings: the backless frock, its point in front retained by a string of beads round my neck, its skirt reaching almost to my knees; powdered my back, neck and arms, went downstairs to dance for Gillingham Kent.

He got up and set the phonograph playing the special dance number from 'Naughty Girl.' Then he sank back and watched me out of deep set eyes.

With heart beating wildly, and the trained smile of the professional dancer upon my lips, I flung myself into the music. I had no foot-lights, no audience, no atmosphere, no sympathy. I was simply a nerve-ridden, determined girl who tossed her slender beauty to and fro with all the art she had been taught, and all the natural grace of slender limbs and lovely lines. With the inspiration of a girl in love, I forgot Gillingham Kent. I danced for Basil alone. In imagination his arms supported me, his steps matched mine, for his sake I threw all my soul into my task.

THE music died away. Gillingham Kent rose and stopped the machine.

"Come here, April!" he said abruptly.

I came to him breathless, my cheeks flushed. He put his arms round me, and I was conscious of an amazing vitality that gave me another clue to this extraordinary man's success.

"You darling," he said slowly and deliberately. "Do you know why I sent you away for three months to be taught. I knew you were beautiful, but beauty's not enough for me, nor youth either. I want character as well. You've got it, for you haven't wasted a moment of those months. I can buy what's called love, but no one can buy character. It has to be discovered, and there's not much available. You know I want you, of course. Who could help it? You can give me back youth. But I don't want it for nothing. You're ambitious! I'll give you a career that any star in existence will envy. You shall have London at your feet. And you won't refuse, because I won't let you!"

He kissed me feverishly and my brain worked at lightning speed for my lover and myself. What had Basil said? "Don't be hasty with him; old gentlemen are amenable to careful handling."

"Have you a lover?" demanded Kent swiftly.

"There are always men, aren't there?" I murmured.

"I mean any particular man? Is there? Well, never mind. I can arrange his affairs, if they need arranging. There was some story about some person in the Summer-house chorus, but you're probably tired of him already, and in any case you can break with him as gently as you choose."

His fingers strayed through my fair hair. I looked him steadily in the eyes for one second. I saw in them a personality absolutely ruthless except for one particular. He would never really be a brute to any woman for whom he had the least regard. It was his one weakness on which I must play, for without men's weaknesses a girl would have no chance at all.

"Give me a little time" I pleaded; "just a little time to think things over."

Next day a woman in a blue suit that owed existence to a country tailor took shelter thankfully in the entrance of our flats, furling her umbrella and shook the raindrops methodically from its folds. Then, with the quiet purposefulness of the country-bred, she began her upward climb.

I myself opened the door.

"I should like to speak to Miss April Rogers," she began in the sing-song, soft voice of the country. "Tell her it's Mrs. Wray, Mrs. Basil Wray."

All the blood seemed to ebb from my heart in dreadful waves of weakness. Then it flowed back, and a desperate impulse of destruction seized me. I longed to take this quiet, dowdy girl's head and dash it to pieces against the wall. But I only said: "I'm April Rogers. Won't you come in?" and led the stranger into our little sitting-room.

Mrs. Wray followed. She looked about with the obvious relish of one who finds herself in new surroundings, and then came straight to the point.

"My friend Mrs. Marshall, the housekeeper at High Court, wrote and told me my husband is going about with you. She said you seemed fond of one another, and I thought I ought to let you know Basil's married. I don't suppose he told you?"

I said nothing. I stood perfectly still, gazing at my visitor with a sort of incredulous horror.

"He didn't mean any harm by not telling you," she went on simply. "I don't suppose he had the heart. You see, Basil's romantic, and when he falls in love he takes it hard. I live down in the country and Basil makes me an allowance. Of course it was ridiculous of him to marry me, but he insisted. We don't live together now. He's a gentleman and I'm not a bit suited to him. Old Lord Fordcastle was dreadfully angry about it. But you can't stand against Basil when he's in love, and he insisted I should marry him. I was a lady's maid at High Court at the time and Basil was only a boy, but most awfully handsome. First we were lovers, and then he would marry me. And I thought I'd come and tell you before you got too much in love with him. It's awfully easy to love Basil if he loves you. I hope I haven't done wrong in any way?"

I heard my own voice saying, a long way off:

"No, you haven't done wrong. Thank you for coming. You're very pretty and I don't wonder he married you. Won't you have tea before you go?"

"Well, thank you," said Mrs. Basil Wray, "I think, since you're so kind, I would like a cup. It's dreadful weather today, isn't it?"

After I had seen my visitor leave, I sat by the window, my hands clasped around my knee, trying to bear the frightful ache that seemed as if it would never depart from me in this life.

"If he'd only told me," I murmured over and over again.

TEARS welled from my eyes and ran helplessly down my face. I felt like the most forlorn creature in all the world. And upon my misery there intruded of all figures the author of it, tall and desperately good-looking, in a new grey tweed suit, the very pink and flower of male grooming.

"Congratulate me, darling," he began. "Dear old Gillingham Kent—my God! April, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," I answered drearily. "Only your wife's been here, and I didn't kill her, and now you're here, and I can't kill you, and I shan't even kill myself. Oh, Basil, why did you let her tell me? I could have borne it better from you."

He stood looking down at me with mingled misery and hopeless, defiant pride in his glance. "Now you hate me, don't you?"

"No," I said bitterly, "and you know it. I wish I could! It would make things easier for me."

He sat on the arm of my chair, drew my unhappy head against him and stroked it gently.

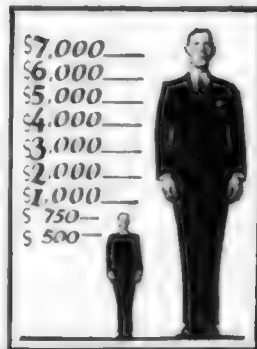
"You see, April," he explained with forlorn conviction, "I'm absolutely damned from birth where women are concerned. I can't help loving them, and up to a point they like to be loved, and after that they can't bear not to be, and it's hell for both of us. The first time I loved I paid and

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we were all square. You heard about that this afternoon. It was foolish from every point of view except one. She'd have been far happier if we hadn't married. And now I've met you, and I love you and love you, and you love me, and what's to be done? I could have told you I was married, but it wouldn't have helped. I've been going to times out of number. But what difference would it have made? We just clung to one another from the beginning. We were damned from the start. If you want me you can have me, but you never would on those terms. There's nothing I can give you you'd take, and what you will take isn't worth having from your point of view. I'd like you to believe it's hell for me too, worse hell, because I shouldn't have let you love me. At least you're that much better off. You didn't know."

"No," I murmured. "I didn't know. But if I had known would I have been strong enough? I'm not so sure, Basil, not sufficiently to put it all on you. You do love me, don't you? You can tell me now it's all finished and smashed to bits."

"Yes," he said at last, "I do love you, and you know I do."

I stood up and put my hand on his shoulders, looking at him for the last time, with the frank love-look a woman only lets a man see once or twice in a lifetime.

"You've been the kindest thing, the dearest; you've made me frightfully happy, and I don't hate you. Good-by and thank you ever so much."

Next day, after the Saturday matinee, in the great room at his suite of offices Gillingham Kent sat opposite me, smoking endless cigarettes. Behind the mask of detachment existed a steady, virile purpose.

"I want you," he said simply, "but I want you now. I've promised you not only riches, but fame in return. You're life, inspiration, vitality, everything to me. I don't say I love you because there isn't such a thing as love, but you can see I'm perfectly straight-forward. I do honestly admire you, and I can give you what no one else could. The only thing is for you to decide."

I laughed softly. I heard vaguely all he had said, but above it a lazy, caressing voice murmured in my ears: "I do love you, and you know I do." For Gillingham Kent it was the voice of doom.

I rose, walked across to the enormous fireplace and stood with my back to it while I told him what was in my heart.

"There's one man I'd go out into the world with and follow from sea to sea if he hadn't a farthing," I answered slowly. "I'd do it because I love him and in his way he loves me. I can't have him because he isn't free, but equally I can't have anyone else because just now it would kill me. It's very nice of you to offer me all this. You'd be making a rotten bargain, and I don't deserve it, but that doesn't affect your kindness. Try not to think I'm ungrateful. I just can't do anything else."

The grey-haired man's expression never changed.

"You are quite sure? Even at the risk of making an enemy you'd stick to your decision? Of course you realize that if I care to lift a finger you're finished as far as the stage is concerned?"

"I brought nothing into the world. I shall take nothing out. I can't have less than nothing. And anyway I shall never go back to the stage now."

Gillingham Kent rose, and held out his hand.

"I told you you had character and that character can't be bought," he said courteously. "At least you've proved the truth of that saying. I respect you immensely. If you alter your mind about me or the stage, please let me know. Whatever you decide to do, my name is not without influence. I shall never ask anything in return except your friendship. I'd like to feel we part friends."

I took his hand and smiled.

"We do, and it's not very usual in a case like ours, is it? I think we've achieved rather a triumph."

And that was all, until the ultimate idyll, the episode of my last lover, whom—for he was a great man in the world's eyes—I shall call Sir Henry Creagh.

WITH Gillingham Kent definitely placed outside my life and Basil's love a thing of the past you might think there was little left to dream about but I was still young and beautiful and my greatest adventure was yet to come. I'll tell you about it in **MARCH SMART SET**

Wild Men Are Safest

[Continued from page 73]

One of the finest gentlemen I have ever met was a beetle-browed Spanish Maltese chauffeur, who had just done "time" for manslaughter, in whose sole company, except for a handful of Bedouin Arabs, I travelled by camion across four hundred miles of the Sahara, over ground that no car had ever crossed before.

We lost our way; we ran out of food and water; and nearly died of thirst. We actually had to push the wretched camion through miles of loose sand-dunes, we were without shelter, there was no privacy at all in life, and the nights were icy cold as the days were burning hot.

It was Pedro, who literally saved my life, who made me drink his last drop of water, who brought off the impossible that I should have food, who could scarcely be induced to take a corner of the rug he had brought for his own use, and who throughout those six ghastly days showed to me—a stranger—as high a degree of consideration, chivalry and delicacy, as could the finest gentleman in England.

In the little god-forsaken outposts of the Foreign Legion, a regiment of outlaws whose name has been unjustly blackened by so many writers, I have been treated like a Princess or a priceless *objet d'art*.

In little wild cities and villages, where unwittingly I have wandered through byways none too safe, I have more than once been followed unobtrusively at a distance by strangers to see that no harm befell me, and it has often happened that retribution has fallen heavy handed on a loafer who had annoyed me, by someone who looked little better than himself.

From all classes of rough men I have received general assistance, often unasked. For such is the Law of wild places, to give help where it is needed, even down to the last crust of bread or drop of water—for to-morrow it may be your need!

The lessons one learns in the by-ways of the world blend in time into a philosophy too wide to be shackled by the little shibboleths of civilization. To us, the world tramps—"traveller" is too dignified a term

—no one corner of the world, dearest of homes though it may be, can be an abiding place.

Sometimes when the lure of the road is strongly upon me and I reflect that in a few months or weeks or days I must turn back, I have been conscious of an almost physical pain. It has seemed as if the effort would be too great, as if my home were the road, that my feet must go travelling on, that sooner or later I must slip over the edge of the horizon.

And if I were not married to a man that I care for it might be so. But, even at those moments, I know that I have a root in England, that there are a few square yards of London bricks and mortar to which I shall inevitably and instinctively return. Often I am torn between the two influences, the decent sense of love and duty, and the primitive instinct that calls me from them.

Sometimes when the two clash more strongly than usual the struggle is a hard one, and very exhausting. I should like above all things to be a nice normal domestic woman—such women are happiest in the long run—but try as I may I cannot.

I suppose, having fair powers of self-control, I could, by a deliberate and painful effort of will, give up my wanderings, but it would be like the amputation of a limb, the slow starvation and withering of an essential part of my being.

Is the double standard going out of style? Can one play with fire and not get burned? I deliberately set out to test that for myself and I'll tell you the answer I found to the question "Can a Good Wife Be a Good Sport?" in the SMART SET for March

Can't You Women Behave?

[Continued from page 67]

a plane of equality when their sole asset is their power to flatter our vanity, is, to me, very sad. It is to destroy a good thing and like all men I value the best fruits of this earth. So do I appreciate the utilitarian value of a gun, but the law guards the public from firearms. Would that the reckless use of women was as easily controlled. I imply no disrespect if I class woman as a chattel in this manner.

In the law of divorce how pleased is she to regard herself as a temporary possession, to receive presents for several years and finally to demand money, by threats, from a man who would rather pay it than live with her. She is merely responding to the belief ingrained by centuries of training.

I have no fear that I shall offend anybody by these remarks for she will assume that she alone is the outstanding exception of beauty, elegance and wit. True to the characteristics of female thought she will stand firmly upon that basis of hope which is the eternal penalty of all discontent in this particular universe.

MUST one always possess the thing one loves or is greater happiness netimes to be found by letting it go? Never was a man so tempted as I, but you will understand why I made the decision I did when you read my story of the girl who wanted to be psycho-analyzed in March SMART SET

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Only a Cigarette Girl

[Continued from page 23]

My heart began to beat furiously. I shut my eyes. When I opened them again the couple were strolling back slowly, their arms around each other. I turned to Mr. Wainwright.

His lips were parted, and he was looking at me intently through half-closed eyes. One of my hands instinctively flew to my breast. I felt that I must shield myself from those dark liquid eyes. They were reading everything that was in my heart.

"Nunciata," his voice made me quiver, "there are mighty few things that can honestly thrill me. But, your face just then when you closed your eyes! Dios! It was the all of everything in life: the reason for all we see, and hear, and feel around us, the beauty Nature and Man have put into this night of a young moon." He was whispering, and yet his voice filled the night spaces with vibrations that carried down into every corner of my being, awakening me like a command.

"Seeing them did something to me," I murmured, trying to explain what I myself didn't understand.

HE CAME closer until there was only my narrow little tray between us. I could almost feel myself swaying toward him: "You are sure you will come to Fiesta tonight?" he demanded.

I nodded.

"I'll be disappointed now if you don't. For I shall hope to see you close your eyes again when something thrills you like that. And now I must go back. My car will be here for you at midnight. Adios," he ended.

When I was composed enough to risk the eyes of Mrs. Vanderpool I went in. The whole party was ringed around a table upon which a tall girl was doing the Charleston to radio music. She was dancing furiously, her green silk skirts gathered high above her knees. The dance ended in a dizzy whirl, amidst an outburst of applause. Then, in the twinkling of an eye Hilda, the dancer, leaped off the table into the crowd, landing with her arms wound around Steven Wainwright. I clenched my free fist, and took a step forward, a jealous flame shooting through me as she laughingly kissed him.

A woman's hand suddenly touched my arm. I turned about. Mrs. Vanderpool! Vainly I tried to figure out if she had seen my violent reaction to the girl's kissing Wainwright, but, the society woman's face was a mask. She asked how much was owed me. I named a price, and taking the bill she proffered, hurried out of the place, not daring to risk a last look at Steven Wainwright. If she had witnessed my impulsive outburst I knew she was far too clever not to understand its meaning.

I was at the north entrance about midnight when a beautiful limousine drew up at the curb. A man in white livery got out and opened the door with a deep bow. I suppose he thought I was one of Mr. Wainwright's guests, not just a girl going out to Fiesta to serve drinks.

That ride was like a page out of a story book, a sort of Cinderella dream come true! I can still remember the thrilling promise of it all. It is always that way in the beginning. Then we only anticipate the things we desire. We never stop to consider that there are bitter dregs in the cup of anticipation.

The car sped noiselessly along the boulevard, and coming to a great arched gateway passed through. For a while it was like riding under a canopy of trees, then we came to a big open plaza that seemed like fairyland.

I gasped, and leaned forward. Japanese lanterns were glowing softly everywhere like purple, green, and golden fire-flies. Water cascaded from a Moorish fountain, spraying the Florida night spaces with imaginary diamonds. We turned into this plaza, and Fiesta, Miami's most famous home, lay before my enraptured eyes. It was just as I had dreamed it would be, a great castle of a place with tapering turrets and towers. Trumpets were blaring from the roof-tops and the turrets.

The limousine rolled past the wide front veranda which was thronged by masked people in the bright colors of Spanish costumes. Turning left around the end of the building, the chauffeur brought the car to a stop and blew the horn sharply as if he were giving a signal. Almost immediately a green light flashed twice over the door. The driver turned to me:

"Just a moment, now. Mr. Wainwright will be out directly," he said.

I waited breathlessly, my heart thumping madly. The owner of Fiesta himself was coming out to get me. I thought that perhaps one of his head servants would meet me and show me what I was to do. But Mr. Wainwright himself!

The green light went on again. Then the door opened. A man in the costume of a matador stood there. His face was hidden by a black silk mask, but I could feel Steven Wainwright's dark, liquid eyes peering at me from behind the tiny slits. I opened the limousine door myself, and ran toward him.

"I thought it best to have you come in this way and go to your room," he said, leading me into a luxurious hallway at the end of which was a beautiful staircase circling upward. The sounds of revelry seemed muffled, as if far away.

He took my arm and led me up the stairs. We went along a wide corridor, and turned into an even wider hallway that surged with sounds from below.

"This is your room," he announced, opening a door, and standing aside to let me pass in.

I entered hesitantly. The furniture and draperies were all apple-green. Mirrors gleamed everywhere like little silver lakes through dimness of shaded lamps. I felt as if I should tip-toe in such a wonderful place.

"There's your costume, Nunciata, and a mask. When you're dressed, press this button and I'll come for you. Now, I must run down and look after my guests."

He bowed himself out of the room before I could say a word. For a few moments I stood as if glued to the richly rugged floors. Then I ran over to the costume and hugged it. Never in my life had I held such silken softness next to my body!

"IT'S lovely, lovely!" I said, feasting my eyes upon the gorgeous Spanish costume. Curiosity as to the other things in the room possessed me. I put the dress down and ran over to the bed. The green silk cover was so soft it almost melted between my fingers. And flesh-colored silken sheets! A faint sort of fragrance clung to those sheets. I buried my face in them, abandoning myself to the intoxicating power of their mysteriously sweet scent.

When I raised up I was trembling with emotion, and I closed my eyes as I had done on Mrs. Vanderpool's balcony when two lovers kissed each other. I stood there like that for a few moments and then went over to explore what was behind the two mirrored doors. The first opened upon a vast clothes closet. I found garments in

there that sent the blood rushing to my cheeks. Nightgowns of the sheerest silks, and all bordered with creamy laces. One, a little black thing that hung over my arm like a gossamer ebony veil. Lingerie of the most adorable patterns and colors! Gowns! Dresses!

I wondered what woman they could belong to. Probably some guest of his. But, why were they in a room he had turned over to me? I opened the other door. A snowy tiled bathroom dazzled my eyes. It was even more beautiful than the ones I had seen in the Conquistador. I began to take off my things, and before I knew it was splashing in a deep, sunken tub of marble. Later, wrapping a huge towel around my shoulders, I went into the bedroom to dress. But the door of that clothes closet tempted me as I passed by. I stopped, and taking a little orchid colored garment that fascinated me, slipped it on.

Dressed in the Spanish costume, my reflection in the many mirrors pleased me. I pressed the bell for Mr. Wainwright. In the few moments of waiting that followed I tried vainly to come down to earth. But, everything had gone to my head. I could not bring myself to admit that Mr. Wainwright had only brought me to Fiesta to be a serving girl for his carnival guests. Surely he was not treating me like a servant!

A knock at the door. My voice didn't sound natural as I said, "Come in." Steven Wainwright entered. Shutting the door quickly behind him, he stood surveying me. I got up, my knees a bit wobbly. What if the mirrors had played me a trick, and he didn't approve?

But he did. So much so that he refused to let me wear the little black mask. "My guests think they look Spanish on account of their costumes. I want them to see the real goods before they're all too tight to tell themselves apart."

I went down the rear steps with him. Two giant colored men, stripped to the waist, were waiting for us. Silver buckets holding ice and champagne were suspended from a long pole which they slung over their black glistening shoulders. He said I was to give the bottles to the guests, and that his butler, Edwards, would go around and pop the corks: "When you hear a bugle blow come into the party, with your Moorish slaves following you. Understand, Nunciata?"

I NODDED, thrilled by the knowledge that I would soon be a part of the gay carnival. He gave me a last sweeping look, and then hurried away.

The music of a march stirred me. Then came the clear sharp note of a bugle. Tinging all over I started off, swaying more violently to the music with every new step. Masked faces, balls of color, and dancing forms were surging around me like a dancing sea. Hands reached out from all sides; voices clamored above the orchestra for champagne. I passed out the bottles, laughing giddily into the flushed faces of noisy men and women who pressed close to me.

In the exaltation of the moment I looked for Steven Wainwright. I found him easily because he towered above the mixing, merging mass of color, for that was what the party was to my excited eyes. On impulse I rushed up and handed him a bottle, kissing it as I did. Turning, I snatched another and swung about to hand it to the woman with him. But she had turned her back on me and was walking away. Something about her carriage made me think of Mrs. Vanderpool. I looked at Steven Wainwright wondering what he would say and do, half afraid he would rebuke me.

But, he was smiling.

"You are a knock-out, Nunciata. Everybody's asking who you are."

A bugle call cut his words short. There was a sudden calm. A storm of shouting and hand clapping followed. The crowd across the hall stirred apart. A little man came running into the center of the room and announced that the bull, and the fighters had arrived and that the bull was thirsty. Everybody roared with laughter. Then the little man spotted me. He insisted that I bring three bottles to the bull who turned out to be a tremendously fat man wearing a pair of horns, and a tail. He began bellowing and charging around the place. Two men dressed as toreadors rushed at him with rubber spears while others flashed red capes in the "bull's" face. One toreador went down as if killed. Then the other. The "bull" bellowed louder than before and bore down on me. The next thing I knew he had slung me over his back and started dancing around. Groans went up from the crowd just as if I were in danger.

A TALL man in the costume of a young Don rushed into the make-believe arena, and plucking a spear from one of the "dead" toreadors attacked the "bull," finally killing him. In the uproar that followed he swept me into his arms and rushed out on the veranda. He bent over me until his lips were only a few inches from mine. I remember wishing he were Steven Wainwright, then closing my eyes, and waiting for what I was sure would happen. But, he did not kiss me! The music of a tango began inside.

"Come on, dance with me," he was saying.

The excitement of the crowd, the effect of the champagne, the thrilling way my masked hero tangoed, turned me into the spirit of the Argentine. When he twirled me I spun like mad: when he bent me back I almost touched the floor. Little by little the other couples stopped dancing until just we two were left.

I was inspired by the way Steven Wainwright and his guests applauded our dancing. Otherwise, I could never have kept it up as long as I did. We stopped at last, dizzy and breathless. My tall partner led me away from the noisily cheering crowd.

"You need a little rest after all that. By Jove, but you can step! I never enjoyed a dance more. Did you learn to tango in Key West, Nunciata?" he asked, when we were seated in the shadows of the veranda.

At the sound of my name on his lips, and the mention of Key West, I started in my chair, realizing why his voice had sounded bafflingly familiar all the time.

"So, you remember me from the palm patio?" I said, finally certain he was Schuyler Briggs who had asked Sam, the bell captain, about me.

"Of course! Do you mind my remembering?"

"No, it's nice to know you do. But, how did you learn my name?" I asked, to see if he would confess questioning Sam about me.

He told all about his little conference with Sam, and his frankness and sincerity so strongly appealed to me that I wanted to stay longer with him; but it was time I went in.

"I must be going inside. Mr. Wainwright may be looking for me."

Schuyler got to his feet quickly.

"Look here, Nunciata, Steve Wainwright is a great host, and a mighty attractive man, but I want you to realize that you never can tell what he's up to where pretty girls are concerned. I've been wondering why and how he came to get you out here tonight. Will you tell me?"

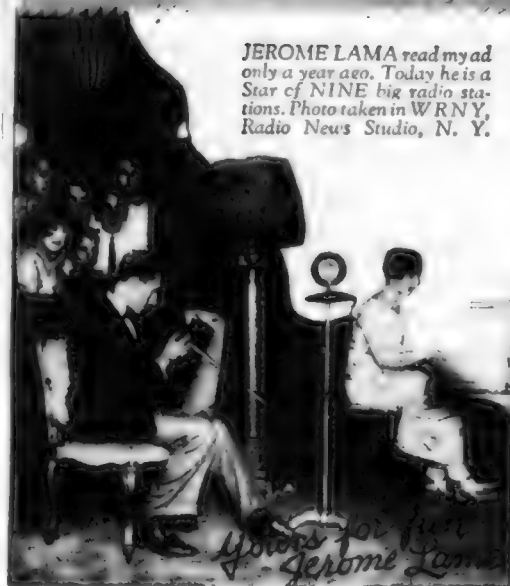
I was about to answer him when I saw a girl hurrying towards us. He turned at the sound of the approaching footsteps, his wide back screening me from view.

"Schuyler, I'm going home," the girl said. I recognized her voice. She was the blonde girl who had been with him in the "palm

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patio before dinner. "I am not quite mad enough to want to keep up with this crowd. They're all going to Hialeah to try and start a rumpus in the Seminole Indian village. Gregory Jackson insists he's Ponce de Leon himself, and must lead an army against the Indians." She paused as if she had just made a startling discovery. When she spoke again her voice sounded frozen:

"Upon my word, Schuyler, I didn't realize you were with the cigarette lady. I thought you were out here alone, trying to keep away from liquor on account of that polo game tomorrow. I beg your pardon." She started away.

"Please don't leave. I'm going inside at once," I said.

Her beautiful shoulders stiffened. That was the only sign she gave of having heard me. She evidently considered me too far below her social status to do more than ignore anything I said, or did. I was only a sort of serving girl in her estimation.

"Yes, Vera, please stand by a minute. I'll take you right home. I must get to bed. Tomorrow will be a tough game," chimed in the boy coldly.

I located the room I had used. There I sank down into a deep chair, wondering what plans Mr. Wainwright had made for me to get home. For the first time, I began to worry about the aftermath of my good time.

Suppose Pedro had returned unexpectedly; or, that my father's sullen calm burst into a storm of anger over my staying out so late? It was way past three o'clock. Santa Maria! If either of them made a terrible scene!

And if I was lucky, and there was no trouble awaiting me home there would still be the cheapness, and the sordidness that had always eaten acid-like into my love of the beautiful.

I looked longingly around that room with its apple-green furniture and draperies; gleaming mirrors; shaded lamps; panelled walls; and rich-toned rugs. I tip-toed over to the bed, haunted by the elusive fragrance of those silken sheets.

"I don't want to go," I cried, stamping my foot impetuously.

"Oh! If only I might stay. If only my dream wouldn't end now!" I said aloud.

The mysterious sensing of another presence in the room made me open my eyes. Steven Wainwright stood near me. His

lips were parted; his eyes were blacker, and more liquid than ever; and, his arms were outstretching.

"Nunciata" he was saying, "your dream need not end now."

I drew back from Steven Wainwright's outstretching hands, suddenly afraid of him; suddenly afraid of myself.

"I—I'd better go," I said.

"It's almost four o'clock. And, you're tired. You'll be very comfortable here," he returned. "Sleep late, and we'll take a plunge in my pool about noon."

His voice made me feel giddy. Everything began to go around and around. I reached for a nearby chair to steady myself. He came closer, and put his arms around me.

"Please—please—" I began. But my lips could not seem to form the rest of my plea.

He kissed me and something beautiful surged inside of my heart.

"Tell me you'll stay, Nunciata. Prove that you really don't want to leave me now."

"I don't," I cried recklessly, "but, oh! please, please don't you understand? I shouldn't. I know it. But, it is all so beautiful, and my home is so ugly."

"You were made for beautiful things," he tempted.

"Let me think alone for just a few minutes. Won't you?" I begged.

His black, liquid eyes began to look through me again. I covered my face with the red scarf from my throat. In that blinding moment I made a decision, but I did not take the scarf from my eyes until I heard a door shut. It would have been fatal to look at him again.

Then I commenced to unfasten the costume. The fragrance of those silken sheets pervaded the room and went to my head like the champagne. I decided to taste the thrill of lying between them just a moment. Then I would get up and rush away.

As I crept between them, I heard a sound. Every muscle and fiber of my body leaped into startled life. I sat bolt upright, and uttered a soft little scream. The hall door was opening, and a woman in peacock blue half crossed the threshold.

Mrs. Vanderpool!

I shrank back into the pillows before the look on her face that damned me far more than the words which issued from her curling lips.

HOW can one always avoid even the appearance of evil? I had started, innocently enough, in pursuit of Romance only to find at the very beginning that I was running an obstacle race. I'll tell you in March SMART SET what happened when I who was "Only a Cigarette Girl," tried to play at being a princess

I Hate My Beautiful Legs

[Continued from page 39]

opportunity of looking at them and bringing their business to the office so they might look at them again. There is no use arguing about it. If I do I am fired. So I always omit the argument and quit. But, now after six years of taking and leaving jobs, I know that I am engaged, not because I am a good stenographer, but because I have good-looking legs. I leave for the same reason. It makes no difference that when I am working I wear service-weight stockings of conservative colors and low-heeled sports shoes. My legs attract attention just the same. There is no intention on my part to allure and certainly there is nothing seductive about thick stockings and sports shoes. But

the unpleasant results are the same as if I wore the sheerest of chiffon stockings and the daintiest of slippers with rhinestone heels and diamond buckles.

WHAT is it, anyway? All this excitement about legs! I wish I knew. To me, legs are legs, nothing more. But mine insist upon proving troublesome, in work as well as in play. I should like to be something more than a girl with good-looking legs. And still more, I should like to meet one man who would not comment on my legs. If I do I suppose he will be blind.

Legs are legs! But, then, too, men are men. And that, I suppose, is where the matter must always rest.

I Am the Sorriest Woman on Broadway

[Continued from page 49]

ing outside in his luxurious limousine, and gravely stepped upon the walk to assist me to a seat beside him. He made no attempt to take my hand or embrace me as we sped up Fifth Avenue, then crossed over to Park, and he said very little.

Before a huge structure of marble with a grilled facade the car came to a pause. He alighted and helped me out. The colored elevator boy blinked sleepy eyes at me but showed no surprise when I followed Westburg down the hall. Evidently he was used to seeing him take women into his apartment after midnight.

A dim light was burning in a beaten brass lamp near a baby grand piano when we entered the living room, and a soft footed Japanese appeared from behind some black and gold brocade curtains which separated the sleeping quarters from the drawing room.

Westburg removed my cloak and threw it across a chair, then turning to his servant bade him bring some cocktails. He extended a box of cigarettes to me, but when I refused, murmuring that I did not smoke, he nodded approval.

I was terribly uncomfortable, horribly nervous and though I strove bravely to seem composed my voice quivered when I spoke and I giggled like a school girl.

"I have signed one of the contracts, Mr. Westburg," I said. "It is here in my bag." "And the other?"

"I kept it, you had already signed it. You were very sure of me, weren't you?"

He smiled. "Absolutely sure, as sure that you would sign it as I was sure that you would come here with me tonight. Ah, here are the cocktails, we'll drink to the future of my latest find!"

He raised his glass as he spoke.

Noiselessly the Japanese made his exit, noiselessly returned with a tea wagon on which was a bottle of wine, some sandwiches and cake, then left again.

"I don't advise late suppers as a rule," Westburg said, extending a plate towards me, "but as you are very young and extremely slender you can afford to break the rigid rule of my older stars."

I managed to choke down a bit of chicken, to give coherent answers to his remarks but all the time I kept thinking, "why doesn't he say what he intends to, why does he keep me on tender hooks this way?" I felt that if he kept me in that luxurious dimly lighted room much longer I would scream. All the time I was conscious of an amused cynical smile on his thin lips, a smile that indicated he was enjoying the situation hugely.

I heard the clock strike one, and started to my feet. "Will your chauffeur please drive me home?" I asked with a half sob.

THEN he took my hand and pulled me into his arms. I yielded readily though the room swam with me and I felt my body go numb.

With his lips almost on mine he pushed me from him with such violence I fell back upon the divan.

"You little fool!" he sneered. "You poor little fool! So you really thought I was going to ravish you and were quite willing to sell yourself for a contract and a place in the theater! By God! I didn't believe it! I couldn't!"

I stiffened. "Why did you bring me here?" I demanded.

"Not to make love to you, you can rest

assured of that. I suppose you think like a lot of other evil minded persons in this business that every girl who succeeds on the stage has to barter her body for fame. Do you realize how cheap bodies are and how precious talent is? If I hadn't seen a spark of genius in you do you think I would have made a vacancy for you in a play of mine? Never! I give my public value for its money. You shall have your fame, your career, but never because you have appealed to me. Understand? I wouldn't possess you for anything on earth! You are too easy, too cheap!"

I shrivelled into a pitiful heap among the cushions. Some voice that sounded totally unlike my own sobbed, "But that clause about never marrying, having no love affairs?"

HE LAUGHED brutally. "Marriage interferes with careers, so I always insert that clause; the one about lovers was to protect you, though as a woman you aren't worth protection! I shall see to it that you don't sell yourself because purity is of value in the theater just as it is in every other walk of life, but only because I am your manager, never because you interest me. Now that we understand each other I will see you to the car."

I wonder if there is any shame equal to that of the woman who has offered herself and been refused? Westburg's biting denunciation of me rang in my ears as I tossed wide-eyed and feverish through a night that seemed endless.

His fine aristocratic eyes, blazing with the scorn he felt for me, seemed to peer at me from every shadowy corner of my bedroom. Once I sprang from my bed and switching on the light found the contract for which I had debased myself, I could have torn it to shreds and delighted in the wreck of my career, but its destruction would have gained me nothing. For five years I was legally bound to the man to whom I was as dirt.

In that moment a blinding revelation shook me from head to foot. It wasn't alone what he had said to me that filled me with torment, but the knowledge that I had wanted his arms about me; I had wanted his lips on mine; I had wanted to struggle in his embrace, and then yield, and clinging to him, tell him I loved him!

I laughed hysterically, beating my hands together in a perfect frenzy at the grim joke fate had played on me. Oh, I hadn't misjudged my capabilities as an actress. Conceit hadn't misled me where beauty and talent were concerned, but I had known nothing, nothing at all about myself as a woman!

I had sworn I had no heart, that sentiment meant nothing to me. In that bitter hour I learned that although one might say one would never love, it was no more possible to crush affection out of one's life than it was to live without food or drink. And now I loved a man who judged me no better than a creature who walked the streets!

I would beg for my release, and if it were granted start again at the foot of the ladder, and if possible achieve success through honest efforts and ability. Perhaps in that manner I could win a shred of respect from the man who despised me.

I had never been lacking in courage, but my knees were trembling and my voice shook when I inquired for Westburg at his office the following morning at eleven.

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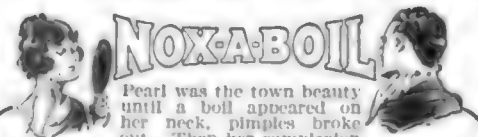
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The secretary greeted me cordially, but shook her head. "Mr. Westburg won't be in, Miss Blaise. Didn't you know he sailed for Europe this morning?"

"No, I didn't know," I mumbled. "Will he be gone long?"

"A month, maybe two. He's gone after plays. Perhaps he'll bring one back for you. Anything I can do for you?"

"Thank you, no."

No one could release me from that contract but Westburg and he was gone. There was nothing for me to do but wait until his return, play my part and fight off despair.

A FEW weeks later his general stage director came to my dressing room.

"The boss left word that you should be given the lead in the new drama when it went into rehearsal. Read it over and report here at ten, Tuesday." He handed me a blue covered manuscript.

It was a wonderful part, one I had dreamed of playing some day, but as I read it I shivered. If the play went into rehearsal before Westburg's return I could not cancel my contract.

A month passed, six weeks. "Adora" opened on Broadway, and I was "Adora." Again the critics were kind, the papers were filled with my pictures, and a half measure of satisfaction came to me that at least as the actress I had not failed. Then Westburg returned.

He saw the play from the front and sent me a curt little note of congratulation in a box of roses. I saved every petal and placed them in a jar on a taboret near my bed. I knew that each woman in the cast had received flowers the same as I had, yet their fragrance seemed like a breath of hope. I almost prayed to them, that he might be shown I was no longer the vain, conscienceless girl who had been ready to barter her purity for fame, but a woman who had found her soul.

Night after night when the curtain rose I would see his slim figure in evening dress standing behind the last row of seats, scanning the audience or listening intently to some portion of the play. Then I would throw myself into my role, playing to him and him only. Once I sent word to him that I would like an interview, but when I found myself alone with him his cynical smile, the lurking gleam of irony in his eyes made it impossible for me to speak the very words I had come to say.

"What can I do for you?" he asked pleasantly after shaking hands with me.

"Nothing."

"Nothing? I hope you are happy in your new part?"

"Yes." A lump in my throat choked me.

"I suppose you are anxious to know about the play I brought from Europe, the one I intend you to do?"

I wondered as I sat there, his keen eyes never leaving my face, if he didn't know my secret. For when he opened the manuscript on his desk, his hand touched mine and there was unquestionably sarcasm in his. "I beg your pardon."

His touch was like a spark of fire on my flesh. I quivered. For a moment a thick smothering black made the room hazy. I heard him ask quickly, "Are you ill?" I managed to answer: "No," and somehow to reach the door.

His voice stayed me. "What is it, Miss Blaise? Why did you want to see me?"

"It was nothing important." I stumbled

out of the room, before I should lose control of myself and tell him not that I wanted to be released from my contract, but that I loved him.

There were other stars under his management, both men and women. Occasionally he gave little impromptu parties in his apartment for them, and always I was invited. Though it was torment to sit in that room and smile and chatter, I never refused an invitation. As the months passed I began to realize that nothing would ever change his attitude toward me. Sometimes it seemed that he had forgotten that horrible night when he stripped my soul bare and shrivelled me under the lash of his tongue, then a quirk of his lips, a glance showed me that he had not forgotten.

A year went by. I was featured in the new play. Another year and my name blazed over the theater in electric letters. On that first night he took me by the hand and led me before the curtain for the applause of an admiring audience. He smiled and bowed as he introduced me as the little girl who would some day be America's greatest actress, but when his eyes met mine they were cold. I was at the height of my triumph. I had reached a pinnacle many strive for and never reach and yet I would have given everything I possessed, my future, the adulation, the thunderous applause, for his arms around me, for one moment's realization that he loved me.

For five long bitter years I saw him daily, conscious that he despised me, though he admired my talent. Always I hungered for the touch of his hand, for his lost respect.

Then as the time came for our contract to expire terror seized me lest he would refuse to renew it and I would thus pass out of his life altogether. I had proved to be his best paying star and offers came from various managers, but I waited breathlessly to see what Westburg would do.

HE SENT for me one morning and handed me two legal looking blue covered sheets of paper.

"Do you care to remain with me for another term of years?" he asked quietly.

"Yes, if you want me."

"I am going to be married next week," he continued, as though proclaiming the fact to a stranger, "and shall sail for Europe. I want everything settled before I go."

Married! Never once had it occurred to me that he would marry. The shock of the announcement sickened me. I gripped the arms of the chair, trying to murmur the usual congratulations, but my tongue refused to move; my lips were dry. Suddenly I bent forward, seized a pen and scratched my name across the bottom line of the contract.

"You haven't read it," he said with surprise.

"It doesn't matter. I know you will be fair with me."

As I write, a newspaper rests on the desk before me. On its front page is a picture of the girl he has married—one of himself and one of me. The caption reads: "Famous bachelor producer, his bride, and his best known star!"

I shall never marry. There will never be another man in my life, but I am all I determined to be. Rich, famous, a star, and the sorriest woman on Broadway! And this is what I might write to the little girl of the violet paper: "The price I paid, or didn't pay, was too much, far too much for what I received."

IT MAY seem unbelievable that a man of wealth, still in his prime, neither lame, halt, blind nor a villain could find himself in the position I am in. My story in March SMART SET will tell you why I shall not marry again although "I Long For A Wife and a Home."

She Tempted Him

[Continued from page 25]

do not deserve to have my husband taken away from me and my home shattered and I have an abiding faith that those who do what they know is right in this world must triumph over those who do not. I believe that I have the law of compensation on my side. I do not believe that the other woman can continue, successfully, to tempt my husband—for she has deliberately tempted him.

IN THE meantime I wonder what these "other women" really think. Do they not live in constant terror that a man who will betray and prove fickle to one woman will treat them in the same way when he feels the inclination? Grant, for the sake of argument, that the husband the other woman has stolen is the only man in her affections, is she not harassed always by the thought that all she can have of him is a relationship which degrades her better nature, if she has one, and the knowledge that the longer this relationship lasts the nearer draws the time when her lover will cast her aside in favor of what are to him more desirable conquests. The other woman does not occupy the position of a wife in any sense of the word. In these unsanctioned affairs between men and women there is no love. There cannot be; the other woman is merely making of herself a temporary convenience. She deserves to suffer whatever fate befalls her but why does she want to suffer when there are thousands of men about who are unattached and who might offer honorable love and honorable marriage if she has the ability to attract them? It seems to me that when a woman is known to be or admits being the possession of another woman's husband it is a confession that she is unable to get a man for herself.

Or does the other woman think she has done something clever in luring a married man from his home? Does she think the wife should not exist at all, except, perhaps, for the purpose of being the hand maid of the man? Does she think the wife should merely perform the innumerable duties of the home, stand by in case of illness or misfortune and leave the husband free to spend his leisure time and money on the other woman? Apparently so. That, at any rate, has been the procedure in my husband's case. That is the condition I believe I can eventually overcome by wifely devotion and mother love. If I thought I could not, life for me would scarcely be worth living. Such measures are the only ones available in respectable society for a mother who must think of the name and future welfare of a child.

My husband and I have been married for five years. About two years ago I first discovered his duplicity. I am not of a jealous nature and I did not have the slightest suspicion of him because he was away from me for months at a time. He was a naval man so I became accustomed as a bride to his long absences. Nor did I question the necessity of his being away from home at frequent intervals when he returned to civil life in a profession which requires a certain amount of travel.

We were as happy as young married people usually are until after our boy was born. He is now nearly three years old. Suddenly my husband's manner toward me changed and without actually being suspicious or jealous of him I sensed that something was wrong. He was not unkind; but I began to notice that when I made the most casual inquiries as to where he had been or what he had been doing on

any of his numerous business trips he became confused and avoided giving direct answers. Two or three times he made contradictory statements. I knew he had no financial difficulties. I could not attribute it to an effort to shield me from worry. Several times when he evaded my eyes and appeared ill at ease I asked him if anything was worrying him but each time he denied that there was anything wrong. He said he was thinking about some matters at the office and hadn't heard just what I had said to him.

Duplicity always is found out in the most unexpected way and so it was that I discovered my husband had been away from home, on at least one occasion, with another woman. He had told me he had visited a small town on one of his periodical trips. I remembered the name of the town very definitely because I had a school girl friend who lived there. My husband said he had stayed at a little hotel which I happened to know was the only public inn in the town. I thought nothing of it at the time, but these chance remarks served later to furnish the proof against him.

One Sunday afternoon about a fortnight later we were motoring in the country and chanced to pass through this little town. Apparently forgetful of his previous conversation, my husband said, "I've never been here, my dear." I reminded him that he had not only told me about visiting the village with his business friends but had also mentioned staying over night at the inn. "You must be dreaming," he replied. Then he told me he had said another town and a different inn.

I said nothing more at the time and let my husband think he had thrown me off the trail, but the next day I made an excuse that I was going to visit my mother for the day, and instead went by train to the town in question. I went directly to the inn and there my worst fears were confirmed. On the day he said he had been there and in his own signature I found evidence that he had occupied a room with a woman described on the register as his wife.

THEN began for me a season of agony of mind, heart and soul which has not yet ended. Only a wife who has gone through what I have can appreciate or understand the tortures of fear and suspense I have suffered. The time goes too slowly and the things one has taken a keen interest in before seems lifeless and silly.

When I first found definite confirmation of my suspicions against my husband I thought I would hurl the evidence I had found in his face, denounce him for a hypocrite and a liar, take my child and leave our home. Then I began to wonder where I would go, what I could do to earn a living. I had only been in business a few months before I was married and then I did not have a small child. Such thoughts increased my resentment against the other woman. She was the one to blame. She was the one to feel my wrath. I would seek her out and disgrace her publicly, maybe harm her physically, at any rate let the world know what manner of woman she was. After mature deliberation I realized that the world has troubles of its own and cares very little about the inhumanity of women to women. I would only lower my dignity to engage in a brawl or public encounter with this woman, whoever she might be. I would be disgracing my child and would probably increase the other woman's desire to break up my home for vengeance if nothing else. I finally de-



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terminated to watch and wait; to make my home more comfortable and to compel my husband to give up the object of his infatuation.

Such a resolution was easy enough to make but presented insurmountable difficulties in carrying out. However, I overcame most of them until a climax in our affairs put me in such a state I could not control myself longer.

Instead of making short business trips away from home two or three times each month my husband began to spend business nights at home and take week-end outings in the car which usually lasted from Saturday night until Monday morning. He explained them by saying he was working up some special outside business which, in time, would give him a larger income. I asked him to take me with him but he said he was working with a man who hated to have women mixed up in business affairs and could not do so. It is undoubtedly true some men have this natural prejudice so I tried to content myself by cooking good meals, keeping the home artistically arranged and taking care of the baby. These trips were made at least once a month, but rarely more often and my husband was at home so regularly at other times that I began to believe he had given up his illicit love affair and that my method of winning him over had been successful. My hope was soon to be shattered. A woman friend who came for tea one afternoon dropped the casual remark that she had seen my husband and me in the car the previous Saturday afternoon. No doubt she had seen my husband but I did not tell her so. I profited by this bit of news and the next time my husband went out on one of his week-end trips I had my brother follow him on his motorcycle. I told my brother just to follow him—not to accost him or speak to him. This amateur detective work was effective. My husband drove almost directly from our home to the home of a young woman who worked as a typist in the same plant which employed him. They went away in the car and after an hour or so I phoned the young woman's home. Her mother said she had gone away for the week-end.

A FEW evenings later when my husband was at home I told him I was going for a walk with the baby. I called at the home of the young typist and was greeted at the door by a sweet-faced, white-haired old lady. I asked her if she knew a man named Mr. Gray. I was so sick and shaky I was afraid I would faint. She replied, "Oh, yes. Do come inside." I accepted her invitation and when I was seated I said, "Would you mind telling me how long you have known Mr. Gray and if he is going with your daughter?" "Why, we have known him nearly two years," replied my hostess. "He and my daughter are to announce their engagement Christmas." "Are they?" said I. "Well this is Mr. Gray's son and I am his wife."

I could see this information was a tremendous shock to the old lady. Whatever her daughter may be her surprise was genuine. "Dear, oh dear," she exclaimed. "I have read about such things but I never thought they would happen to us. Yet, somehow, I thought he was married. I asked my daughter to ask him and his answer was, 'No, why? Are you?'"

I cannot describe the feelings which overwhelmed me. My own husband, my beloved husband, my boy's father playing the part

of a common sneak and cad. A man who was supposed to be the honorable head of a family, aspiring to be the head of a big business, lying to a young girl, for the sake of a little pleasure; denying the existence of his own wife and son.

The next day I went to see the girl herself. She wept and said she didn't know my husband was married, but I know now she lied. She admitted to me she had stayed at various hotels and resorts with my husband time after time as his wife. Innocent girls don't do that. I have learned since that she had seen me and the baby from a distance on one of the occasions when she had been out with my husband. She had been laughing up her sleeve at me. Oh, I know it all now but I didn't then.

I RETURNED home and prepared my husband's dinner as usual. When he came in and had finished eating I told him all I knew. I tried to restrain myself but I was like a volcano inside. One moment I wanted to beat him, to tear his eyes out. The next moment I was pleading with him to think of me and the baby and the years of happiness we had spent together.

To my amazement my husband said he was glad it was all out, that he couldn't have kept up the deceit much longer. He said the other woman was worrying him to death to give her more time and attention and that he could hardly sleep nights for fear I would find out what he was doing.

I told my husband I would go away, that I would take our child and try to make a home for it where it would know real love. He begged me not to do this and said he did not know why he had treated me so badly, that he supposed it was the innate cussedness which is in all men breaking out in him. He reminded me that he had always provided me with a good home, plenty of food and good clothes, which is true, and that whatever good was in him, I, and only I, had the ability to bring out. He begged forgiveness and I granted it for the sake of our son. I also knew down in my heart that I loved this man who had sinned against me and probably would continue to love him, no matter what he might do.

We sold the home we occupied and until recently have been happy in a new one. I have been contented until the last few months. That look of restlessness and evasion is again in my husband's eyes and he is beginning to find excuses for being away from home.

I am again beginning to be tortured by those fears I know so well and I dread the thought of confirming my fears for the second time. I am almost certain it is the same "other woman" who attracted him before and yet I dread trying to verify my belief.

I do not want to lose my husband and my darling new home which is almost like a second child to me. And yet I cannot meekly submit to sharing my husband with another woman. Such a state of existence would slowly kill me.

JUST to find out what is in my husband's mind I remarked while I was reading the paper the other evening, "Here is a piece about a woman who killed another woman who stole her husband."

"That doesn't do any good," cheerfully replied my husband. "There is always a triangle my dear."

I wonder if there is, and if every wife has to be a triangle wife like me.

WOULD a man rather starve than accept help from a woman? I almost wrecked my happiness and that of the man I loved merely by being efficient and capable. Perhaps my story in the March issue of SMART SET, "He Couldn't Forgive Me for Helping Him," will keep you from making the mistake I made.

My Sea Beast Made Me Love Him

(Continued from page 36)

"That's my guess. We've been going before it for twenty-four hours now."

"Twenty-four hours," I cried.

"Keep still," he said. "I'm going to snatch a nap. You've had twenty hours' sleep. I haven't had any. Wake me up in an hour."

He went right off to sleep and I lay there thinking. If we had come a hundred miles already and were still going how far from shore would be when the gale blew itself out. And how long would it take to get back? As long as he had to be watching the boat every waking minute I was safe enough, but when the storm was over I'd be at his mercy. He looked like the kind of man who did exactly what he pleased. He was ten times as strong as I was, and where could I get help in the middle of the ocean? I might as well be cast away on a south sea island with him for all the chance I had.

I DIDN'T even dare let him sleep a long time. When I felt sure it had been an hour I waked him up, just as he had told me to do.

"Gosh," he said, as he woke up. He hated to wake up but he did it almost instantly and staggered up on deck.

He came down again in about five minutes and lighted a kind of kerosene stove. He opened two cans of soup, poured the contents into a deep sauce-pan and began to heat it up. There was a rail around the top of the two-burner stove but the boat was pitching so that he had to hold the sauce-pan over the flame by the handle with one hand while he held on to the mast with the other hand.

I watched him doing this through the spaces in the lacing of the canvas that made my bunk. I saw now that his face was very dark. Either he was a foreigner or he had been tanned a deep mahogany color by the sun and wind. His speech wasn't foreign. Indeed, he spoke just as good English as I did. Perhaps he wasn't a fisherman or a bootlegger, but obviously this rough boat wasn't a yacht. I figured that it must be the Friendship sloop I had seen just before the wave washed me overboard and the Wanderer went on without me.

I realized I was sniffing. That soup smelled good.

He poured some of it into a big cup and drank it. He certainly was clever the way he managed that soup when the boat was pitching down, down, down, and then rising up, up, up.

"I'm hungry," I said suddenly.

He got another cup, poured some soup in it, and worked his way toward me.

"You've got to drink quick," he said.

I waited till the boat had almost reached the top of a wave, where it always poised itself a moment before it started down, and then drank what was in the cup at one gulp.

"Want some more?" he asked.

I nodded. Together we finished that sauce-pan full of soup and I'm not sure that it didn't taste better than any of those wonderful meals I'd had aboard the Wanderer. I wished there were more of it, but the man went back on deck and didn't come down again for hours. I finally dozed off. My bruises were still painful.

Some time, I think toward the following morning, he came down and heated up two more cans of soup. This time we each had a big hunk of bread with it.

"Now, young lady," he said. "It's time

you stood a watch. I'm going to get a real sleep. You get into some warm clothes and oil-skins and go up top-side. Sit by the wheel and keep a good look-out for land."

"I thought you said we were a hundred miles off shore," I said.

"It's nearer two hundred miles now," he grinned. "But we've been bearing more and more north toward Nova Scotia and we may be hitting an island or rocks. All you have to do is keep a look-out and if you see land or a line of breakers you call me."

He unfastened the chain that held my bunk and tumbled me into his arm again. He found a heavy flannel shirt and two sweaters and a pair of trousers and oil-skins and helped me into them. He led the way up the companion-way, really just a ladder, and I found myself in the cock-pit. As far as I could see there was nothing but a gray waste of tumbling water. There was a tiny triangle of jib forward and a slightly larger triangle of mainsail; the wheel was lashed.

"Now," he said, "tuck yourself down behind the rail where you'll be out of the wind; and just watch." He looked down at me. "Why," he said, "you haven't any shoes."

He went below and came back with two enormous pairs of thick, hand-knitted woolen socks, a pair of sneakers not so much too big for me when I had both pairs of socks on, and some sheep-skin lined slippers.

"Along in the afternoon," he said, "when I wake up, we'll have a real meal."

I sat there, the wheel kicking against my shoulder, for hours. So far the man had not treated me badly. Actually, he had saved me from certain death, but somehow I didn't feel any gratitude at all. I was too afraid of him, and somehow I knew that he was attracted to me. He was at the opposite pole from young Jim Morton, who had been afraid even to try to kiss me. If this man felt like kissing me he just would kiss me and I'd have no more to say about it than if I were a baby.

My mind went round and round that circle. And when I thought of his kissing me I saw myself kicking and screaming and trying to bite with no more effect than if he were a grizzly bear. He was so strong I wouldn't have a chance. And there was no way I could throw a scare into him. I knew he just wouldn't scare.

ALONG in the afternoon the sun came out. The wind and sea had moderated to a point where the boat was fairly comfortable and I foresaw that in another two hours there might be nothing left but a long swell. I was hungry. Perhaps if I got food ready before he woke up and fed him he would be easier to manage. Warm food might put him to sleep again. There wasn't anything in sight over the water, nothing but blue waves.

I went below. He was still sleeping soundly. I lighted the stove as I had seen him do. In the lockers I found an enormous can of corned beef hash. I put that on to cook. I got water out of the little oak cask—and made coffee. Then he woke up.

"Gosh," he said, "that smells good."

While I went on with the cooking he calmly rolled back his shirt at the throat,



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washed his face, and shaved. It was rather a feat, shaving under those circumstances, but he braced his back against the mast and did it as nonchalantly as if he were on shore. I must say it improved his appearance. He was almost handsome.

When he had finished shaving he dropped a hinged table, with a rail around it to keep the dishes from sliding off. I set the table with such dishes as hadn't been broken. He opened a tin of preserved peaches and a tin of condensed milk for the coffee.

"There," he said, when everything was on the table, "once we get outside that we'll feel like settling this thing and finding out where you and I are at."

I HAD noticed a heavy knife, a sailor's knife, in the bread locker. While his back was turned I got it and hid it near where I was going to sit. We had to sit side by side on a kind of sofa, which he called a transom. There wasn't any other place to sit and the table folded down in front of it.

We were so hungry that we ate in silence. There are times when nothing matters except food. Between us we ate everything on that table, the whole big can of corned beef hash, a whole box of crackers, a can of peaches and about a quart of coffee.

Finally, he leaned back and got out cigarettes. He offered me one. I took it. He smoked in silence a moment and then he turned to me. My hand felt the handle of the knife behind me.

"Well," he said, "what is your idea?"

I flashed the knife at him.

His face got rigid with anger. I jumped up. He started for me and I stabbed wildly at him with the knife. It just grazed his left shoulder as he grabbed my wrist. I dropped the knife. I had to drop it when he twisted my wrist. I could feel his breathing against my neck. I turned and kicked and twisted. Once I got my teeth into his hand and bit as hard and deep as I could bite. He put both arms around me and held my arms to my sides so I couldn't move. He picked me up off my feet and turned me over his knee and spanked me.

He spanked me so hard that in spite of my shut teeth I almost yelled and the tears came to my eyes.

"There," he said, and stood me up on my feet.

I was gasping for breath and blinking to keep back the tears. The knife had cut through his shirt. Blood was oozing down his arm. His hand was bloody too, where I'd bitten him.

"What the devil do you mean?" he asked me. "Here I've picked you out of the Atlantic Ocean just as you were going down for the last time and taken care of you for two or three days in a gale of wind and you want to murder me."

SOMEHOW I got it. Somehow I realized that whatever he was he wasn't the brute I had thought him. Somehow I knew that I was just as safe with him as I wanted to be, no more and no less.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"My name is Bill Forrest," he said quietly, "and I'm an insurance broker in New York."

"But this isn't a yacht," I cried.

"A lot you know about yachts," he said. "Do you think it's any fun to sail on a hundred and fifty foot power cruiser with fifteen servants? I like to get closer to the water. This boat is the Mary Ann of New

Bedford and as able a sloop as they ever turned out at Friendship. She's plain because I have to take care of her myself but she's good."

"I thought—" I began, but I couldn't complete the sentence. I burst into sobs.

He put his arm around me in the tenderest way. I wept on his shoulder. I didn't mean to; but somehow my cheek was against his cheek.

"You little fool," he said tenderly.

I nodded as well as I could with my nose buried in his grey flannel shirt.

I don't know how I knew he was going to kiss me. I only knew I was going to let him. The truth is that when he started to kiss me I put my arm around his neck. I suppose that after what I'd been through, and what I'd been afraid of, every reserve went. Anyway when he had kissed me I knew I'd never really been kissed before. I had been kissed, of course, but not like that and not when I wanted so much to be kissed.

Afterward, when I had told him my name and that I wasn't married and that I would marry him, and how afraid of him I had been, he explained what he had meant when he had asked me what my idea was. He couldn't figure very closely just how far we had come though he had the general direction from the compass. He thought the chances were that we were a hundred miles nearer to Nova Scotia than we were to Maine. Should we head straight west and probably hit Nova Scotia and a fishing village where I might not find any proper clothes, or should we head southwest?

"You see," he said with a grin, "the only clothes you brought with you are those extremely handsome pajamas."

"MY BEST guess," he continued, "is that we could reach Nova Scotia in twenty-four or thirty-six hours if we head northwest. If we head west by south we should reach Maine in three or four, or perhaps five days. We've got enough food and water aboard to last a week, if you can stand being alone with me that long."

I just looked at him. I didn't care if it took a week to get back. I was perfectly happy where I was.

"You darling," he said, and laughed. "I believe you're almost as happy as I am and if there's anything I love more than sailing the Mary Ann it's kissing you."

"I sort of like this boat," I said.

So that's how it happened that Bill Forrest and I didn't reach the Nova Scotia coast but sailed till we reached Maine; and that's how it happened that we weren't able to signal a steamer in spite of being, as the newspapers said, right in the steamer track. As a matter of fact we sighted four steamers in the next five days, but we didn't signal any of them. Why should we?

It was just eight days from the time I was washed overboard from the Wanderer's deck till we tied up at the dock in Portland and discovered that the Wanderer had already got back and reported me lost at sea. On the ninth day we found a minister who seemed pleased to marry us and Bill wired his office in New York that he was taking three more weeks off. On the tenth day we cast off in the Mary Ann and set sail for the south on our honeymoon. And that's why I'm so glad that young Jim Morton was afraid to try to kiss me that last night aboard the Wanderer. Because if he had tried I'd have been just fool enough to let him and I might never have met that best of brutes—Bill.

DID you ever try to be loyal to two conflicting loves at the same time? That was what I tried to do when, as a Doughboy in France, I fell in love with my big chum's girl. You will understand the fight I made when you read, "My Buddy's Mam'selle," in SMART SET for March.

Must Romance End With the Honeymoon?

[Continued from page 45]

moment how impossible it would be for any sane girl to pass her entire life with the sort of creature she had imagined her lover to be. Think of the terrific ordeal of living continually in the presence of undeviating perfection, of straining to be worthy of a demigod!

There came into court one day a young wife desperately sick of her marriage bargain. Her life, she said, was unendurable. She was tired of everything, tired mentally, physically, spiritually and bored with the dull drab existence she was forced to live. All she knew nowadays was work, work and more work. That, she said, was all her husband ever thought of. An overwhelming ambition to pile up success and money obsessed him, leaving no room in his scheme of living for diversion of any sort.

The husband offered no excuses. Industry and thrift, he declared, were not reprehensible. And furthermore, when he courted his wife she had assured him repeatedly that it was the very qualities of which she now complained which had attracted her to him.

She did not deny this. She had been, it seems, a very popular girl, much courted and entertained; and in her social activities she had met chiefly men of a frivolous type, idlers, wastrels, men lacking in the substantial qualities. So when this quiet admirer came along, his very contrast to the others attracted her. She admitted freely that her own illusions had swept her off her feet with dreams of the position she would attain as his wife.

And here was the humorous side of the case. At that time her estimate of his qualities had been purely illusory. He was not nearly as industrious and ambitious as she imagined. Her dreams, in fact, had awakened those dormant qualities, stirring him to action solely to win her approval. And presently he had grown to like the new activity which at first had been a mere pretense.

The trouble in this case was that the girl's dreams for her lover turned out not to be illusions. It was just that her own ideas had changed. This young woman, used to diversion, found that her lover's achievements weren't so desirable when she had to be kept at home evening after evening type-writing his business letters.

SO MUCH for the girl who lets ambition shape her illusions. Her opposite is the business girl, satiated with talk of money, who is attracted by the man careless in these matters, the man who is a wonderful lover, considerate, gracious, generous with the little attentions which tickle a woman's heart. If this girl's estimate of her lover is not, at least in part, an illusion, she will emerge from her honeymoon doubting if existence with a sheik is as entrancing as she thought it would be. Ardor, she will have discovered, is a marital confection, and over indulgence is sure to cause marital indigestion, especially when she learns the unescapable truth that the perfect lover is seldom if ever the perfect provider.

Almost always the girl herself is responsible for her illusions at least in the beginning. It is she who endows her lover with virtues and qualities to which he makes no claims and which certainly no one else would ever discern. And upon these mythical qualities, as upon a ladder, he is to reach the heights of attainment.

The love thoughts of the man take an

entirely different slant. Instead of illusions he has expectations. Even in his amatory flights seldom does he depart entirely from material considerations of one sort or another. He does not invest his sweetheart with the drapery of a goddess or a superwoman. He may believe she is the greatest little girl in the world and discover he is sadly mistaken, or think she loves children, or has a perfect disposition. But he doesn't drug himself into the belief that she is something entirely different from what it is possible for her to be. Illusions of that sort the male applies to himself, the masculine ego being more likely to exalt self than to deify others. That is why the honeymoon may bring him disappointment but seldom disillusionment.

BUT though the girl in the beginning lays the foundation for her impossible illusions, presently her lover may begin to play an unintentional part. Impelled by ardor it is but natural for the enamoured swain to put his best foot forward and try to seem to be what he believes will please her most. Because her illusions indicate the impossible, he finds it necessary to pretend to the impossible. That is why the lovers so often seem utterly ridiculous to the unsympathetic bystander.

The French have a jest that "the honeymoon is only the first skirmish in the lifelong battle known as matrimony." At any rate the honeymoon is the first test, a test followed by an armistice that must be arranged unless the marriage is going to go to smash. Out of the crippled illusions must come a readjustment that cannot be arrived at without considerable travail and sacrifice of self. And the sacrifice will be chiefly the girl's.

The bride, in her courtship and honeymoon has been floating in a world of make-believe. Then comes the cold dawn of disillusionment, like the morning after the masked ball, when, all the glitter faded, Cinderella like, she must return again to the prosaic realities of life.

It stands to reason that a girl brought to earth with a thump after floating around in the clouds is going to be bruised in spots. If she is the right sort of girl the sting will soon wear off, and it doesn't follow at all that she is going to be less happy because those glittering illusions fade out like the final embrace between the lovers in the moving picture. Indeed, as she will come to know later on, that the sooner most of those illusions are punctured, the sooner she will get set on the road to real marital happiness.

Perhaps one of the most prevalent of the illusions which affects the practical minded girl of these times is that her lover is destined to be a leader in his field and, of course, acquire all the rewards of wealth and fame. It is because so many men make an effort to justify this illusion that we have a great many unhappy marriages. The husband, over-ridden by ambition, invariably neglects to pay his wife the attentions that are more important than money and position.

I remember one such wife who continued to suffer in silence because she felt that to complain of her husband's devotion to business would be unfair and disloyal.

He left her alone night after night, so obsessed with his own affairs that he showed no interest whatever in hers. Although he left her entirely to her own resources, she did

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not drift elsewhere for sympathy as so many such wives do. Nor did she complain, because he had encouraged him to embark in this new business project which seemingly devoured all his existence. She fed him praise, smiled when she was on the verge of tears, let him think she approved of everything he was doing.

Then vague, indefinite hints reached her that his nightly absences were not all due to business demands. Presently she knew for a fact that he was dissipating, drinking too much, and spending much time in bad company. Then she challenged him.

He was entirely defiant. He was tired of the whole damned grind, he said; tired of working like a slave to satisfy a greedy wife. She was greedy! He knew it because she always kept driving him. That was how he had interpreted her encouragement. He had sought relief in secret dissipation. And now he was done! And she could do as she pleased. He was going back to his old work and be comfortable.

THE wives of men like this who topple from their pedestals suffer the loss of their illusions, true; but who will say that they do not gain out of all proportion to their loss?

Almost invariably a girl's illusions may be sacrificed without in the least imperilling her marital future because the usual illusion does not have as a basis the real ingredients of marital happiness—love, honor, tolerance, fidelity. Her dreams are based, not on things as they are but upon what her imagination wants them to be. And though it is possible for an illusion to parallel the truth without causing an upset, that is merely an accident of chance.

Hurt pride is the thing that makes the pose of a girl's illusions painful at first. Again and again a long suffering wife has admitted to me in court that she had been ashamed to confess to all her friends and relatives that her boasting was but a bubble and that they had been right. Then, too, in her first discontent, she is apt to overlook that her own viewpoint has shifted, causing not a little of the disappointment. She is disappointed, if she but knew it, not so much at the realities, but at the fact that her illusions, foolish as they now seem, failed of vindication. And so, in the beginning she is apt to think she was cheated by her lover when really she was only fooled by herself.

And presently she will realize this. The only danger lies in the fact that during the throes of readjustment, while her mind is seething in rebellion, outside influences may creep in, planting sinister ideas which she would surely repulse if they came after she had gained her balance and realized the advantages of the real man over the imaginary man she had created.

The saving side to the demi-god's flop back to earth, if the girl is frank enough to admit it, is that she herself can let down. It stands to reason that the girl married to a perfect man must live up to him if she is to retain his respect and love. And living the perfect life is some job from all accounts.

I recall one little woman who, having first met her husband-to-be at a church bazaar, somehow seized the idea that he was very religious. Cupid goading her on she played up this idea and he in order to impress her accepted the role. The usual amatory endless chain followed. She not only made herself believe that she adored him for religious principals but also that she was of a similar bent.

Now as a matter of fact they were just ordinary persons, neither more nor less religious than the rank and file. So it got to be very wearing on them both, after the honeymoon, to feel that they had to be present on the church steps every time the

door opened and to spend all their spare time in church activities, when secretly each was starving for a taste of worldly diversions. But they loved each other lots and they were both good sports; so both suffered in silence, for awhile. But little by little they found themselves bickering on trifling matters.

Then came the explosion. He couldn't stand it any longer. He was even profane in his rebellion.

Of course it was another wife's illusions that proved to be hollow; but I shall never forget the surge of relief with which she confessed that she felt as though she had been relieved of a job of acting a distasteful role in a theater for twenty-four hours every day in the week.

Perfection! That's what goes to pot when the illusions die, his perceptions and, incidentally, hers. And that's what saves the future for the pair. Great historic characters, we know, are made interesting and lovable by their failings and that goes one hundred per cent for husbands and wives. More homes have been wrecked by perfect housewives than by slovens—by righteous men than by the Rip Van Winkles whose own shortcomings at least force them to be tolerant of the slip-ups of others.

To have illusions and then to lose them is the greatest privilege of a woman's life. Indeed, the prospect for her future happiness can almost be measured by the extent of her disillusionment. And this because the illusions of love are beautiful exotic flowers which, taking root in the girl's imagination, are nurtured by love and faith. And because of those very things—love, imagination, faith—after the illusion fades she is able to imbue her husband's more practical qualities with the optimism and hope and confidence that are the true secrets of substantial marital happiness.

The love that cannot survive disillusionment isn't the sort of love that would have lasted anyway, even had the illusions been durable.

And so in this respect the wife's loss of illusion is her ultimate gain. And the woman who boasts that she has suffered no marital disillusionment—if she is telling the truth—is announcing that she has never tasted those heights of love only made possible by the illusion—that flash of imagination that alone in our grey earthly existence gives womankind its taste of Paradise.

Life will never plunder that woman of blissful dreams, it is true. But she will have awakenings, awakenings which deal with material expectations. And the death of her commonplace hopes will find her lacking in the imagination to supply substitute dreams to fill the void which will be left by her disappointments.

Illusions are the myths of wedlock—the fairy wand to touch and gild the humdrum truths of matrimony—the sugar coating to the pill. But they are far from being useless in the scheme of life.

They are, in fact, imagination's spur to lend the needed urge to halting affection—an urge that will bring this man and this woman together for the life voyage, making their interest in each other seem different from all their other affairs of the heart. Illusions gloss over the rough spots, drug the uncertainties and doubts, and blind the lovers to the huge responsibility they are taking on their shoulders. And, but for her illusions, seldom a sane girl would have the optimism and the courage to tie her whole future life blindly to one man—and thus attain for herself the mature contentment that comes with destiny fulfilled.

If most of her illusions proved not to be illusions the bride-to-be would be in a sorry circumstance indeed. It would be time then for the marriage certificate to provide to each embarking pair return coupons, like the stubs on round trip railroad tickets.

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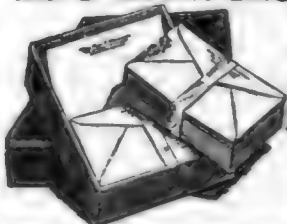
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Have Dreams Hidden Meanings?

[Continued from page 51]

but can't. In your dreams the wish comes true.

Suppose you have a dream in which you seem to have a great many pretty clothes. You are lifting them out of a trunk and showing them to friends who are sitting on the floor around you, lifting their hands in admiration as you hold one pretty dress after another under your chin. Now, see, what the dream-book says about that:

"To dream of clean and new clothes is an excellent omen. To dream that you have a large wardrobe, so many clothes that you do not know what to do with them, is a sign that you may come to want for the necessities of life. Sometimes legal difficulties are threatened."

DREAMS, you see, are supposed to go by contraries, and the dream books never fail to point to the opposite of what you dream. But again we will ask the psychologist, his version of the dream.

He will put you off for awhile, till he can ask you a great many questions about yourself, and a lot more about the dream itself. He will make you identify those persons who were admiring your pretty dresses. Probably he will make you admit that "George" was one of them, and that George is a chap about whom you have secretly been holding rather intimate thoughts. You want to show off before George and the rest of the interpretation is a secret between yourself and the psychologist, or between you and George.

At any rate, the modern dream interpreter starts with certain assumptions about your dreams, even before you tell him what they are. He is quite sure, to begin with, that you dream out what you wanted to have and couldn't get when you were awake. Worse than that, he is also sure, that you dream of having what you wouldn't even dare to want if you were awake, and that you disguise the wish from yourself in your dream, to make it look innocent. So the inquisitive psychologist goes poking into your pretty little dream, and makes harmless looking happenings in them turn out to be some disguise for a wish which is often quite shocking.

For instance, who would suspect what a serious meaning was disguised in so simple a dream as the following?

A young married woman was persuaded by a girl friend to leave the bed-side of her sick husband and take a needed walk. Afterward, she dreamed of this walk as a stroll up Fifth Avenue. They stopped to look at a milliner's window, and she went in and bought a hat.

This dream, when analyzed, proved that the young woman secretly wished that her husband would die, so she could marry a former suitor who was rich!

Far-fetched? No! For, she had looked in a milliner's window on that walk and turned away, because she could not afford to buy a hat. The thought had crossed her mind that if she married the other fellow, she could have all the hats she wanted. Waking conscience made her ashamed of this chance thought, just as it kept her from buying the hat she could not afford, but, in the dream, she did buy the hat, and it was an expensive mourning hat! The mourning was the disguised death—wish!

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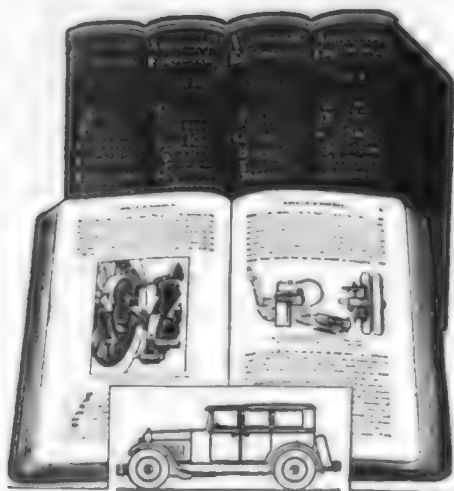
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How insipid the old dream book interpretation of this dream appears after that revealing modern one! Here it is:

"To dream of wearing a new hat denotes a change of home and business, which will be prosperous."

Here is a dream you must have had some time; you find yourself in a public place with no clothes on, or, simply in a single garment which you try to make cover as much territory as possible. You are embarrassed, but other people are not shocked at your appearance.

The Gypsy Queen book says that this dream means trouble and misfortune through your associates; that the attempt to conceal your nudity denotes humiliation as the result of unwise indulgences.

The modern theory says that this dream means that you are actually experiencing trouble and misfortune; that there is something in your life which you are trying to conceal and that you wish you dared to make a clean breast of it. The attitude of the other people in your dream, who are not shocked at your nakedness, stands for the attitude which you would wish them to take about your secret, if they knew it.

Some of the wise men, taking a slightly different view, say that this nakedness dream of yours means merely that you are tired of restrictions, and wish for freedom from conventions. But, analyzing it for you individually, after probing into your secret life, they are likely to embarrass you in respect to what convention you want to throw off.

Do you begin to see the drift in these modern theories? Try them on another dream which you must have had rather often, that of an endless plunge into an abyss. You are afraid of getting hurt, you try to snatch at things on your way down. Before you reach bottom, you wake up, out of breath with fear.

Next morning you look it up in the dream book, and read:

"To dream of falling, augurs loss of a sweetheart. But if you fall and pick yourself up unhurt, it indicates that you are going to move, and experience a change in your circumstances. If, however, you fall and remain where you fell, it means poverty and obscurity in the future."

I wonder if you haven't also frequently enjoyed a pleasant dream which has often come to me, the dream of flying? In this dream, you do not have wings, but you seem to be able to leave the ground and float high over people's heads. You are simply freed of the restrictions of the law of gravity which hold less fortunate persons down to earth. No one seems surprised at your accomplishment, though they all seem to be aware of your having an advantage over them.

If you were to look the dream up in the old dream books, you would find an interpretation like this:

"To dream of flying is a very good omen; providing you fly low. It indicates that you will be promoted to a higher position. To a lover it is a sign that your beloved is true to you. To dream of flying over clear water means much marital happiness."

THE gypsies have a slightly different interpretation. They say:

"To servants, this dream means liberty; to the poor, it is a dream of riches. But to fly high over the earth is fear and danger, as also to fly over houses and over streets and forlorn ways signifies trouble."

Now it happens that this is a favorite dream for the theories of the modern psychologists, but almost all of the leading authorities have a different explanation of its meaning. The same Dr. Freud, who never gets far away from his single explanation for all human actions, says that your flying dream is a sex dream.

Havelock Ellis, the famous English interpreter, says that the flying dream represents a heavenly aspiration, and Corist, another writer, says that it represents a desire to be free of conventionality.

Here is a little explanation of the modern theory of dream interpretation which will help you, if you wish to study your own dreams in a really scientific way. I may exaggerate a little, to make the idea clear and dramatic, without dragging in a lot of terms which the old gentlemen in spectacles use to make it sound complicated; but the thought is there.

All through the night, a battle goes on in your dreams. The forces of your personality stand at grips on two sides of a fight that never ends to your dying day. The unconscious mind never sleeps, so, no matter how little you may remember in the morning, you dream all the time. And every dream is a conflict between your two selves:

ONE side stands the You which the world sees, the You which your conscience persuades you to be, or the You which hard necessity and painful experience force you to be. This is the Public You.

On the other side stands the real You, the You which nature made you at birth, the You of all your ancestors, the ambitious You, the proud You, the cruel You, the You of sensual physical appetites, and desires. This is the secret, the Private You.

During the day, the secret, or Private You tries to assert itself, and is generally beaten by the Public You. You are afraid of the madcap irresponsible You that gets you into trouble; so you run away, and lose it around the corner. You are ashamed of the cruel, sensual, wolfish You; so you muzzle and chain it, and drive it back to its lair.

But at night, it asserts itself again, and the fight is renewed, with the advantage on the other side. The Secret You wins! What you dream at night is a revelation of all that your selfish appetites would make you if you did not control them.

The revelation, however, is clouded. The Secret You wins only by putting on disguises, like the wolf in "Little Red Riding Hood." He dresses up in fancy clothes to look harmless, and get by the Public You, which, even in your sleep, is more or less on guard.

You may want to quit your dinky, pesky, nagging job, under a fault-finding boss, and go off on a lark, but conscience won't hear of it, because you have your mother to support.

So you dream of flying! Just floating over everybody's heads, and having a grand time!

Or you dream of swimming! Splashing out in fine free strokes into a sunlit, tropical sea.

Flying and swimming in these dreams are disguises for the wishes of the Secret You, which the Public You has opposed.

Freud calls this Public You, which stands guard over your sleep, the censor. He is like the moving picture censors who do strange things to the films, so that it is sometimes hard to understand what they mean. The process of disguising the wishes to get them by the Censor is called the dream work, and the fancy dresses it puts on are called the dream symbols.

Now, let us try out the theory on a dream of yours. You tell me the following dream you had last night:

"I went to a road-house for dinner with my sweetheart, Frank, and while there we saw Katherine Miller at another table. Later she seemed to be leading the orchestra while we were dancing, and the music was hard to keep step to. On the way home in Frank's new Packard car, a storm came up, and lightning struck the car and burned

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it up. Neither of us seemed to have been hurt."

I question you a little and find out several pertinent facts. Katherine Miller is the "other woman," in your case. You are jealous of her. Frank hasn't a Packard, but a Ford, and you are rather ashamed to go out in a small, cheap car, even with your sweetheart. The other night, when you made some excuse not to go out with him in his car, he took Katherine instead, and you learned later that he took her to a road-house and danced with her.

Now, I see the whole dream clearly. You wish that Frank had a sportier car, hence the Packard. But you also wish that the Ford would burn up, so he couldn't take Katherine out to dances in it. Her leading the orchestra and spoiling your dance with Frank represents your dream picture of her rivalry with you.

Of course, even in a dream, you would not be so heartless as to destroy Frank's little car yourself, so you picture it is an act of God, a bolt of lightning. Thus, the wish of the secret, jealous You, is disguised to make it acceptable to the censorious Public You.

Thus we have a theory and an example of how the modern psychologist interprets your dreams. Looking at it one way it is rather disappointing to think of your dreams as a substitute for satisfactions which are too unworthy to be acknowledged even in the unreal world of sleep. It may seem like a rather ugly theory, especially when we take Dr. Freud's view that the desires which get the upper hand in this way are almost without exception sexual desires.

But there is another way to look at the theory. It is really based upon a profound understanding of the human soul, and it reveals in a most beautiful way how good and evil battle in our hearts for the upper hand and how the good gradually triumphs, as the discipline of life shapes us into more social human beings.

When you were very young, you were pretty selfish; you cried, kicked, and rolled on the floor, if you couldn't have what you wanted. Sometimes, you sneaked into the pantry and stole cookies. You slapped baby sister, when no one was looking. You peeked at things you weren't expected to see. You broke a tea-cup, and fibbed about it. You rehearsed "bad words" with other children.

NOW, of course, you aren't a bit like that! Outwardly you are a different person altogether. You have been reshaped by life.

First your parents spanked and scolded and deprived you of the things you wanted, to make you behave. Then you went to school, where teacher made you sit still and not whisper, and where your school mates had their own way of cutting short your selfish impulses. Later, to capture the sweetheart you desired, or to get the pleasant things you coveted, you had to pretend to be nicer than you really were.

Finally, when you were quite grown up, you felt the whole force of public opinion, of religion, of neighborhood gossip, of moral lessons in books and newspapers. You came in time to act like the person which you felt it was proper for you to be. You were a new person, the Public You, which I referred to before.

Now, do you suppose for a minute that you have killed off that first eager, natural egotist which you were at the start? Never! The more you tread upon him, in public, the more he appears in your dreams.

Ernest Jones says: "Without social pressure, the individual would probably remain a selfish, jealous, impulsive, aggressive, immodest, cruel, egocentric and conceited animal, inconsiderate of the needs of others."



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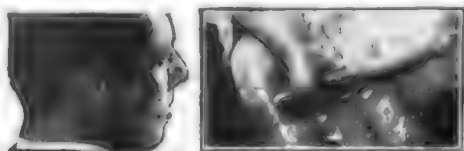
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and unmindful of the complicated social and ethical standards that go to make up a civilized society.

Whew! That's a cuff on the ear! But isn't it generally true? Bless me, lots of people are like that anyway, in spite of social pressure.

But you have become disciplined and in your dreams, when the forbidden wishes try to make themselves felt, they are allowed to express themselves only in symbols.

Here is one more example of the way the dream disguises a wish of which the person disciplined by life would not approve:

Howard Temple is a martyr husband. Shortly after marriage, his wife became an invalid, and as years went on, she became progressively worse, till, now, when he is thirty-eight years old, his wife is bedfast. For some time, he has done his own work and most of the house-work, but at last he is forced to send for his wife's young sister to come keep house for him. Howard hasn't seen Gracia since she was a little girl, and now he finds her a beautiful young person of twenty, with a fine color and a happy disposition.

LOYAL as he is to his patiently suffering wife, Howard is shocked to find himself growing interested in the healthy young woman who has come into the household. He strives to put his interest out of mind, as a thing to be ashamed of, and fairly well succeeds, in his waking hours. But in his dreams, he has a phantasy like this:

He finds himself left in a tower to guard a chest full of treasure, ancient gold coins, tapestries which are beginning to crumble into dust, jewels that are losing their luster, save as he brings them to life by vigorously polishing them. He notices that he has been locked in the tower, alone with the treasure. He is hungry and thirsty, but he cannot get out to refresh himself. From the window of the tower he looks down upon a beautiful orchard, the trees of which are weighted down with glorious ripe apples. But he cannot get to them, and as no one seems to be coming to pick the apples, he is starving in the very sight of food going to waste. At last a young woman comes in to pluck the apples but the task seems to be too much for her alone, and he calls to her that he wants to come help. She tells him that the bars in the window are loose, and that if he removes them, he can climb down. He does so, and they pick the apples.

There is no need of interpreting this dream. In view of the facts in the case, it interprets itself. The disguises in which his wishes are cloaked are a tribute to his rectitude in the face of his situation.

In the old days, a frankly sinful dream was considered an indication of sinful waking thoughts, which, doubtless it was. What is more, it was considered a thing for which the dreamer should do penance.

Nowadays, we do not blame people for their dreams, whether frankly sinful or disguised in symbols of innocence. If you have trampled upon your real desires in order to make your conduct socially acceptable, you can only be congratulated.

And, if that were the end of it, there would be no occasion for probing into your dreams to see what they mean. There are occasions, though, when it becomes highly useful to analyze your dreams, and to lift out of your sleep the delicate lacry of quaint fancies, translate them into actual

terms, and so find out what suppressed wishes you are entertaining.

Suppose, for instance, that your waking life isn't contented. Suppose that the battle between the Public You and the Secret You isn't going well in real life. Perhaps you are too unselfish; you may be unduly sacrificing your proper desires to please a relative, or to appease meddling gossip, or to placate a tyrannous boss. If so, you will be fretful, nervous, hysterical, eventually even insane. And you may not realize what is gnawing at your heart.

Then, you will need some one to tell what is the matter, and help you make the best adjustment possible. That is the job of the psycho-analyst. His first task is to find out what ails you, and when you cannot tell him the whole story, he studies your dreams, because they reveal more of your real wishes and ambitions and fears than you consciously know about yourself.

If only he can translate the symbols in which your dreams disguise themselves, he can be of help. But sometimes it takes many days to trace the deeply repressed wish. It may go clear back to childhood, it may be something which you now no longer desire, but it keeps nagging at you because it has never been satisfied, and goes on repeating itself in strange symbols.

One big help to him lies in the fact that however much your dream may change symbols to fool the censor, the suppressed wish remains the same, and in the long run the dreams will point to it.

While any one of your dreams may baffle you in your effort to discover what gnawing wish produced it, yet the same wish keeps on producing dreams, and if you set them down, twenty or thirty of them all together, you can usually see a clear meaning in them.

There is another thing which helps the dream analyst. It has been discovered that certain dream symbols are likely to mean the same thing to almost any dreamer. In this respect the old gypsy or witch dream books had science on their side. Here are some of the symbols which psycho-analysts have learned to suspect as meaning quite definite things universally:

The concept of the body is often represented by a house.

Father and mother, when they are still recognized as authority, frequently appear as king and queen, judges, teachers or other persons we are afraid of.

Birth is symbolized by diving into the water, rescuing some one from it, or climbing up out of it.

Death appears as any terrifying vision or simply as taking a journey, according as one views it when awake.

Sexual symbols are fairly universal. The male sex is represented by sticks, umbrellas, knives, fountains, or animals such as reptiles and fishes. The female sex is represented by pits, trunks, boxes, pockets and ships.

With these hints of how to interpret the meaning of dreams, I leave you to study your own. Remember, the modern idea is that the dream is the key to your secret soul. If you really want to know yourself, don't neglect your dreams.

To some extent, your life is what you make it, but fate, too, plays her part. The dream is the great revealer of what you feel about your present fate, and what you want to make your life in the future. In a way, the old dream books were right, in your dreams you can read your future.

WERE you ever so desperate that you clutched like a drowning man at so frail a thing as a straw? I am just that desperate. I do not know how to reach the man I love in any other way than by publishing my letter to him in the March issue of SMART SET. I live in the hope that he will see it and realize that it is I who am pleading "Won't You Come Back to Me?"

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My Own Arabian Night

[Continued from page 55]

tell me about it. That's why I asked you to come here."

"He mentioned that I was with a lady, didn't he sir?" I asked.

"Yes, that is, he suggested that perhaps you'd been a trifle indiscreet."

I rose and walked over to him.

"Dr. Christian, may I resign?"

For a moment he seemed at a loss for words, then said quietly:

"Don't you think we'd better discuss it first?"

"There's nothing in what I did this afternoon I'm ashamed of. A lady was in trouble with her automobile. I helped her. Anyone else would have done the same. Her chauffeur was too frightened to drive the car, so I drove her home. Can you tell me in what way I was indiscreet?"

"Well," Dr. Christian smiled, "certainly that doesn't sound very serious, does it? Still, didn't you come past the college, or near the college? He mentioned, I think that some of the Turkish students saw you."

"But there was nothing to see. I was in the front seat, driving the car. The lady was in the rear, by herself."

"My dear boy, the lady in question happens to be quite well known. Her reputation is not quite what it should be."

"I heard that from Dr. Abbott," I flung out bitterly, "and I must insist that, as far as I can judge, it's rather damnable hearsay. To me she was charming, cultured, witty, even brilliant. I hope you won't be shocked, Dr. Christian, when I tell you it was the first good time I've had since I came out here."

His face grew a shade sterner.

"Did you come out to Syria only for a good time?"

"Of course not. I came out here to do my work as physical director, and I hope it has been satisfactory."

"Most satisfactory, so good in fact that we want to do everything possible to keep you with us. I'm sorry you haven't enjoyed yourself. Enjoyment depends largely on a person's tastes."

There was a touch of irony in his tone.

"You say the woman attracted you by her wit, brilliance and charm. I've rarely found more charming girls than we have right here in our colony. Surely, you won't find it necessary to go outside?"

I INWARDLY groaned, knowing what was coming.

"Everyone finds it trying to change surroundings. I know something of the trial you are going through. It's very hard, when you are young and vigorous and clean-minded, not to do very much as you please, so long as what you do is compatible with conscience, but you must remember that you occupy a very conspicuous and important position. What may seem right to you is sometimes entirely misjudged and pronounced wrong by the students. Now, my boy, we'll say nothing more about what happened this afternoon. I'm sure you felt you were doing the manly thing, only please be a little more careful of the reputation of the college in the future. Meanwhile, I will see what I can do about introducing you to some charming girls."

That last was too much. I had been in the Near East long enough to see what happened when you were introduced to one of the unattractive spinsters engaged in missionary work. No matter how platonic your attitude, let the colony see you with

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one of their pets and your doom was sealed, your engagement to her was forced. By subtle innuendo, with adroit purpose, your names were linked together. You were invited to the same functions together. You were left alone together. Gossip and loneliness did the rest.

"You won't accept my resignation then?"
Dr. Christian dismissed the idea with a wave of the hand.

"Of course not, my dear boy. Just now, seeing your indiscretion of this afternoon in its true light, you are a little bit morbid. Forget all that!"

With slightly exaggerated affection, he rose and put his arm about my shoulders, leading me to the door.

"Come to dinner some night with Mrs. Christian and me. Simple fare, but the way she cooks it makes all the difference. You will be at prayer-meeting to-night?"

"I'm afraid not—you see—" I stammered.

"Ah, well," a cloud passed over his face, "you have your work, no doubt. Good-night."

I felt a savage desire to curse as I left the house and walked across the darkened campus toward my dormitory. Far from feeling repentant, I was more rebellious than ever. The calm reasoning of Dr. Christian had utterly failed to quench the sullen revolt that brewed within me. The students had seen me driving the automobile of Madame Marika Karminoff. No matter what you did, if the students thought it wrong, it was wrong. Why talk in superior tones of leadership when the whole teaching staff followed the judgment of the students like blind sheep. They were the teachers, not we.

The jangling bells of my dormitory, announcing evening inspection, interrupted my thoughts but only increased my depression. I made my rounds hurriedly, taking a rather brutal pleasure in boxing the ears of two young Egyptians whom I caught breaking rules. Without waiting the usual half-hour, I rang the last bell and went to my room.

INSTEAD of lighting the lamp, I crossed the bare, tiled floor to the window overlooking the Mediterranean and knelt down. Outside, the moon was rising, washing the white roofs and green olive trees with murky half-light. The seductive velvet of the night plucked at my imagination; stirred strange responsive chords within me. The chapel clock boomed the half-hour. I saw an interminable succession of days ahead, each one the replica of its fellows in stupid unmeaningness, and I had signed up for three years. Three years taken from my life and dedicated to these super-critical heathen. At the end of three years, I too would probably have a wife, taken from among the available specimens, some dowdy female I would be ashamed to take back home but whom I would marry to save myself from worse things. After that, a child every year or two, the gradual sloughing-off of all ambition; fixed for life in a foreign land, leading the placid, vapid lives of these other animated mummies.

With a sneer at my own self-pity, I rose quickly and lighted the lamp, intending to read. I pulled a card from my pocket and glanced at the writing on it:

Madame Marika Karminoff
Second turning from the port.
No. 15.

As I stood there, with the card in my hand, I seemed to see her as she had been that afternoon. For a moment I stood there undecided, then moved to a big clothes-press and took down a dark-blue suit and cap, not much of a disguise, to be sure, but I was through with disguises. Feverishly, I threw off my white flannels.

When I was ready, I took a last look at

myself in the mirror, blew out the light and started for the door. Then I remembered the streets close to the port were notoriously unsafe. I walked to my desk and took out a small revolver, then, quietly closed and locked my door and tiptoed down the long, hall-way into the night. I looked around to assure myself that there were no observers, then struck across the campus to the small gate used by the professors.

STANDING in the shadow on the other side of the gate, Dr. Abbott was taking the last few puffs of a forbidden cigar, which he hid behind him until he recognized me.

"You, Bowman?"

"Yes."

I could have cried for the bad luck in meeting him.

"Going for a walk?"

"Yes."

I felt that he expected me to invite him to go along. He knew I was up to something but I didn't care. Without another word I turned on my heel and marched in the direction of the city.

"You 'ave come. I am so 'appy."

Marika came forward, her hands outstretched. The soft, clinging Parisian gown revealed more than it concealed. She gave a warm pressure to my hand as she seated herself beside me.

"I was afraid you wouldn't see me," I began. "I forgot that you told me to let you know before I called."

"You should 'ave told me this afternoon, but no matter. If you 'ad not come I should 'ave been mos', wot you call, an' grry."

She clapped her hands together sharply and, at once, a negro in white flowing robes appeared. She gave staccato orders in Arabic; the negro bowed and withdrew.

"Now," she said, turning to me and unbuttoning my blue-serve coat, "you must take off these coat. I like you much better as you were this afternoon. These blue, eet is nice, but it is ogly. W'y for you do not come to see me in evening dress? You 'ave evening dress, n'est ce pas?"

"I have," I laughed, delighted at her motherly scolding, "but I had no idea it was the thing to wear. I couldn't have worn them anyway without an awful risk. It's only by breaking the ten commandments and braving the devil himself that I'm here at all."

"Risk?" she asked, a troubled look in her eyes. "You should not 'ave come here? Wot you mean? You are married-man?"

"God forbid."

"Then, wot you mean?"

"I belong to the missionary college up on the cliff."

For a moment, she gazed at me, her eyes wide in horrified astonishment, then she threw back her head and burst into gales of laughter.

"Oh, mon Dieu! That you should be one of those—those funny mens of the college."

"What did you think I was?"

I was slightly nettled, yet enjoyed her gaiety.

"I did not know, traveller, per'aps. You 'ave not the look of them. You are friendly. They are sour and ogly."

She put her hand on my arm with a little gesture of affection lest I should be offended. The servant returned, his arms loaded with gay-colored silks. Marika rose and went to meet him, relieving him of his burden.

"Now," she turned to me, holding up a garment of heavy, blue silk encrusted with gold-thread. "off with the coat!"

Blushing, half-ashamed, yet exquisitely happy, I rose to obey.

"The collar, eet is terrible," Marika continued. "We will dress you like Arab."

She regarded me quizzically, her head on one side.



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"I will let you keep on the pantaloons, but the ugly boots must be thrown away, queek!"

"Don't throw them where I can't find them," I said. As I tied the sash into place, I reached down into the pocket of my coat and pulled forth the revolver. Marika saw it and came over to me, her face losing a shade of color.

"For why you bring that?"

"In case anyone should try to hold me up in the street. You don't live in a very safe part of town, you know."

"I do not like it. Put it away!"

"Where?"

Marika turned her head and put her hands over her eyes.

"Any place where I do not see. It frighten me."

I walked over to a pile of cushions on the floor and hid the gun beneath one of them.

Her good humor returned like the sun coming out of a cloud. With laughter in her voice, she pointed to my feet.

"The shoes, the shoes 'ave I not tol' you? Put on the slippers."

While I sat down, struggling with the laces of my shoes, she picked up a roll of thick, yellow satin and wound it into a turban, fastening the end with an emerald pin from her own bodice. I reached for the gaudy, pink-tufted slippers with clumsy, fumbling fingers and drew them on my feet. As I stood up, Marika clapped her hands with delight.

"But, you are handsome! You are wonderful!"

Impulsively, she ran over to me and kissed me full on the mouth. Before she could escape, I had her in my arms. For a breath-taking moment, she stayed, then struggled free. Slowly, she rubbed her lips on the back of her hand. Her face was flushed; her eyes were dead. When she spoke, it was with a catch of the breath.

"You should not 'ave done that. I do not like eet."

I fought to overcome the unaccountable trembling of my body.

"I'm terribly sorry. I didn't quite know what I was doing. I only knew you were close to me and so beautiful!"

Just then the servant who had brought the garments I was wearing came in and spoke quickly in Arabic to Marika. His eyes shone with excitement. Marika whirled at the sound of his voice. She asked several questions in a hushed, tense voice. His answers came in the same tone. I had the sickening idea it might be someone from the college until I caught the word "Pasha."

"You mus' not be seen 'ere!" Marika turned to me with nervous frenzy, snatching my coat from the low divan and pushing it into my hands. "Queek, your shoes, get them!"

"Where shall I go?"

"I will show you."

I knew I mustn't be seen, but I hated this summary busting off. The thought of other men coming to see Marika roused a jealous antagonism in me. A flash of suspicion linked the unexpected visitors with something that had been scratching at the back-door of my mind.

SHE took my hand and pulled me to a curtained doorway leading from the main salon.

"Stay there!" she cautioned, closing the sliding doors. "Make no noise! I will come to you when they are gone."

I dropped my coat and shoes on a fragile, silvered chair and surveyed my hiding-place. It was an exquisite boudoir, done in blue and silver. The salon had been exotically Turkish; this chamber was intimately French, the bed-room of a princess.

I heard voices in the next room. Although Marika had pulled together the folding

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doors, there was a crevice down the center through which I could watch nearly everything that passed. Three Turks were there, all in evening dress. The youngest: tall and handsome, a black moustache only emphasizing a cruel, petulant mouth, was treated with special deference by the other two—a grey-bearded man, with puffy, sensual eyes and an obese man of forty-odd, with yellow, pock-marked features and no chin. Marika, herself, paid lavish court to the young man, trying with all her pretty ways to coax a smile from him, without success. He seemed bored to the point of utter misery. The conversation was entirely in Arabic, which I could not follow.

A quick access of revulsion made me cross to the window and look out. No escape that way! It was a drop of sixty feet to the court below. In turning, I caught sight of myself in the mirror. For a moment, I was startled by the garish figure, with its brilliant, yellow turban and bizarre clothes. Disgustedly, I started to unpin the head-dress but stopped, realizing that my assumed trappings might save me from identification.

THE conversation in the next room had died away. I slipped to the door and peered through, ready to make my escape if the coast was clear. Only two were in there—Marika sat next to the tall youth, speaking in low tones, pleading with him. She spoke in French.

"You will not be so cruel; she is a child, so frightened, you must not."

With a burst of cold fury, the youth silenced her. He spoke crisply, incisively, giving orders. Marika slowly rose, her face white, her eyes staring. She shrugged her shoulders in a helpless gesture and clapped her hands. When the negro came in response, the young man rose from the divan and followed him from the room. Marika watched him go, her hands clenched at her sides. I opened the door and stepped out.

"Can I get out of here?"

She whirled at the sound of my voice.

"No—no. Go back! You mus' not come out yet!"

"I can make it if you'll help me off with these things."

"Go back! Go back!" Marika begged.

A shrill scream came from down the hall, followed by the sound of a scuffle and the convulsive, awful sobs of a girl.

"What's that?" I asked.

"You can do nothing," Marika whispered. "It is—"

Another scream came from the hallway, this time muffled. A young girl burst into the room, her eyes wild with terror. Her hair streamed over her face. Her silk negligee was torn. There were red finger-marks on her arms and throat and a bloody scratch at the corner of her twitching mouth. She threw herself on the floor at my feet, grasping my knees.

Through the same door came the tall, young Turk, coatless, his face working with rage. A handkerchief was wrapped around one hand. He stopped short, seeing me, then came forward into the room. He shot a question to me in Arabic but when I did not respond he tried French.

"Who are you?"

"American."

"What are you doing here?"

I looked down at the girl clutching my knees.

"Taking care of this girl, just now."

Anger shot into his eyes.

"Ahmed!" he called.

The negro servant came to the door, followed immediately by another huge black. The Turk gave an order and, before I could move, before I could unclasp the girl's grip they came for me. I smashed out with both fists, hitting one negro so hard I felt my right hand go numb. The other negro

leaped on top of me, clawing for my throat. I stumbled and fell backward, hitting my head against the floor but I was saved from serious hurt by the turban. I fought silently but savagely to keep those black paws from my throat. I wriggled and squirmed, trying to slip into a certain position. I saw the Turk aim a vicious kick at my head. I jerked to one side, bunched my shoulders, lifted my knees and threw my legs up and back. I turned a complete somersault and came down on top of the negro.

There was no time for careful fighting. The odds were too much against me. With my good hand, I pressed my thumb into the negro's eye-ball. He screamed and loosed his hold. I freed myself and scrambled to the corner where my pistol lay. The doorway was filled with terrified girls. A whistle sounded outside. I saw the Turk raise a chair above his head. I dived for his knees and we both went down. Others were ready but I dodged them, threw myself into the corner, and felt frantically under the pillows until my fingers gripped the pistol I had hidden, then I whirled.

"Now the whole pack of you get back!"

Marika ran toward me but the sight of her only angered me.

"You too! Get back with the rest!"

"Queek!—Run!" Marika commanded.

"The police—you mus' go away!"

"I won't leave that girl here."

"Take her with you, only go! You 'ave 'urted Khalid Pasha. You will be killed. Go! Go now!"

"How?"

"This way."

Her voice shook but otherwise she was in control of herself. She half-dragged the terrified girl into the boudoir, threw a heavy, sable coat over her then pushed aside the gowns in the cabinet and wrenched open a small door at the back.

"No one know about theese door," she said excitedly. "It leads to the port. You cannot miss the way. Queek!"

"Come with us," I begged, as the girl disappeared through the aperture. "Please come with us."

Marika managed a smile.

"No, no. I mus' stay 'ere."

"But they'll murder you for this."

She crushed a kiss on my lips and pushed me into the cabinet. The door slammed in my face and I heard the key turn in the lock.

What to do? That was the question that demoralized me after we had climbed into a cab we had found at the port. To take the girl to a hotel at that time of night and in her condition was out of the question; besides, she would still be at the mercy of Khalid Pasha and his police. Take her to the college? I couldn't bring myself to face it. It meant explaining where I'd been, facing an inquisition that would do credit to the Spanish, with certain banishment and disgrace at the end. We drove along the sea-drive at a lumbering jog-trot, while the girl crouched in the dark corner of the vehicle and I sat bolt up-right, trying to plan what to do.

"HAVE you anyone in town you know?"

I asked, in French.

"No."

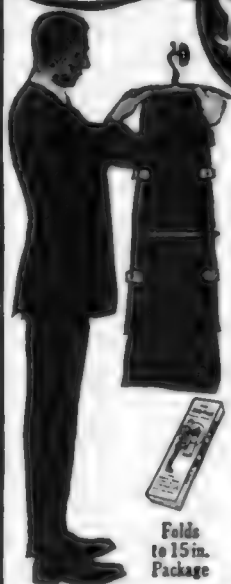
"Where do you live?"

"I don't know."

I thought she hadn't understood my question. When I repeated it, she explained that she was an orphan, raised in the French school for girls at Constantinople. They had sent her to an uncle at Aleppo, who had formerly paid for her education, but, when she had arrived there, she found the uncle had died months before. She was confused, alone, almost penniless, when a Turkish official had offered to pay her way back to the school in Constantinople.

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who would board the boat at Kieff. The man had told her to come with him, to have her pass-port looked over. She had been taken to the house at No. 15 and locked in a room. No unusual story, one that is told almost daily in the Orient—but it complicated my problem. To make it worse, the telling of her story brought on a flood of tears.

"Don't worry!" I said, leaning close to her. "You're perfectly safe now."

Before I knew it, her small, bare arms were around my neck and her head on my shoulder.

"Oh, I know it. When you said you were American, I knew it. When you fought them, I knew it. But, what am I to do?"

I petted her clumsily, trying my best to soothe her.

"If I get you the money to carry you back to the college in Constantinople—"

"But—I am not sure they would take me b-back. At the last, they did not like that I should stay there with no money to pay for me."

I KNEW the terror she felt. I, too, had lost my parents when I was a little shaver of twelve and never would forget the despair that filled me when I realized I was alone in the world. But I had had aunts and uncles; grandfather and grandmother. This girl was entirely alone and beautiful. Just how beautiful I had not really noticed until we drove past an arc light and she turned her flower-like face with its tear-dimmed eyes to mine. A smile quivered for an instant at the corners of her mouth and the arms around my neck tightened. The fact that she put her whole trust and confidence in me, warmed me like wine. I smiled back. What difference did it make what happened to me, so long as this child was safe?

I called to the driver.

The college, of course. It was the only place where she would be safely taken care of.

"Don't worry!" I smiled into those upturned eyes. "I'll take you to a place where you will be as safe as if you were in the house of your own father."

She smiled back and the head, with its wealth of wavy, brown hair nestled more deeply into my shoulder. As the driver turned his horses toward the city, her eyelids closed and, by the time we reached the stone gates of the college, she was asleep. I waked her gently. At first, she was startled, but when she saw me, she smiled. There was some delay as the gates were being opened by the sleepy Arab gateman, then, hand in hand, we walked across the graveled quadrangle to the president's house. With sinking heart, I noticed the windows of the ground floor were ablaze with light. That could only mean my absence had been discovered.

As we reached the porch, I turned to her.

"You'd better wait here until I can explain."

She nodded and crouched down on the steps, the sable coat pulled up around her face. She looked so little I reached down and patted her shoulder after I had rung the bell. She clasped my hand and pressed it to her lips. There was something in the gesture that went right to my heart. I leaned over and our lips met just as the door behind me was thrown open. Dr. Thorne, the dean, gaped with astonishment when he saw me.

"You, Bowman?"

"Good evening, sir. Is Dr. Christian there?"

"The entire faculty is in there?"

The library door stood open. I could hear the buzz of many voices.

"On your account," Dr. Thorne added.

"I see."

I walked to the library door and stepped



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inside. Everyone stopped talking and stared. They slowly took in my outlandish costume; my blood-smear face. Dr. Christian broke the silence.

"Is it you, Bowman?" He was terribly serious. "I'm glad you've returned."

"If you'll excuse me, sir," I said. "I'd like to speak to you alone."

"Whatever you have to say may be said here."

"I'm afraid this can't. There's a girl outside!"

The silence of that crowded room was deafening. Mouths opened in astonishment and horror. I clenched my fists and went on:

"She's not dressed very warmly. May she come inside?"

The president's face was an enigma.

"Who is this girl?"

"She's a French girl, an orphan."

"Where did you find her?"

I looked around the circle feeling an unaccountable desire to smile.

"I found her in the house of Madame Marika Karminoff, No. 15. The girl was taken off a boat in the harbor this afternoon."

"And what were you doing in such a place, Bowman?"

"I wish you'd bring the girl inside, first, Dr. Christian."

He nodded.

"Just go outside, Thorne, and have the girl step into the hall!"

When the dean had left, the president said: "Now, Bowman."

"I went down there to call on the woman whose car I drove this afternoon. She asked me to call and I wanted to. I shouldn't have gone, but I did. I didn't believe what people thought about her. I didn't know what kind of a place it was but I don't suppose you'll believe that."

I looked around at the intolerant, stoney faces. Not one there but who had prejudged and damned me.

Professor Reid, the wizened teacher of mathematics, rose.

"Dr. Christian, need this go further? This meeting was called because Dr. Abbott saw Bowman sneaking out of the grounds and suspected he was up to mischief. Bowman admits visiting a disreputable place. He has even brought one of his paramours to this college. Such conduct on the part of a teacher cannot be punished severely enough. I, personally, hope you disgrace him as he has disgraced the college."

HE GLARED at me and the nodding heads and gleaming eyes showed that he voiced the sentiments of all except Dr. Christian. The president passed his hand wearily over his eyes.

"I quite agree," he said in a low voice, "that nothing more remains to be done this evening. You will please leave this case in my hands. I bid you all good-night."

The circle hesitated a moment, disappointed that they could not be in on the kill, then, one by one, they rose and made for the door.

"Just a moment, gentlemen," Dr. Christian called. "I need not remind you that everything passing here to-night is entirely between ourselves. There has been a distressing habit of gossip and comment following some of our meetings in the past. I shall be very severe if any of you discuss this meeting, even with your wives."

When they had gone, he sat for some moments staring at a pencil he held in his hand.

"Bowman, I don't think you made out a very good case for yourself. Will you bring that girl in here?"

Evelyn, for that was her name, looked up at me with frightened eyes when I went out for her. She had seen the grim disapproval on the faces of the professors as

they passed her in the hall. I squeezed her hand and managed a smile.

"Everything's all right," I whispered.

On entering the library, she hesitated about coming forward, but when she saw the kindly expression on the face of the tall man standing behind the desk, she lost all shyness. With but few questions, she told her story, the same she had told me, until she came to the part I had played. Then, her voice trembled; her eyes misted with tears and I saw the face of the president relax. When she had finished, he bade me wait and led the girl to Mrs. Christian. There were tears in his eyes when he returned.

"A beautiful girl, beautiful," Mrs. Christian and I lost one of ours who would have been about her age. It is almost as if she had returned to us. Let's see, where were we? Oh, yes!"

His face grew serious again. He came over and gripped my shoulders with his great, strong hands.

"You are not happy with us, are you, son?"

A LUMP suddenly developed in my throat. I shook my head.

"You asked to resign this evening and I, very foolishly, mistook the danger signal for mere home-sickness. I was a sailor before I became a missionary, Bowman, and I've fought out every desire, good and bad. Sometimes I won and sometimes I lost, but there was no punishment nor reward, except in my own conscience. Some of these men, here tonight, when they heard where you'd gone, wanted to follow you; root you out; publicly disgrace you. I knew you'd come back, with a lesson. Even now, the ungenerous ones, and I'm afraid they are in the majority, want you sent back to America, dishonored. That shan't be! I've been through it all and I know it's a tough pull, a mighty tough pull. Do you want to go home?"

"I can't very well now, sir."

"I have told you there will be no disgrace, no dishonor attached to your dismissal."

"I wasn't thinking of that," I answered. "But that girl; she has no one. Someone has to look out for her."

"My dear boy," Dr. Christian smiled, "you know she will find a home in our house and our hearts until we can decide what is the best for her to do."

"You mean she's going to stay here?"

"Certainly."

"Then I'd like to stay too," I said, and at the gleam in Dr. Christian's eyes I felt myself blushing. "You see, Dr. Christian, I promised to look after her. I'd hate to think that Dr. Reid and those others might make it unpleasant for her, knowing where I found her."

"Leave them to me, my boy. Their bark is much more annoying than their bite. What I approve of, they approve of, and I will let it be known that I approve of your conduct to-night, entirely. I don't know what drove you to visit that place to-night, a missionary teacher in a place like that is unthinkable—"

He rubbed a great, hairy hand across his eyes, but when he withdrew it, he was smiling.

"Yet, if you hadn't been there, nothing could have saved that sweet girl up-stairs. Not a chance in the world for her, unless you came. Not a chance. The way of the Lord passeth all understanding."

He took me to the door and there was real affection this time in the arm thrown over my shoulder.

"You'll visit Mrs. Christian and me more often now, won't you, Bowman?"

There was a hint of laughter in his voice. "No sooner than tomorrow, sir," I replied.

He Tempted Me

[Continued from page 24]

Kate was engaged to a bank clerk and there was some idea that his brother wanted to be engaged to me, but at that time I hadn't any idea of settling down. I was far too happy. I liked my job and I liked my home. I went to plenty of dances and theaters and my escorts would bring me back in a taxi and say good-night at the gate just under the two big trees. It seems impossible that it's only two years since all this happened. Sometimes I ask myself if I'm sorry that I ever met him, but it doesn't take long for me to get rid of the idea, for I know, that there's only one man in all the world for me, poor silly little Eve, who can never marry her Adam.

I MET Laurance Greenwood at the home of Kate's fiancé. He was a professor, and I had the surprise of my life when I met him. He went in for biology, which of course, sounds rather stuffy, and when I heard he used to lecture to hundreds of students I was almost bewildered. He was so different from my idea of a professor. He isn't very tall nor regularly handsome, but when he looks at you he blots every other man out of your mind. He has a sudden and most radiant smile, and a trick of throwing up his head and shaking back his mane of fine, dark hair.

I was feeling a bit mopey that spring evening but I woke up all right when I met his eyes across the room. It was as though an electric current ran straight from his eyes to mine, those strange eyes which change from blue to black while you are watching them.

Oh! I wish I had known from the first that he was married. Life would have been very different.

I was used to men liking me, but somehow Laurie was quite different. When he spoke to me I found myself trembling. I asked Kate if I had been foolish; if I'd looked plain. She told me not to be silly, that I'd never looked prettier.

"I'm so glad, my dear," she said. "I've so wanted you to be happy, Eve."

We were never demonstrative, she and I, but we kissed each other that night and I crept up to bed almost light-headed with joy. You know the feeling? You've had it yourself, the wonderful feeling which comes to you last thing at night and first thing in the morning, when you remember that there's someone you want to see more than anyone else—someone who has the same feeling for you.

HE WAS waiting for me outside the office the next evening. We went for a long ride and he told me about his hopes and plans. We had supper at a quiet little restaurant and he took me home, right to the door.

We had several evenings like that first one, and then one Saturday afternoon he suggested I should come to his studio. He called it a studio although he didn't paint. Up to that time he hadn't kissed me. Did I want him to? Well, yes and no. I was too happy, really, to analyze my sensations. I knew that sooner or later he would kiss me and I rather enjoyed having to wait. For the first time in my life I was head over heels in love.

The trip to Laurie's studio was a treat. It was the first time I had been in such a place and I was eager and admiring. It was a big room with a north light. The whitewashed walls looked bare, almost monastic, but a huge canvas lit up the end

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wall with a blaze of color. He made me some tea and produced the sort of cakes I like and some grapes which I like also. It seemed wonderful then that he should so easily have learned my tastes. Now it hurts a little to realize that though Laurie could never offer me the wrong brand of cigarette, or put too much sugar in my tea, he can quite easily forget me altogether when he's keen on someone else.

We had a wonderful talk that afternoon. He explained to me all his ambitions, how he was on the track of a fever germ. He explained that if he could discover this germ it would mean that the remedy must be forthcoming.

"That will mean an immense saving of suffering, Eve," said he. "You know I can't bear to think that people must suffer."

It sounded so wonderful to me. If anyone had told me that one day I should suffer through Laurie, I should have laughed; it would have seemed incredible. He seemed to me the most marvellous person I had ever heard of, and I felt my eyes full of tears. I think it was that that precipitated matters. His face suddenly altered, his eyes broke into a smile, and the next minute he put his arms around me and was kissing me.

I SHALL always remember that first kiss. I knew then that I was his and his only.

I want to make you understand that all this time I'd no thought of anything wrong. I didn't even worry as to whether he would ask me to be his wife, though the very thought of it made me catch my breath. There was no yesterday, no tomorrow—only now. I think he guessed all I felt, but something, I suppose it was love, taught me to keep from saying very much.

I got home late that evening. Laurie brought me right to the gate and left me most unwillingly. How I hated his going. It was as though he was taking a part of me, a part of my very soul. I put the key in the lock, hoping that they would all have gone to bed. I was too happy to want to talk but Kate called to me from the sitting room. She was there with mother. I felt rather annoyed and wondered why mother was up so late.

Mother looked white, and I noticed her hands were shaking. I went to her impulsively and asked if she were quite well. She stopped me rather nervously as though she were not quite sure whether she wanted me to kiss her or not. Then quite unexpectedly she asked if I had been out with Laurie. The question was so unlooked for that I gasped.

"Of course," I said. "Any objection?"

Mother got up and came towards me and I knew something was wrong. I suppose I couldn't have waited more than a second, but somehow it seemed hours and hours before she spoke.

"You mustn't go out with him again, Eve. My dear, I am so sorry but he's a married man!"

"A married man!" I can hear my own voice ring out in a blaze of anger and indignation. "You don't know what you're saying, mother. Don't be absurd."

SHE gave a little frightened movement and looked towards Kate.

"I'm going to bed," she said. It was so like mother to go to bed. She'd dropped a bombshell but she wasn't going to wait for the explosion. I stood and stared at Kate and waited for what was coming. I didn't question in my heart the truth of what had been said; I knew it. I knew it with that deadly realization that always goes with love.

"Tom heard it this afternoon, Eve. He's awfully shocked about it. I think it's a most shameful thing that he shouldn't have told Tom himself. It's a nasty business,

Eve, but—but—" She stopped. "You mustn't see him any more," she said defiantly.

She said it so easily, so glibly. Didn't she know I loved him? Couldn't she read it in my face?

I stared at her, and for the first time the meaning of what she said crashed right home to me. I burst into tears. I had never been so hurt before; it didn't seem possible that the one man I had ever loved should be forbidden to me.

"I LOVE him so," I cried, "I love him so! His being married can't prevent my loving him. Oh, can't you understand, Kate?"

"I know it's very hard, dear," said she. "But you've got to put him out of your life. You see, Eve, when a man's married, nothing can alter the fact that he has a wife. He can't offer you any future; he can't marry you unless there's a divorce. And that would mean that you've been wicked—You can't be wicked, Eve."

Oh, if only I'd listened to Kate and to mother. If only I'd realized that they had spoken out of love for me. It would have hurt to give Laurie up. But it couldn't have gone on hurting; I shouldn't have gone through life with the terrible ache that I have now. Love is an awful thing, but it's easier to get rid of in the beginning. I do want you to understand that. If you care for another woman's husband, make up your mind to put him out of your life before you give him your heart.

I cried myself sick after she had gone upstairs, and for the first time I realized how utterly alone you can be, surrounded by your family.

I went upstairs at last and crept into bed beside my mother. I dare not move lest she should speak to me about him, and all that night I lay staring at the ceiling, wishing in my misery that I were dead.

CAN there be anything more terrible than having to bear great mental agony with an unsympathetic soul lying in bed beside you. You daren't move; you daren't cry out. You are terrified that you'll be asked what's the matter. I felt stifled that night. I must lose him. If not I must lose my people, and I was fond of my people. I had been so very happy in my home, but they wouldn't let me stay if I didn't give Laurie up. He was a married man. Over and over again the words beat on my brain.

Mother left me in peace the next morning, (thank Heaven it was Sunday), and Kate brought me up my breakfast. They treated me rather as if I had some sort of infectious disease. I think Mother wanted to draw down the blinds and when she spoke to me she lowered her voice. I got up and came down to dinner feeling utterly hopeless. I had been a fool to suppose he had ever cared for me. He had just been friendly and I'd mistaken his friendliness for love. That was the medicine I administered to my hurt pride. But it wasn't much good and after a bit I felt I couldn't bear the house any longer. I went out and walked for hours and hours. It was dark when I got back and I ran full tilt against the figure standing at the gate.

Laurie!

His arms were round me in a flash and I clung to him distracted, crying and laughing, wild with longing and sick with fear. He understood in a minute what had happened and slipping his arm in mine took me down the road. I told him what they'd said and he confessed that it was true.

"It doesn't make any difference to me, dear," said he. "I don't love my wife, Eve, and she doesn't care for me. I'll give you up if you want me to, but—but—" his hands were on my shoulders and he looked into my eyes. I shook my head.

"I can't give you up," I said. "I can't"

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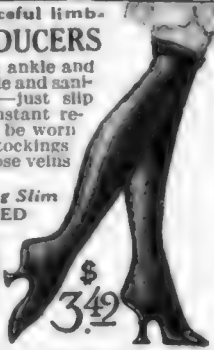
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give you up, Laurie dear. What shall I do?"

The next weeks were a nightmare with occasional gleams of joy, a hectic joy which came only when he was with me. There was a steady coldness and hostility at home but it didn't flame out into definite reproaches. You don't know how I longed for mother to put her arms round me and for Kate to smile at me in the old kind fashion.

And then the inevitable happened. Laurie took me one evening to his studio. He wouldn't listen to my leaving him and he told me straight out that he couldn't go on any longer as we had been.

I listened—I believed. You'd have listened, you'd have believed him too. Oh, I didn't give way easily. I knew how it would hurt mother and almost kill Kate. But I'm only flesh and blood, after all, and love like mine can't stand denial. It prefers death. But I've paid for it, oh yes, I've paid for every kiss, for every moment of unbelievable ecstasy. If it makes you feel any better, you may take that from me.

THERE was a bad scene the next morning at home. Mother looked a picture of misery and cried a lot. I saw her point of view and I told her I wouldn't stay out late again. Poor mother, she seemed to think that so long as I was home by ten o'clock that everything must be quite right and perfectly respectable. I wouldn't go away with Laurie, even for a week-end. I wouldn't stay with him for a night, for I felt I must do so much, or so little, for my people. But all my planning and plotting was no use. His wife came to see my mother. I found her there one evening. She said I was only one of a number, but that she thought a well-brought-up girl like me should have been different from the rest. I didn't go to bed at all that night. I sat downstairs, too sick to face my mother. I hadn't the heart even to stand up for Laurie, but sat and listened while Kate spoke breathlessly.

The awful part about it was that I knew she was right. I sensed in some dim way all that I was going to suffer. Why didn't I listen? Why didn't I, even then, cling to my home? And yet I'm not bad. I did not want to do wrong, but the longing for him was so great. When he was away from me it was as though the day was dull.

I saw Laurie that evening. He was furious with my people and terribly angry with his wife. He said he would never live with her again, and that he had decided to clear out of London altogether. He had arranged a contract with a publisher for a scientific book and had received a large check on account. He was giving up his professorship and was going abroad. Would I come with him?

I FELT I couldn't answer that night. I was frightened at the thought of cutting adrift from all I had known and loved. I think for the first time I realized all that mother stood for. Oh, it's so easy to talk of the dullness and monotony of home, but over and above the monotony, you have the knowledge that if you are sick or sorry mother will be there to care for you, and that nothing can happen to you without its affecting her. And then, deep down in my heart, there was already a question and an ache. I was so young, so much of life was before me. Suppose I staked everything on love, would it be enough? Yes, I asked myself the question even then, but between me and the answer there always came his lips, and when I cried and clung to him he vowed he would never give me up. Oh, he loved me. I know that—loved me with all the strength and fidelity he had, and if his fidelity were not as strong as mine, who shall blame him? Only it hurts to know that it is not.

The last night at home was ghastly. I



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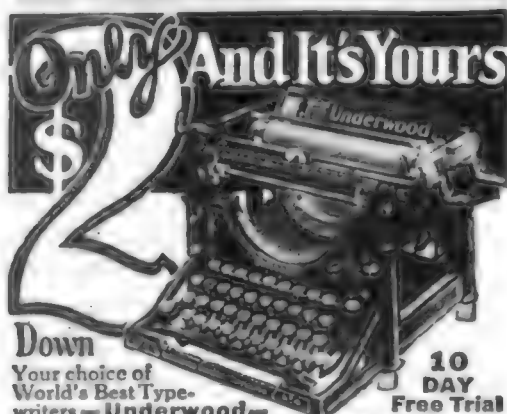
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got back early and mother was so pleased that she made me want to cry. Kate was kind too. She had heard that Laurie was going abroad. She was very relieved and made up her mind that I was going to be sensible and settle down and marry one of the nice boys she was always urging me to take. I stared at the ceiling with wide-open eyes all the night, but towards morning I fell into a troubled doze. I'd packed my things some days before and managed to smuggle them out of the house. There was nothing left but to say good-by. I turned back at the gate and ran to mother and held her tightly.

"I do love you," I cried. "I want you to believe that and, oh, mother, forgive me for everything. I'm so sorry, so very sorry."

EVEN then it was not too late. I could have turned back. Mother would have welcomed me, she would have shielded me from all questions, all hurt. I could have crept to her arms like a little child. Oh, why didn't I go back? I've asked myself the question over and over again, and all the time my love for Laurie wells up so that I am absolutely lost in a sea of suffering.

I haven't seen my mother since that day. She has written to me. Somehow or other she contrives that I shall hear from her. I find letters addressed in a curious hand, sent on from one of the places where I stayed, and I know somehow that they are from her. She always says the same thing. "Come back to me, my dear. Only come back. I don't want to reproach you, only to care for you."

The old life seems worlds away and yet it is something that seems tugging at my heart. There are moments when I feel that I must rush back to the little house and sob my heart out on my mother's shoulder.

I had a glorious time abroad with Laurie. He took me to Paris, to Florence, and Vienna and opened up to me such a new world that for a time I forgot things. It seemed that life was good each day, and I put off thinking of the morrow.

We were away just twelve months, but at last money ran scarce, and quite suddenly he decided that we should go back.

I think that was the first time when I heard a long way off, but, quite distinctly, the knell of my romance. Laurie never spoke of the future. That is to say, he made no definite allusion to our life together. He didn't say where we were to live. We went straight to a hotel the night we arrived in London, and the next morning he said, as though it was a matter of course, that he was returning to his studio. He was longing to get back to work, he said. He had resumed his professorship.

"Do I come with you, Laurie?" I said, and I rather hated him for having to ask.

He looked a little annoyed and confessed with a half laugh that he had forgotten domestic arrangements. It would be a little awkward to keep house in the studio.

"You know, dear," he said, in his coaxing voice, "I'm an erratic sort of blighter, and when I get really going I work for hours on end without saying a word. I tell you what, Eve. You shall have a flat, a dear little flat, quite close, and I'll come home to you after the day's work. It will be quite fun. I shall feel like a business man, or some impossible methodical sort of a creature."

We found the flat without much difficulty. Laurie always seemed to find what he wanted. We picked up some good pieces of furniture and very soon the little place became quite habitable.

But he wasn't content. There were days when I didn't see him, nights when he was—I don't know where. He was always full of excuses and would make rapturous love as in the old days, but about it all, there was a terrible feeling of impermanence. I never knew what he was going to do next.

There were other changes, even harder to bear. When I had lived at home my relations with Laurie had been kept fairly quiet, and abroad nobody seemed to worry. Now it was quite different. For the first time I realized what it means to be the other woman. The woman whom a man loves and lives with and likes to keep for his very own, but for whom his friends and the world generally have no respect. Oh! I was sneered at so often. I felt myself burn under the curious eyes of a woman at the table next to ours at some little restaurant where they had come to know us. "A married man" and "the other woman." Those were the two phrases that burned themselves into my flesh.

Laurie got me some work to do as a typist and on my own account I increased the connection. Some curious inward urge told me that some day I should be thrown upon my own resources, and that if I had no weapon to fight my way I should fall into that oblivion where so many "other women" end their days.

I don't mean that Laurie is unkind to me. There are moments when I am caught back to the old heights of ecstasy, when his kisses snatch me up to a world of rose and gold. But there are times in between when I feel I can't bear this life much longer. One day I shall leave him. I know that. I shall go back to the quiet little home, back to my mother.

AND yet he still has power to thrill me. I sit and wait for his step; my heart beats every time I hear him coming; my throat grows dry when the telephone begins to ring. And then, when it isn't Laurie, a curious sort of darkness seems to fall upon me and I get a foretaste of what is meant when they speak of the bitterness of the grave.

This life cannot go on. I know that, but, even so, I still cling to the last joys of my love. But one day the urge will be too strong, and Laurie, the man for whom I sacrificed my youth, my happiness, all the things that a girl holds dear, will come back to find me gone, the flat empty.

The Star That Guided Me to Love

[Continued from page 28]

at him, trying my best to explain things. "I don't quite get you yet," he said cautiously.

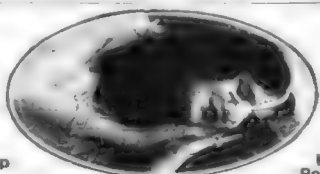
There was no use trying to keep it from him. He had to know. So I came right out with it; "I'm just a street girl, and I spoke to you, and brought you here."

All the befogged look went out of his eyes. He took in the bareness of the room. He took me in, sitting there very tense, trying to make him see how bad I was.

"I see!" he said slowly. And, then, "How long have you been leading your present life?"

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"Only since last night," I said quietly. "Only since last night! What the devil do you mean?"

I was feeling pretty breathless now. It wasn't going to be so easy, explaining in this dim light of the morning.

"I mean just exactly this! I went out last night, for the first time, and I found you; picked you up! You were the first man I ever found that way! Don't you understand? There has to be a first time? Doesn't there? There's always a first time! Isn't there?"

"Well I'll be damned!" And that was all he seemed able to say, for he said it over and over, staring at me all the time.

"Didn't you ever hear of such a girl?"

"I never did," he said.

THERE was silence. I looked at him anxiously. I don't know what was in my mind at that minute, unless it was that he was a gentleman, a real man, whose respect any girl would want to have. I wanted him to think well of me, better than he could ever think now! I kept on trying to explain. "I was so tired, and so hungry and so cold, such a failure at everything. The street seemed the only way."

He was listening, watching me. "I've come across strange things but this beats them all."

"You believe me?" I asked.

"I certainly do!" he said with emphasis. "But you'll pardon me if I say it again. I'll be damned!" He smiled and that queer little dimple came in one cheek; "If I could have another glass of water, I'd be thankful."

I brought him the glass. The room wasn't very light. There was frost on the window. I was glad of the dimness for my navy blue dress looked smarter in that light, and my little old sealskin jacket looked less faded. "You haven't told me your name," I ventured.

"My name is Vance Thomas, and that's my right name, too. You'll see it in the papers this morning."

I set down the glass suddenly. He had become my property, this young man whom I had watched through the night; and I felt a quick pang of fear for him. "Oh, I do hope you haven't been doing anything wrong."

The dimple faded from his cheek.

"Worse than that," he said. "It isn't only wrong, it's criminal, and it's going to be a life sentence—"

It was my turn to grow cold. I felt my lips getting pale. I bit them to bring back their color. I did not know until that minute how much I cared! "Can't I hide you? No one saw me bring you here. The snow hid us. Let me hide you here. Please, please let me!"

HE STILL had that desperate look; "Impossible! It's my own wedding and I've got to go through with it! That was the wind-up of my bachelor supper last night—my own bachelor supper."

"Oh!" I felt relief and at the same time, horror. His wedding, a life sentence! What could the girl be like that he could feel this way?

"That was my bachelor supper last night," he repeated grimly, "And I drank myself rip staving drunk. Anything to forget what's going to happen! To-morrow noon!"

So he was going to be married next day. And here he sat in my little cold bare room, the picture of recklessness, telling me about it and I couldn't think of anything helpful to say. "So you're going to be married to-morrow, noon!"

He laughed mirthlessly. "Yes! In the Cathedral of St. Somebody! High noon! A thousand invitations out. Happiest social event of the season! Bah!"

It was terrible to hear him! "You mustn't



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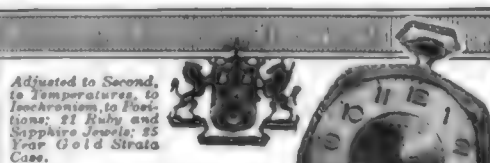
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talk that way. Think of the girl! Why—she's—" I clasped my hands. I thought of the Star, the lady in the clouds, serene and happy in her luxury. "She's the happiest girl in the world to-day, thinking about marrying you!"

"Is she?" The old disgusted look returned. "She's the most miserable girl in the world at this minute. She'd just as soon die as marry me to-morrow. Happy! She's wretched! Crying her eyes out."

"Then, why—" I gasped, but I had no right to ask. So I stopped.

"You might as well have it all, I've told you so much. I've got to get it out of my system, or I'll get drunk again! Our families fixed it up. We thought we cared enough for each other. And, then, it happened."

"What happened?"

"HE CAME home. The man she was engaged to long ago, the only man she ever loved. He went away to die, in the South of France, but he got well, and he's back here. She's seen him and she's crazy about him."

"But, why—?"

"Why don't we break our engagement, two days before the wedding? I don't know. Guess it's because we haven't got the courage. Her folks are dead set on her marrying me. It would be terribly awkward."

His face was so serious, his plight so desperate, his mood so reckless that I could not blame him for telling me. And it was no disgrace.

"Patricia is a dear girl," he went on, "A lovely little thing. It would be a pity to tie her to a brute like me, who doesn't care two pins for her. Particularly when she doesn't care two pins for the brute."

"How awful!" I exclaimed. And for a minute my own plight seemed less desperate than his! It seemed less awful than the plight of this girl condemned to marry a man to whom she was indifferent, while the man of her heart stood in the shadows, hungry for her.

"Hard lines!" he said. He sank his head in his hands in utter dejection. "My! But I feel rocky!"

"Let me make you some coffee," I said. I put my little tin coffee pot on the burner. In a few minutes I had a cup of coffee for him.

He lifted his head from his hands and took the cup and drained it. It did him good for he opened his eyes and looked at me clearly; "Where's yours?" he asked.

"I had mine, before you woke up." I lied.

He gave a quick glance about the room. The empty paper bag was on the bureau; "You gave me all you had. And you haven't a drop left for yourself!"

I TRIED to contradict him, but he looked at me through and through. "And you haven't a thing to eat in this room, nor a cent to your name." He put his hand in his pocket. He had a winsome impulsiveness that dominated all he did. "Here, take this!" He drew out a handful of bills.

I put up my hands; "Please, oh, please don't!" The very thing I had thought would be the only thing in the world to me, money to buy food and warmth and clothes, looked very insignificant to me, by the side of his respect. "Don't, I can't take money."

"Then you're going out of this house to breakfast with me. I'm going to be married to-morrow, going to my death, and I might as well die for a sheep as a lamb. Come on out with me." He looked down. "Where are my shoes—?"

I blushed for the first time. Our meeting had been so startling, so tragic, that I had forgotten! "I'm so sorry, please excuse me! You looked so uncomfortable, lying

there last night, I took them off. They were so wet and muddy."

I brought his pumps. I had had them on the sill to dry.

He stared at them; "They're not muddy now. Who cleaned them?"

I turned my face away. "I did!"

There was a scuffle. He was putting on his shoes. When I turned he was standing in the little space between my bed and the door. His fur coat was buttoned to his chin. He was carrying his silk hat. He looked like a gentleman starting out for the evening, rather than for breakfast.

"See here," he said. "Elsa, I'm a real man. You may not think so, after what I've told you about the mess I'm in, but I'm a man just the same. You're a girl, and a mighty fine one. I've been in a sort of stupor ever since I woke up. I've been a regular dead one, I guess or I'd have seen! I'd have seen how freezing it is in here; and how you had that little stove of yours lighted right near me to keep me warm. I'd have noticed that you spread the only blanket you had over me. And, now, you've done what no woman ever did for me before, you've cleaned my shoes and fixed up my hat, and made me decent looking, so I could go out feeling like a human being at least."

"Oh!" I began. I wanted to tell him that he seemed more miserable than I, and that I had done what I did for him because I liked him, but how could I tell him that?

"Come along, Elsa," he said.

I hung back because I knew that I looked so shabby.

His eyes swept the room and noted the empty pews. "You look mighty pretty and very smart. I'm proud of you. Come on."

WE WENT clattering down the stairs, a strange breakfast party. Though he had been awake an hour it was still early. I took him to a breakfast place near by. "The quieter the better," he remarked. "I'm in full dress under this fur coat." The grim little smile hung for a minute about his lips.

We seated ourselves. There was no one else in the restaurant. It was too late for the night hawks, too early for the early birds. He looked at me across the smoking food; "This is the rummiest, funniest, craziest, finest thing that ever happened to me in all my life."

He did not refer to the night before, but I wanted to talk about it. It was my first venture on the street, and like all my other ventures, it had ended in failure. Something had happened.

"What ever put such an idea into your head?" he asked seriously.

And I answered seriously. "I couldn't go on any longer alone. I'm not strong enough. That way at least I could pick and choose. It was better than having men force themselves on me, insult me, and tell me that I couldn't get on without them even if I didn't love them. That's the way it was in the opera house."

"The opera house? Can you sing?"

"Yes, but not very loud. That was the trouble. My voice wouldn't carry. After studying three years, ever since I was sixteen, and working day and night—and spending all the little money my father left me—then to find that my voice wasn't loud enough—would never be anything but a sweet little parlor voice—because I wasn't strong—"

"Nothing but a sweet little parlor voice!"

"No more than that! Never a great, loud, searching voice that would rise to the top-most gallery and make the roof ring! That was what killed me when they told me that! I couldn't sing any more. What was the use? I gave up. I was upstairs a long time miserable and cold and lonesome! Then, I went out and found you!"

He was leaning across the table toward

me. "Do you mean to tell me that's the whole of it? No man in your life? Never been married nor anything?"

"That's the whole of it," I said. And I blushed for it wasn't very flattering to have to admit that I'd never had a real love affair.

He was so serious that I had to laugh to hide what I felt. "Positively. You're the only man that ever went home with me."

"I believe every word of it," he said still more seriously.

I LAUGHED. A girl that's young can always laugh. Life looked different to me at that minute. Not like the old, cold, shivering life of last night.

"There!" he exclaimed. "You're pretty when you laugh. And you're blushing. My! Color is becoming to you. Please laugh and blush again."

But we had finished and it was no time to laugh. The world had begun for both of us again. I did not see my way ahead. But I was warm, and I was not hungry.

"Elsa," he said. "You've done me good. More than you imagine. You've made me see things I didn't see before. I see how life can be pretty hard. How it can be still worse, if we want to muck it up." He stood up and buttoned his coat.

"Where are you going?" I asked. It was no concern of mine. He lived in another world, but I still wanted to follow him with my thoughts.

"First, I'm going to get into some day clothes. And, then, I'm going to see Patricia. There's something in my mind, Elsa. That's all I can tell you now." He took my hand; and the old waywardness was in his eyes; that daring that seems to propel such natures as his. "I want you to go back to that room of yours, Elsa, and stay there until you hear from me. Do you understand me?"

"Yes."

"And will you obey me?"

"Yes." Of course I would obey. I was so tired. A girl couldn't go through with so much and not be tired. I was glad to obey.

It was a strange question to ask; a stranger thing for me to say yes. Yet I did say, "Yes!" I was glad to. It made me feel safe. There was something about him that made me feel as if I were being cared for.

"But the girl!" I objected, suddenly remembering her. "What about the girl you are going to marry to-morrow?"

He shook his head; "Never mind about Patricia! You do as I tell you to. Promise me!"

AND I promised. He went out and called a taxi. From the door he looked back and waved his hand.

I went back up the bare stairs to my hall room. But now it seemed less desolate. I straightened up the bed. I was so sleepy. I lay down just where he had lain. The dent of his head was still in the pillow. I fell asleep and slept as I had not slept for weeks. I woke once to let a boy in. He had a tin oven filled with hot food from a restaurant. I ate it and lay down again and slept. When I woke up it was dusk. I felt warm and comfortable and happy! The food, the feeling that I was not utterly alone, even though he belonged to another woman, had warmed my heart. I, who had been so desperate only the night before, was a different girl to-night.

I went to my window. The Star was there; and it was very bright as I spoke to it.

"Oh, Star! Go and shine in her window! Make her love him a little; he was so kind to me! He will be so good to her!"

I knew that after to-night Vance Thomas,

Apartment Hotel Managers in Big Demand

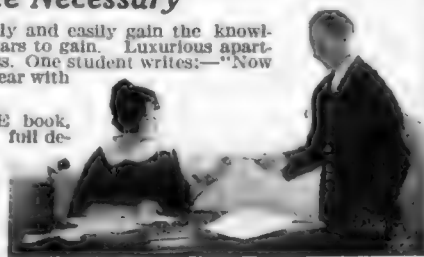
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(quick, handsome, wayward name to match his nature) would be married. His wedding would be to-morrow. And there would be bridesmaids, and a long avenue of flowers, along which he and Patricia would walk into their new life to the singing of a white-robed choir of angels.

And for me! What would there be—if I broke down again? There is only one future for a tired girl with a pretty face. Only one future!

Yes, yes! But how about the Star! The Star called Romance, that watches girls until they grow too dull-eyed to see her glory? I leaned my head back. I felt as if I could sleep again. After a time, I opened my eyes and he was standing there.

He looked very eager and excited; "Your door was wide open—" he began.

But I stopped him; "Don't scold me. I thought you might come. And the hall was too dark for you to find your way."

"Always thinking of me." He drew a long breath as though a heavy load had slipped off his shoulders. "It's seven o'clock. How about dinner? I feel as if I had never eaten; never lived; never laughed in all my life before. Come! After we've had something to eat, I want to talk to you."

I followed him with the queer feeling that I must follow. We went down stairs and into the little restaurant. There was a dinner crowd there, the sort that brings its own troubles with it, and its own joys, but we might have been alone, for all they noticed us.

Vance did not talk much during dinner, but, when we were having coffee, he said: "I want to talk to you, Elsa, and this place is as good as any."

I DID not know what he could say. Life's wheels had ground me and he knew it, but that feeling of despair was gone. I could listen. If he wanted to say the things men sometimes say to girls who act as I had acted, I could not blame him.

"Elsa, listen to me."

"Yes, Vance."

"Do you know what it is to be a good sport, Elsa? Do you know what I mean? A sport who can trust the other fellow, and believe in him, and know he's going to do the right thing? Are you such a sport, Elsa?"

"Yes, Vance."

"Would you believe me, if I told you something wonderful?"

"Yes, I would believe you no matter what you told me."

"Elsa, I love you! Do you understand all that means?"

No! I did not, could not understand.

"I love you and I want you to trust me, Elsa."

"I do trust you. I can't help my voice trembling a little, but I do trust you."

"Elsa! I want you to run away with me! I want to take you away. There's a place we can go until you are strong and well and you lose that tired look. It's far away! We'll go to it in a motor. Two lovely days and nights breathing good air, skimming along the high green hills, watching the clouds come up and stop us; and fading away as our car ploughs into them. Will you come with me, Elsa?"

"Oh, how can I do that?"

"But listen! There's a camp up there, where we're going. A lovely camp. A great rambling cabin made of sweet smelling wood with a fireplace as big as all out-doors. And plenty of everything. And there's no one there. No one else in all the world, but you and me. Will you run away with me? Let me take you up there—?"

"How can I, oh, how can I?" And that was all that I could say.

We finished and went back up those queer stairs to my room. He did not seem to

mind coming up there. The place was dark now. I found the matches and struck a flickering light. The shade was up; and the night was bright. My window made a frame for the Star. It was very brilliant and it looked in my window straight at me.

"Oh Vance," I said, "You are kind, but I can't do that, even for you. I know it seems strange to you, after last night, but I see things differently now."

"See here, Elsa," he said. "Come and sit down on the bed. There isn't any other place to sit in this room. Come!" He put his arm around me.

"Don't!" I drew back. "It isn't fair to Patricia!"

"Patricia! Oh Patricia doesn't count now. That's all been settled."

BUT how? I turned and it brought my face very close to his.

"But—how? Why I thought I told you!" He looked bewildered. "This has been such a strenuous day for me; so much has happened; I'm all mixed up. Listen to me, Elsa. It was Patricia's own idea. I wouldn't have thought of anything so positively brilliant. I'm to jilt her, leave her waiting at the altar, not show up you know."

"Vance—is that honorable?"

"But he'll be there, you know! Frank Elliston, the fellow she really loves; he's back here, well and fit as a fiddle. And he'll step right out; and be waiting for her. And her folks will be glad enough."

"I don't understand why—"

"They wouldn't want her to be left at the church. That's such an open disgrace! When I don't show up, and Frank stands at the altar waiting, and Patricia's on her father's arm coming down the aisle—and the maid-of-honor, the flower girls and the bridesmaids are all there, if Frank steps out instead of me, why they're not going to raise a howl. Are they? It'll be a three-days wonder. Patricia had it all fixed up."

"Oh, I'm so glad for you; if you wouldn't have been happy!"

"Now, Elsa will you run away with me? Will you? Will you?"

I broke away from his arm and went to the window. I must see my Star. I must ask that bright light that had cheered me through all the awful days, but it had gone under a cloud.

Vance came and stood alongside me. "Well?" he asked.

"I can't do it. I know it seems strange to you, and it isn't because I don't want to! But I must not! I've asked my Star, the Star that's taken care of me, and it has gone out. Don't you see? It's hidden its face. My Star says no!"

HE PUT his arm around me and looked out of the window: "Where is that damned Star?"

"It's gone out!" I covered my face. "I can't go away with you. I love you too much. You'd despise me. Men always do! I couldn't bear it."

"Couldn't bear it? Men always do? Why I meant to marry you? What on earth did you think I meant? We're going to get married. Going to get married, this very night. What's the use of waiting? Heaven might as well begin right away."

I could not speak. My eyes were on the Star for it had come out again and its brightness was dazzling. All the clouds had rolled away.

Vance pointed to it; "We'll hitch our motor to it, Elsa. It'll lead us right. And it'll be with us when we're happy, and when we're sad. What do you say, Elsa?"

I looked at it. And at Vance waiting to take me away with him; "Oh Vance! Some girls have a terrible Star! And some girls have a Star that leads them right along the path of love, straight, all the way."



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I Lived a Lie

[Continued from page 71]

that my clothes and things were sent there, from home. He would also send the baby carriage, from Pittsburg, when he got back. If mother or dad came down to Washington to see me, as they probably would, he advised me to make the best of it and tell them I was going to live for the sake of my child.

I had plenty of time to think during the trip. Three days before I had been a happy girl, living at home, ready to be married in a few weeks. Now I was a woman, with a six months old baby, starting out to seek my fortune in a city I had never seen. I had lost the man I loved, and gained a child I knew nothing about. In all my life I had never heard of a situation so strange. I glanced at the letter my brother-in-law had given me. It was unsealed. Inside I saw that Frank spoke of me as Mrs. as though I were a married woman. He had thought of everything, it seemed. If all men were like that, the world would be a pleasanter place to live in.

I GOT to Washington in the morning, and I went to a hotel that my brother-in-law had recommended. Through one of the maids I managed to get a colored girl to stay with the baby while I presented my letter of introduction.

Frank's brother was most kind, and insisted on my staying at his house until I found a suitable boarding place. Through his wife, I not only found a comfortable place to live, but secured a position in a children's school, a kindergarten, where I had to look after a lot of little boys and girls of four and five years of age, teaching them to play games, model animals in clay, or weave patterns in colored paper strips. It did not pay very well, but they allowed me to bring the baby there with me, in his carriage, which saved me the cost of hiring a nurse. He slept most of the time, and the hours were short. School was over at one o'clock. When I had to leave him during the afternoon, as I sometimes did, to go shopping, I arranged with the maid at the boarding house to stay with him. My salary just about covered my expenses, but I got along. I was almost happy; more so, I guess, than I had any right to be.

Mother and dad came to Washington to see me, the very first week-end I was there. It was dreadful, of course, although I could tell from the way they acted that Frank had told them my story in the most favorable light. Dad stormed and swore, and wanted to know the name of the baby's father, so that he could go after him with a gun and make him marry me. I wouldn't tell him. I didn't want to marry Bert. The only man in the world I would have married was Donald, and as he had turned against me, I preferred to stay the way I was.

MOTHER and dad blamed me terribly for what I had done, said after the way they had brought me up, they couldn't understand it. I might have told them that the way they had brought me up was largely responsible for it. They broke all sorts of laws themselves, and still expected their children to be law-abiding. They talked about resisting temptation but they never gave me any weapons to resist it with. They spent money on having me taught piano playing, and French verbs, and let me do as I pleased the rest of the time. They were too busy with their own amusements to have any time to spend developing the characters of their children. That's why my brother Tom has never amounted

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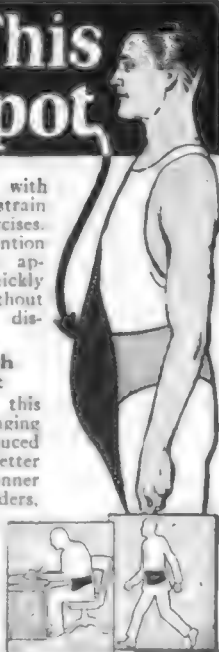
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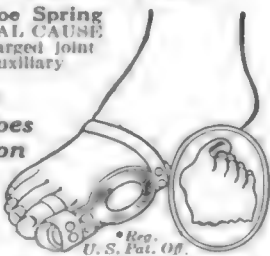
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to anything. He's just following the example set him by dad, running after women and drinking. Most parents spend money having their children's teeth straightened, but haven't time to spend trying to straighten their souls. I didn't want to excuse myself by throwing the blame on them, so I kept quiet but I'd been doing a lot of thinking, and read some books Frank had sent me, and I saw very clearly that if you want a child to have moral fiber and character, you have got to set him a good example, beginning when he is just able to toddle about, and you can't depend on schools to do it. You've got to do it yourself.

MOTHER was bitterly unhappy, so I tried to comfort her by telling her that I'd rather have my baby than anything in the world. She wanted me to put it in an institution, at first, and come home with her. She was terrified by what people would say. I refused, of course. People could say what they pleased, as far as I was concerned. I had my own life to live, and I was going to live it for the sake of my boy. In the end, they went back, and dad insisted on sending me an allowance each week, which made things easier for me.

My brother-in-law had to come to New York on business quite often, and every time he did, he would take the train to Washington in the afternoon, spend a few hours with me, and then go back to Pittsburgh by sleeper. He was crazy about little Frank, and brought him all sorts of foolish presents. I always asked him about Donald, but beyond telling me that he was getting along fine in business he had no news of him, or if he had, he didn't tell me.

When I had been in Washington nearly a year I heard, through one of my girl friends who still wrote to me, that Bert was married. The girl who wrote me this didn't know I had any special interest in Bert's affairs, she was just giving me a lot of small-town news, about the neighbors and their goings-on. He'd married some girl in New York with a lot of money, my friend wrote, and gone into business with his father. I didn't envy his wife. What would she have said if she'd known he had a son going on two years old!

NOT having anything to keep me busy, during the afternoons I took up stenography and typewriting that year. Frank advised me to do it. That got me a new position, with twice the salary I had been earning at the kindergarten, and while the hours were much longer, I had enough money now to engage a nurse for the boy. Most of the allowance father sent me I saved, although I had to use some of it to dress on. As for the baby, Frank, and mother, and even Kate, who had now come around and was friendly again, kept him so well supplied with clothes that I didn't have to buy him a thing. Frank insisted that as soon as the boy was old enough, he would send him to college. He couldn't have been nicer to him if it had been his own son.

During that second year in Washington I had a lot of attention. While I was working at the kindergarten I had never seen any men, but in my new position it was different. I was in a big office, and lots of attractive fellows came in, to see the man I was secretary for. Some of them wanted me to go to dinner or the theater with them, but I never accepted. My experience with Bert had taught me a lot about men. And even though I hadn't seen him for two years, I was still as much in love with Donald as ever. So when these invitations came along I just smiled, and said I was sorry but I couldn't accept.

It wasn't so easy, though, even if I did care for Donald. No girl of nineteen or twenty wants to sit at home alone every evening, reading a book, or sewing. Some-

times I would go to see a picture, by myself, leaving the maid to look after little Frank. And sometimes I called on Frank's brother's wife. She was always very nice and kind, but of course she had her own circle of friends, and I had neither the time nor the money to play around with them.

One night, when I was sitting in my room, sewing, my brother-in-law suddenly appeared on the scene. He usually sent me a wire from New York, when he was coming, but this time he didn't. I thought he seemed a bit excited, and after he had looked at little Frank, who was asleep, he started to speak of Donald.

They had advanced him very rapidly, at the office, Frank said, and now he was about to go to South America to take charge of the building of a new plant, and run it. He might be away for years. He was going, in a couple of weeks. Frank said he wanted to see me before he went.

OF COURSE, as soon as Frank mentioned Donald's name my heart began to thump. Never a day passed that I did not think of Donald, but I wasn't at all sure it would be a good thing for us to meet. It would upset me terribly and I didn't see that any good would come of it. So I told Frank I thought it would be a mistake.

He didn't agree with me. For two years, he said, he had been seeing Donald frequently, talking to him. And he knew that Donald cared for me just as much now as he ever had, and understood things better, too. If he did, Frank was responsible for it. I never knew a man who was such a good friend, but I didn't exactly like the idea of Donald wanting to see me, because Frank had persuaded him to, and I said so.

"Don is quite right not to want to marry a woman with a past," I said coldly. "We settled all that long ago. What's the use of opening old wounds. It will only be hard for both of us." But Frank wouldn't agree with me.

"I think you ought to see him now," he said.

"What do you mean now?" I gasped. "Is he here?"

"Yes. He insisted on coming to Washington with me. I left him at the hotel."

I was pretty well upset when I heard that. It was one thing, to put Donald off, in New York, but quite another, when he was right on hand, waiting to see me.

"You're sure you didn't persuade him to come?" I asked.

"On the contrary, I told him not to come. Where would I be if he should insist on taking you and little Frank off to South America with him? I'd never see the boy again."

I saw that Frank was in earnest, so I told him to go downstairs and wait while I got dressed. I knew I should have to see Donald, now that he was in town. It would have broken my heart, not to.

We met Donald in the lobby of his hotel. I think I looked very well. He certainly did, older, of course, but finer, more important. He came up to me and took my hand, and we both said something silly about being glad to meet again. It's funny how little people can say, on important occasions like that. Then Frank claimed he had an engagement and went away.

THE hotel lobby was filled with people, and there wasn't much chance to talk. Donald suggested that we go for a walk.

I don't know where we went, I was too excited to notice. Finally we came to a lovely park and sat down on a bench. Donald hadn't said much, during our walk, and neither had I. We were both too busy thinking, I guess, but when we sat down he took one of my hands and began to speak, very rapidly, as though he were afraid I might run away before he had finished.

He had been thinking of me, he said, ever since that terrible day in Pittsburgh, and wanted me to forgive him for the way he had treated me. It was only because he loved me so much, that he had been so hurt and so bitter. But he had thought everything over, and knew now that in spite of what had happened, I was a good woman. My life, the past two years, had proved that. It was cruel, and wrong, he said, to blame me for what had happened before. He wanted me to marry him, and go to live in South America.

FOR over two years I had dreamed of some day being Donald's wife. Not that I had expected to be, after what happened, but I liked to imagine it. I used to picture it to myself, night after night, while I was sitting in my room, waiting for the time to come to go to bed. Now that my dream might become a reality, I did not know what to say.

"Are you quite sure, Don?" I asked him. "Remember, my boy means everything to me. Where I go, he goes too."

"I understand that, dear," he said, "and I wouldn't think much of you if you didn't feel that way. I'm older than I was when I last saw you, and I've thought about things more. If you will marry me, little Frank shall be as dear to me, for your sake, as if he were my own son."

Well, after that, what could I say? I loved Donald, and he loved me. And I couldn't feel that my one misstep, as a child, should make me an outcast for the rest of my life, especially as I had not meant to do anything wrong. So when Donald stopped talking so seriously, and took me in his arms and kissed me, whispering that I was the dearest thing in the world to him, and that he couldn't live without me, I kissed him back and cried a little, I was so happy. I told him I would marry him whenever he wanted me to, and go with him to the end of the world. Not just in those words, but that is what I meant. The words I really used would seem silly, I guess.

When we went back to the hotel Frank was waiting for us. He didn't have to ask what had happened; our faces told him that. So he ordered supper, and produced a mysterious bottle with a French label from somewhere, and we all drank each other's health. When we parted, that night, I gave Frank a big kiss. I knew it was to him, and him alone, that I owed all my happiness, though he insisted that I had earned it myself.

THAT was two years ago. I have lived in Buenos Aires ever since, and nobody could be any happier. I have not written this confession to tell other girls that you can make such mistakes as I made and "get away with it." Usually you can't. If I hadn't been lucky enough to have a friend like my brother-in-law, Frank, or a man who cared for me through thick and thin, like Donald. I don't know where I should have been, now. I never go to bed at night that I don't thank God for giving me such a husband, and such a friend, and if anything should ever happen to make my marriage an unhappy one the fault won't be mine. And it won't be Donald's, either. He is the best husband in the world.

WHAT would you do if another woman were everlastingly held up to you as an example? I might have cried my eyes out about it, but I didn't. In the March SMART SET I'll tell you how, "I Made My Husband Proud of Me," so he stopped talking about that other woman.

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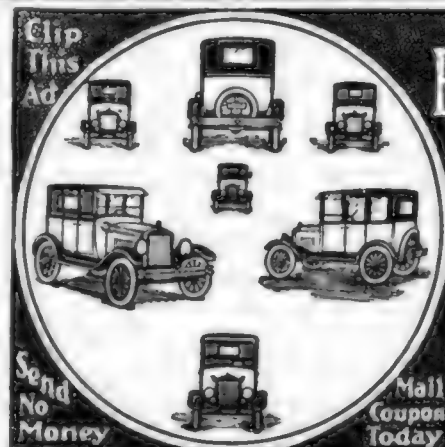
It was the Germans who gave us Aspirin, to

harmlessly relieve us of our pains and aches. It was the Germans who gave our dentists Novocaine with which they now extract our teeth without pain or shock to the nervous system. And now they give us MARVO, that brings out the clean, soft, velvety, youthful skin, producing a clear, beautiful, natural, girlish or boyish complexion that almost carries one back to the days of great miracles!

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How to Hold a Man's Love

[Continued from page 79]

you honorable love, for he is married to another woman. Resolve that you will let time heal your hurt, my dear, and that you will make yourself worthy to win and hold love that endures.

More than one romance has come to an untimely end because of a hasty letter.

"As soon as his lips touched mine, I knew I belonged to him. I was his mate," writes Helen.

"He proposed. I accepted. Then his parents refused to consent. We wish to be married with their blessing, so we are waiting.

"He declares I am his true and only love, yet at times he seems cold and I fear I am losing him.

"About a month ago, he promised to come to my house and didn't. So I wrote him an awful letter. I told him I hated him and never wanted to see him again. Of course, I didn't mean it. Please tell me how I can hold his love."

A FEW more letters like the one you wrote will end everything, Helen. Perfect love does not change, but human love is not perfect, and it can be killed.

The next time you feel very hateful, write down all your feelings in a letter, lock it away for twenty-four hours, then tear it up and forget it.

You cannot hope to hold any man's love until you control your temper and attain poise.

He fell in love with you for yourself, so to keep him in love continue to be your natural, best self, dear.

Sometimes, what we mistake for love is infatuation. If so it cannot last. Time will decide. Enjoy and appreciate today with its worth-while love and companionship. If they fail you, despite your every effort, let them go and bravely wait for true love.

Much of the enduring quality of love depends on its motive.

"Grace and I decided we could be happier and more useful together than apart, so we are going to be married," wrote a friend the other day.

A marriage has every chance of enduring success when it is entered into with this desire for service as well as joy.

Iris announced to her "boss" that she was leaving to be married.

"He's a lucky man!" smiled the young bank official, whose secretary she was. Then very seriously, "Give him all of your love."

Iris was impressed by this advice, the more so because she knew the man who gave it had made a failure of his own marriage because he and his lovely young wife allowed outside affairs and "harmless" flirtations to come between them, until finally she divorced the man she had so loved.

"I believe there are moments when life gets a little monotonous for any married couple," Iris confessed the other day in confidence. "Once in a while I feel I might get a thrill from going about with other men than my husband. Then I remember how dear he is to me, and the danger I would run of losing him. So I decide that no one can have everything.

"What I have is what I want most, the husband I love. So I continue to give him all of my love. I study him, adjust myself to him, consider him in everything.

"My reward is great, for he's more in love with me today, after seven years, than on the day I married him."

Be natural, be practical, be true to your best self, dear girls, and give all your love

to the man who loves you. Then if that love is founded on mutual respect, suitability and unselfishness, it will last throughout the years and glorify your marriage.

Dear May:

A friendly talk with the young man ought to clear up the difficulty. It's easy to say, "I love you"; even easy to propose marriage, and mean it, but you wouldn't want to marry him now unless he felt the same, would you, May?

Dear Edythe, 18:

The only reason in the world why two people should marry is because they love each other so much that they want to be together for always. Don't be influenced by anything else.

Belle and Mary:

If you girls keep within the limits you have placed on your conduct, there is no reason why you shouldn't retain the respect of your boy friends. Times have changed; so has behavior, but men still choose as wives, girls who have not held themselves cheaply.

Margie B:

Right now I doubt that you are enough in love with either Eugene or Milton to think of marriage. When real love comes along, little girl, you will find nothing else quite so important.

Florence W:

Since you didn't wait for my advice about having your marriage annulled, I suppose you don't want guidance with regard to your future. However I am convinced you need it. Please, Florence, for your own happiness, think more about the character of the man you marry than you do about his spelling and social position. If your love cannot overlook such things, it isn't love.

Lonesome:

Tell your brother. If he is the right sort he will maneuver things so that you can become better acquainted with his friend.

Dear Rachel:

There is little you can do beyond being sweet and agreeable when you are with him. If he is not engaged to the other girl I see no reason why you shouldn't accept his invitations. But unless he means a great deal to you don't hurt her.

Mrs. E. M. C.:

At his age, habit is hard to break—there is that much in your favor. Sit tight, is my advice, and exert yourself a little more than usual to make him comfortable.

What and Why:

Margaret may simply be of an unemotional nature. Didn't that ever occur to you? But it does not mean that she does not love you as much as you want her to.

Opal L:

Please try to put Archie out of your mind; I think he's a cad. But let the experience help you in choosing the man you intend to marry. And remember that while men ask for everything, it isn't wise to yield.

Dear Marguerite:

I am sure he would not refuse to come and see you once more. Letters are futile; separations are dangerous. If he still loves you, as you believe, the mere seeing you will revive his emotion, and perhaps make him willing to believe that you lied.

Undecided:

There is no charm greater than that of a young girl who is natural. Don't try to make any impression on his mother. Just be pleasant and tactful and unaffected.

WRINKLES GONE IN 3 DAYS



They vanished so quickly I was astonished at the wonderful results ~

By Miss Karsten

For years I tried everything to remove wrinkles which marred my beauty, hindered my pleasure in social life and made me look old before my time, but without results.

One day a friend who had just returned from abroad gave me this wonderful secret discovered in Egypt, which preserved the youthful appearance of the fairest Egyptian beauties. I tried it—results were amazing—I could not believe my eyes. After a few applications wrinkles and weary lines faded away. In 3 days my skin became firm and youthful freshness was restored.

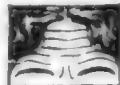
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My Midnight Intruder

[Continued from page 43]

with more of our stuff? Was any one else hurt? How did you manage to ride all the way here from the river?"

I might have voiced a dozen other questions out of the many that rushed to my tongue had he not stopped me short by drawing. "I haven't been on the river for days."

"Father thought you were there," I shot back.

"I know," he nodded. "That's what I got to speak to you about, and it ain't goin' to be easy, Rita."

His tone turned my blood cold.

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed. "If you don't tell me everything at once I shall call father."

"Don't do that," he begged, then slowly and with awful emphasis, "I know where our yearlings are goin'. I know who's gettin' them, no mistake."

"Who?"

"Sam Hurley!"

"Hurley, the Sheriff?" I gasped in amazement.

HURLEY had a ranch to the north, just across the Nowater Hills. The ranch was not far from us in miles, but its inaccessibility made it seem distant. Pinon Creek was our boundary line and it was dry most of the year, so our stock seldom drifted that way. The upper bank of the creek rose sheer as a canyon wall. It was a natural barrier. I knew there was a trail through the hills, but I had never seen it.

"Hurley, the Sheriff, is the only Hurley I know of in this part of Wyoming," Ted muttered grimly. "I've known for twenty-four hours where our stuff was. I thought I could arrange things so I wouldn't have to let you know anything about it, but it didn't work out that way. Hurley's got a hidden corral up in the Nowater Hills. Our stuff is there. I saw it with my own eyes."

"Why should you be so anxious to keep this from me, Ted?" I asked.

"'Cause it concerns somebody's who's mighty dear to you."

"Del?" I managed to whisper.

"Yeh, Del," said he.

"I'll tell you how I tumbled to what has been happenin'," Ted went on. "Elmer rode over from the San Andres with word that although no one had slipped through them the old man reported more stuff missin'. I knew no one had crossed the river. That finished me with waitin'. I was sure your father wouldn't listen to what was in my mind, so when he left I set out on my own. Flash and the rest stayed to watch the river crossing. The first place I headed for was the Nowater Hills."

"But what reason did you have for suspecting Hurley?" I asked impatiently.

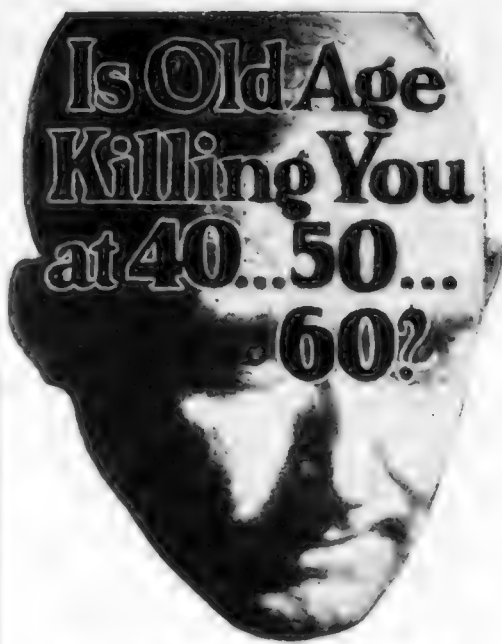
"Plenty. I never liked him. In fact, I liked him so little that to figure he might be rustlin' his neighbor's stuff didn't seem the most impossible thing in the world to me. He's been too thick with Del, too. Men of his cut usually have a reason for makin' a kid think he's a exalted ruler of the universe."

"Have you been spying on Del, too?" I asked sharply.

"Some folks might call it that. I hope you won't."

"It's not what you are being paid for," I snapped angrily. I found myself almost hating him although so far he had not said a word to implicate Del.

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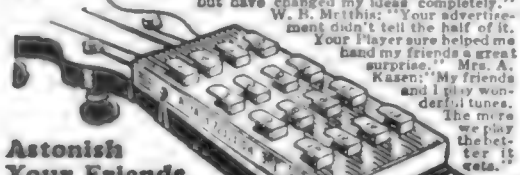


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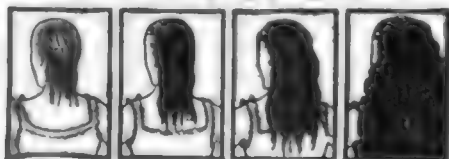
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"I'm bein' paid to look out for the Bar-D," he answered. His cheeks flamed beneath their tan. "I knew about that trail through the hills. I saw cattle had been driven over it mighty recently. Findin' Hurley's hidden corral wasn't so easy. It took me two days to locate it, right close to home, where no one had thought of lookin' for it."

"And one of Hurley's men shot you," I prompted.

"No, not a shot was fired. I had the place to myself, and I couldn't figure why unless another bunch of our stuff was comin' over the Nowaters that night. I drifted down to the creek and waited. About midnight I spotted them. They were drivin' an even two dozen Bar-D yearlings. Hurley was ahead. Two of his men, Kiser and that baldheaded Paddy Byers, were just behind him, and in back of them was Del."

I laughed, crazily I know.

"YOU fool! So that's how you have been wasting your time," I cried. I was determined to save Del no matter what it cost me. "You seem to forget that you are only working for the Bar-D; you don't own it. Does Father have to take you into his confidence before he can sell Hurley forty or fifty yearlings? A hand that can't do as he is told can't work for this outfit. Instead of staying on the river where Father believed you to be, you've been working yourself into a fine frenzy over nothing, and in the meantime, no doubt, the real rustlers have run off another bunch of our stuff."

"Don't try that on me," Ted muttered. "I saw and heard too much for that. Your father don't sell steers to Hurley and deliver them at midnight. In Hurley's corral there's Bar-D yearlings with the brand worked over. A man don't buy stuff and hold it up in the hills until the new brand heals enough to get by a cattle-inspector. Del and Hurley are in this together. I'm as anxious to save the boy as you are. We can't do it if we don't string together. Hurley will be here any minute, and Del will be with him."

I couldn't hold out any longer.

"Oh, Ted, Ted!" I cried, my eyes wet, "this will just about kill Father. We can't keep him from knowing. How could Del do it?"

"Leave that to Hurley. They had a good chance of gettin' away with it, too. No one suspected Del. He knew where we were all the time. It was easy for him to tip 'em off. Hurley will be shippin' in two weeks, and he don't ship where we do. Who would there be to question him? Once the stuff was aboard the cars, he and Del would be in the clear."

"And they know you've caught them?"

"No. It isn't that that's bringin' them here now, just somethin' that grew out of the other thing. Here you take my gun. Let me slip into your room. When they come, tell 'em I'm not here. Maybe they'll believe you. Hurley is a hothead, and so is Del. If we meet up to-night, nothin' can keep your dad from knowin' the truth. And you watch Hurley and Del if I have to face them. Hurley's made Del a deputy. If I make a move they'll bust me, and their story will be self-defense."

I was calmer than I had been. I thought of Ted's horse. If he were outside they'd know Ted was in the house.

"They won't find him," Ted answered. "I'll—What's that?"

Both of us listened with every nerve tense. Clearly we caught the sound of driving hoofs.

"That'll be them," Ted muttered.

In that second I think I first realized just how much he meant to me. Admissions come quickly and clearly in the stress of

such moments; admissions that one might never make otherwise.

"Quick, Ted," I whispered, trying to lead him to his feet. The hand I placed on his shoulder came away warm and wet. His eyes widened as I saw how red it was. "You are seriously hurt," I exclaimed breathlessly. "Who did this? Was it Del?"

"I tell you it is nothin', Rita."

"Who shot you, Ted, Bristow?" I demanded again.

"Del," he answered, and he couldn't stop back the groan of agony that came to his lips.

It was too late for explanation now, although I didn't understand what happened it was a time for taking sides. If I found myself on his side it was just that I cared less for Del, but more for Ted.

I couldn't let him go on with his head bleeding as it was, no matter how near Hurley and Del were. I ran to my room and came back a second later tearing a sheet into long strips. He was standing before the washstand. I caught a glimpse of his face in the mirror which hung on the wall over the basin. He was listening intently.

"They're ridin' into the yard," he said without turning to face me.

"Quick, then! Take this sheet and try and stop the blood from flowing." I led him into my bedroom and closed the door. Before I could face about Del thundered in. He was in a towering rage. I had never seen him so excited. Hurley was but a step behind him.

"Where is he?" Del cried.

"Don't shout like that," I said. "Father is asleep."

"Let him sleep! Bristow is the man we want. Where have you hid him?"

"Are you mad?" I queried, "coming in like this. How should I know where our men are at this time of the night?"

"Say, Rita," he stormed, "I'm no kid. Bristow's here. We trailed him right to the house. It'll be better for him if he comes out like a man."

"I tell you I have not seen him. He is not here." I lied as evenly as I could.

Del laughed bitterly.

"What's that then?" He was pointing to a pool of blood on the chair where Ted had sat.

He reached out and tried to push me aside.

"Get out of my way!" he shouted.

I pulled out Ted's gun.

"You get back, Del," I warned, "and you, too, Sam Hurley!"

AS I SPOKE the door in back of me opened. There stood father, his eyes taking in the scene at a glance.

"What's the meaning of this?" he demanded of Del.

I deliberately sat down in the chair which Ted had occupied. I hoped to hide the evidence it bore. Del looked at Hurley, as if asking him what explanation they should make.

"I came here for Bristow," said he. "Your daughter says she ain't seen him. I know he's here."

"Bristow?" Father snorted contemptuously. "What do you want him for?"

"Well, Major, I reckon what I said to you last week about him wasn't so wide of the mark." Hurley accompanied this with a knowing nod. "He's here and I want him."

I wanted to cry out, knowing what I knew. Was the man mad to try to charge Ted with the rustling when the stolen steers were wearing Hurley's own brand?

"Are you accusing him of being the thief?" Father demanded coldly.

"I'm accusing him of bein' a suspicious character," Hurley stalled. "I want to talk

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to him, in private right this minute."

"But it's my stock that's been stolen. Why talk in private? Sheriff or no sheriff, this is my house; I don't aim to let you bust in here without givin' a better reason than that. Where's your warrant?"

"I don't need a warrant!" Hurley thundered.

"You'll need one here." Father shot back. "What's behind all this, Hurley? And how are you concerned, Del?"

Del shifted about uneasily.

"I'm a deputy sheriff—" he began.

"Deputy, hell!" Father fairly screamed. "You're just a half-baked kid that thinks he's a man because he's wearing long pants. Don't tell me you're a deputy. Give me a straight answer!"

"It'll be better for you if you keep your hands out of this," Del answered defiantly.

"I ain't built that way, my boy," Father answered. "I heard a word or two about you recently that didn't set any too well. I aim to find out right now why Hurley and you are so thick." He turned from Del to me and said, "Rita, is Ted Bristow in the house?"

AS I HESITATED, I saw his eyes rivet themselves on something behind me. He continued to stare and the rest of us turned to see what he was looking at. On the wall just beneath the mirror, which hung over the wash-stand was a long streak. It was wet, and it was red!

I remembered that Ted had been standing in front of that mirror when I came back with the strips to dress his wound.

Like a hawk father sailed across the kitchen and reached in back of the tilted glass. When his hand came out it held a long, blood-soaked wallet.

"How'd this get there, Rita?" he asked slowly.

"Bristow threw it there," Hurley answered for me. "I'll take it if you please."

"Is it yours?" asked Father.

"Never mind whose it is. I'll take charge of it."

"Not so fast, Hurley." Father opened it and found three thousand dollars.

Hurley's eyes were mere pin points; Del was trembling violently; father's face was deathly white.

Just what connection there was between this money and the loss of our yearlings I could not imagine, but out of the corner of my eye I saw Hurley's hand steal toward his Colt. A shiver ran down my spine. A will other than my own seemed to take possession of me and make me raise the gun Ted had given me.

"Don't you try to draw your gun, Sam Hurley," I cried.

"That's the girl, Rita," Father said softly. "Where is Ted?"

"TELL him to come out," Hurley leered, "if he ain't afraid. I never saw a rustler yet that had any nerve when you got right down to it."

Ted answered for himself.

"Get his gun," he called, "I got to come out now."

"Hand it over," Father commanded.

"You're running afoul of the law now, Major," Hurley warned cryptically.

"Law or no law, hand over your gun!"

Hurley submitted with bad grace.

"You're armed, too, Del," Father said.

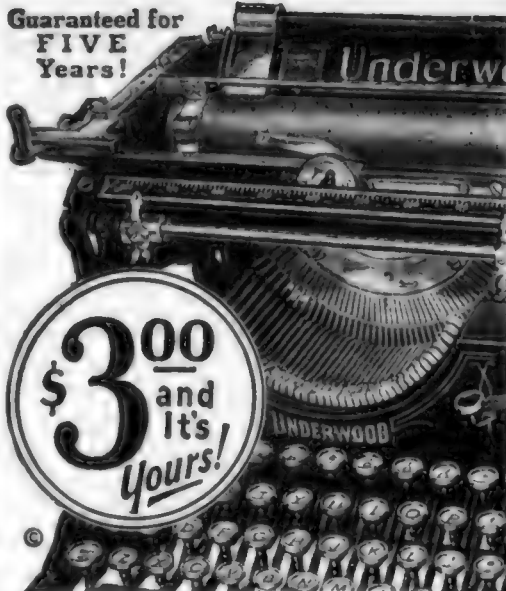
"I'll thank you for your gun."

For long seconds Del gazed at the heavy .45 which I held without wavering. He seemed to be determining just how far I would go. He finally gave me his six-shooter.

Ted came out, then. Father swore as he saw the blood-soaked shoulder. Hurley began to lose some of his cockiness.

"Ted," Father exclaimed, "I've always thought you a square-shooter. I ain't

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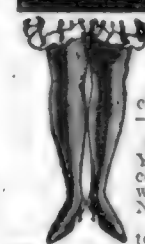
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changed my mind just because Hurley's here wanting to arrest you on suspicion. Will you tell me the truth straight, now? You don't have to spare me, if it strikes home. I want the truth."

"I reckon that's what you've always had from me," Ted answered.

"Why are you here, then, instead of on the river sixty miles east of here?"

Ted looked around at Hurley and Del.

"Well, all the interested parties, but one, are here, so there's no reason I shouldn't tell you why."

He proceeded to relate how he had come back to the Nowater Hills and what he had seen there.

HURLEY'S face was ashen. Del seemed to have been turned to stone.

"Del, how could you?" Father groaned. "Haven't you anything to say for yourself?"

"I couldn't help myself," Del blurted out at last. "Hurley was pressing me; I owed him a lot of money. I had to make good. He offered to take it out in stock."

"That's right," Hurley exclaimed. "He delivered those yearlings to me; I didn't rustle them."

"They're in your possession, and you knew what was happening. That gets to the same thing where the law is concerned," said Ted.

"How do you come to be owing Hurley money, Del?" Father demanded.

"I went up against that roulette game at the Eldorado. I lost. Rita let me have enough to get square once or twice. I thought I could beat it, so I tried again. I knew Rita was through helping. Hurley offered to let me have it. I played again. Seems I always lost. First thing I knew he had my I O U for twenty-five hundred dollars. He threatened to speak to you if I didn't come through. I had to do something. I knew you'd kick me out if you ever heard."

"So you started to steal from your father, eh? Were you mad? I hate a gambler like I hate a horse-thief; but you were my own flesh and blood. Why didn't you come to me? And you, Ted, why didn't you let me know?"

"I'm comin' to that, Major. I thought I could get by without lettin' you know a word. I knew it would mighty near kill you. I knew Del was playin' that Eldorado game. And I don't mind tellin' Hurley to his face that I don't like him any better than the game his friends run. I figured with what I knew I could make Del come clean if I could get him alone. So I went to town early this evenin'."

"Del was there. So was Hurley. There was a big game on, but they weren't playin'. I hung on, waitin' for my chance. Nate Allen, from Boulder Creek was there, too. He was awful drunk. I heard him say he had sold his steers and had the money on him."

"I got the awful idea Hurley and Del was too much interested in old Nate. About eleven o'clock some of the boys put Nate in his rig and started him off for home. Soon after he had gone, Del and Hurley lit out. I was right after them. If any one was goin' to hold up the old man, I figured there wasn't a better place for it than Pilot Butte. Accordin'ly I circled round by the Dry Cheyenne and got there fifteen minutes before old Nate came in sight."

Ted stopped his story to speak to me. "Keep your eyes on Hurley; he's moved two feet nearer the door since I began."

Hurley glared but he stood still.

"Right behind Nate came two riders. I

reckon you know who they were. Hurley stopped, guns drawn. Del came on, and without ever a word or a shot lifted that wallet you're holdin', Major. That's Nate Allen's three thousand dollars. He was so drunk I reckon he don't know even yet that he's lost it. His old mare likely is standin' in Nate's barn right now with him still sound asleep."

"Go on," Father commanded.

"I couldn't keep my hands off and let it go like that, rememberin' all you've done for me," Ted went on. "I couldn't see Hurley, he was so far back; the night's been black you know. So when Del passed me I jumped him. We rolled into the ditch and fought it out. I got the wallet, all right. It was my intention to catch old Nate and go home with him until he sobered up, but as I rode away Del fired. It ain't serious, as I told Rita, but it put my gun arm out of commission. So I came here."

You could have heard a pin drop.

In my misery over Del I had quite forgotten Ted's wound, but I saw now how he was suffering. It was cruel to sit there and not help him, but for the life of me I could not have moved just then.

Father was pacing back and forth, mumbling to himself. I thought him very brave in the face of what had happened. Del's composure had returned somewhat, now that we knew the worst.

"We meant it only as a joke," he muttered.

"Well, that's what we are going to call it if we ever have to make an explanation," Father exclaimed, turning on him suddenly. Then to Ted, he said, "How far is it to Nate Allen's ranch?"

"Thirty miles, roughly speakin'."

"It ain't no more than that," Father agreed. "It's a bad night, but we can make it before dawn. You clean up the wallet, Rita; Del and I are going to take it back. Hurley, you get out of Wyoming in forty-eight hours. I'll recover my property tomorrow. I don't care how you get rid of your ranch. You go, and don't be late. I'm not saying Del is an innocent party, but he's been clay in your hands, and a man who'll make a thief out of a boy is worse than a skunk. I've been here a long while. What I've got I've got for myself, and I ain't forgot how to take care of what belongs to me. You go (give him his gun, Rita, but get Del's I O U first) and if you look back Hurley I'll drop you dead. Now go."

Hurley paused to protest but his furtive eyes encountered Ted's and he went!

TWENTY minutes after Hurley had gone, father and Del rode away. I bathed Ted's shoulder and dressed it.

"Did I do the right thing, Rita?" he asked.

"It was a fine thing you did, Ted," I told him. "I'm not going to thank you, I couldn't. It's been a terrible lesson for Del, but maybe it has come in time. He'll have to take his place with the men now, and work. Father will pay him what he is worth, no more. If he wants his independence he will have to earn it."

"I only hope he doesn't let this affair eat in on him. I'd like to get along with him—if I stay on here."

"Why—why you are not thinking of leaving?" I gasped.

"That's sort of up to you, Rita."

"Well, you'll stay, then." I smiled through my tears as I kissed him, "and you and Del will get along all right, because this family is going to pull together from now on."

DO YOU always play the game according to the rules? I tried to cheat once and when you read my story, "All is Fair in Love," in the March SMART SET, you will be just as surprised as I was at the result.

Kissing for Keeps

[Continued from page 77]

I respected him. The new clothes made quite a big difference, too.

"Well, we had a great time," I said, when we parted.

"Will we do it again?" he asked.

"We surely will," I replied.

"Two weeks from to-day?" he said, and I was surprised to find I was a bit disappointed. "Next Sunday I work all day, to make up for this," he laughed.

Eddie and I went skating together every two weeks, yet that meant only a few times altogether during the season, but he would pick me up at school to talk a minute, and at recess, or after school. A few times, when he did not have his car, I gave him a lift. And that seemed all right now, because he was somebody, a newspaper celebrity, the hockey champion. I really felt friendly but of course I did not take him seriously. Among my friends I still joked about him, because I did not know what else to say.

KATE Foulkes especially liked to make cracks; even tried to tease me. "What started as a duty seems to have become a pleasure," she said.

"If you think so, you should have taken the job. I didn't want it."

"Oh, I couldn't have been so convincing. You are not only convincing to him, but to the rest of us."

"Well," I replied, smiling, and trying hard to keep my temper, "that's clever work, my dear, clever work. I never do things half way. I am now considering a contract with Metro-Goldwyn or Famous Players for next year."

But the job was really getting easier. I almost forgot that part of it. In the first place, Eddie Lockley's own position in the school was gradually changing, with his hockey success on top of his football record. He had been a nobody, socially, but now he was, you might say, the school hero. That fact was having its effect upon him. It did not give him a big-head; but he was more natural.

I understood, now that I knew him better, his former sullen and half-defiant attitude. He had been poor and lonely, conscious of his shabby appearance, and timid in the presence of the fashionable set in the school. He was really shy, especially with the girls, and felt out of place, and so he had swaggered to cover it up. It was a front. It wasn't himself. Among our set, he regarded me alone as his friend, though Kate Foulkes sometimes talked to him, too, making eyes and trying to out-vamp me.

I made a thoughtless break one day when he appeared with a new neck-tie. "I wonder what you're dolling up for—or whom?" I said, jokingly.

"Nothing to that," he replied, smiling into my eyes. "I'm playing hockey entirely on your account."

I changed the subject at once.

"So you're thinking of a trip back to Canada in June?"

"Oh, yes, on the motor-cycle."

"Say, I wish you'd throw that old machine in the lake."

"No, it can't swim. It is a hard looking job, but it's got a sweet engine."

"Sweet!"

"Very. I think, on your account, I'll get a new one, a nice clean one, with a tandem seat on behind."

"Not on my account, you won't," I said.

"You don't know the thrill of it yet," he persisted. "I'd do almost anything on your account."

"Not that," I repeated.

"You'll hurt my feelings, some day," he laughed. "But about the other thing, the dolling up. You did that when you started turning business my way, thank you. That's how it happened."

Of course, it was clear enough, but I had not thought of it. Others in the school were also turning business his way, so that he had a profitable winter.

The athletic club gave a dance at the school, to raise funds, and Eddie Lockley came for a little while, all by himself. I went with Hubby Walker, but I danced three or four times with Eddie. He did not dance as well as he skated. He only just managed, but I remember that Kate Foulkes also danced with him a couple of times. I didn't quite like that in her, because she was going with Harry Scott. Scotty, by the way, was on the hockey team, but more like a substitute after Spike got in. And about this dancing, I felt that Kate had a fellow of her own, so why should she be trying to get attention from Eddie, or any of the others? But that was like her. I danced with Scotty during one of those turns, and he was watching her more than paying attention to me. But the funny thing was that I was also watching Eddie. And it was Kate herself, naturally, who mentioned the fact.

"Hello Cleopatra," she said later, half laughing and half taunting, "I saw you watching me while I was dancing with your Mark Anthony. But I'm not going to steal him."

"Oh, go ahead," I replied. "You can have him—if you get him."

But the fact of my watching him didn't mean anything, of course, except just my friendly curiosity about his dancing, and my feeling about her—that after all she was the real vamp, or wanted to be. Perhaps there was also the thought that he was terribly interested in me—that he even worshipped me. I thought that that was not quite right, but anyway it was flattering, and so I was not displeased about it.

The Blair High School, with Eddie's help, went through the hockey season and carried everything before it. But so did Randall High, our greatest competitor. Only one last game remained, between Blair and Randall. There was no doubt that Randall would put up the greatest battle. If we had not had Spike Lockley our chances would have been slim.

THE day was dry and crisp, but not too cold—perfect for hockey. All was ready for the game—but where was Lockley? He had disappeared. Well, some one had seen him skating around the bend—on Horseshoe Lake. Sometimes the boys did that, skating a mile or two, to warm up.

Then presently I saw him coming. I skated out where he could see me, to tell him to hurry, but he ignored me and turned toward the shore. I called and followed him. He reached the shore ahead of me, picked up his other shoes where he had left them, and stalked up on the frozen ground on his skates to his little old car. I followed, and while he hurriedly took off his skating shoes and put the others on I had time for a few words.

"They're ready to begin, Eddie," I cried. "There isn't time. If you want anything, let me get it. Keep your skates on."

"I don't want anything," he said, angrily.

This—to me! I was dumbfounded.

"Why—what's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"You're not sick?" But I knew it wasn't

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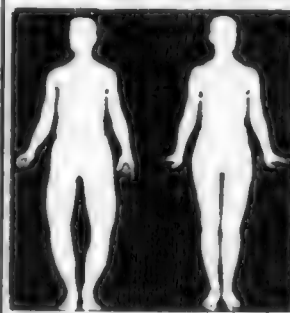
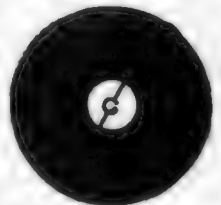
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that. He didn't look ill; he looked angry. He shrugged his shoulders. "I'm through—that's all."

"You're not going to play this game?"

He tried to be calm. "If your old school has no use for me, they can play without me."

"Eddie Lockley, what's it all about?"

"I always knew there was a fine bunch of snobs in this school, but I'm surprised at you, Adele."

My heart was pounding now. I didn't know what to think.

"But what?" I said. "If I've ever done anything to hurt you, Eddie—"

"Ha! you couldn't hurt me," he laughed, but the bitterness in his voice showed how much he was hurt.

"You're not fair, Eddie. What are you talking about?"

"And you think you've been fair? After the trick you've played on me? I know all about it."

AND now, with a sickening sense of guilt, I realized that he must have learned of our first little plan. I had been nominated to play the vamp. He must have got wind of it. Some one had betrayed me. Oh, how unfair—now!

"All about what?" I stammered, because I didn't know what to say. By this time his skates were off and he slipped on his other shoes, but he didn't take time to lace them.

"Still playing the innocent, eh? Well, I've learned my lesson, Miss—Miss Theda Bara!"

And at that he started his engine and let it roar. A moment later the shabby, pathetic little car started with a lurch and was on its way. And oh, my sensations as I saw him go. It was a sinking feeling, a guilty sensation, because I was ashamed, as I suppose a person caught and exposed in the act of shoplifting would feel. Of course he was through with me, when he drove away like that, and that part of it was all right, but I felt terrible that it happened in this particular way. After all, I had really been friends with him, of late. My conscience was all in a stew. At least, I thought that was why I was so upset and shaken up over it. I knew that he thought a lot of me, almost worshipped me. But now I had hurt him, and of course I was uncomfortable. I was thoroughly wretched. And yet, I could not cry—I was like a person frozen.

As I stood there looking after him I heard Caroline Washburn calling to me, and I realized that she had called a number of times. She was now on her way across the ground to where I stood, asking what was the matter. And then Hubby Walker came dashing up to the shore.

"Oh," I said, "he's found out—all about the Cleopatra stuff. I don't know how."

"And he's sore, of course?"

"More than that," I said, "he's hurt." And it almost choked me to say it.

"My God!" exclaimed Hubby, "this is the most terrible thing I ever heard of in all my life. I'll have to put in Scotty." And he turned and dashed back.

"Well, of all things," exclaimed Caroline. And then her eyes narrowed. "Some one has tattled!" Her mind seemed to be searching, while her eyes wandered over the ice. Suddenly she pointed.

Over on the other side of the lake was the figure of a girl, skating, returning to the crowd from beyond the bend of the lake. She kept rather close to the other shore, as if desiring not to be seen. We looked, and then we recognized the girl.

"Kate Foulkes!" exclaimed Caroline.

"I'm not surprised," I said.

"Go after him, Adele," said Caroline, with decision. "Go—and bring him back."

"Oh, he wouldn't come, now."

"You can get him. You're the only one. He's got to come and play. He'll do it for you."

And in spite of myself she was leading me to my car—the roadster that he had done such a proud job in overhauling. Caroline talked, urging, encouraging. And suddenly I felt that I must get him back—I could not let him go that way. I climbed into the seat with my skates still on. I could not take time to change my shoes. It may have been the first time a girl ever drove a car with skates, but how I made that old roadster step for a mile or more! I only hoped that I wouldn't meet any cop, and I didn't. At about a mile and a half I thought I saw his little old car at the side of the road and I slowed up. Sure enough, he had parked in the gutter. I eased up and coasted past him. He had a flat on his near rear shoe. And he himself was sitting on the running board, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands—the picture of dejection!

He did not know or care whose car was passing by—he paid no attention. I stopped a little beyond, got out and walked back to him. He didn't hear me. He had been angry back there, but now—it was just misery. This hard-boiled, fighting specimen of the Sixth Ward roughnecks, who had never been licked—he seemed to have been whipped, now. By a girl! The flat tire was nothing. I knew well enough where and how he had been hurt. I stood and looked at him, and all of a sudden something inside me seemed to break, and I knew at once that the thing that was troubling me was not my conscience. There was something else had a hold of me. And I simply couldn't stand it to see him there, unhappy, after I had hurt him. I had been playing with this thing, and now it had got me.

Poor Eddie! I didn't speak it. I only thought it.

But as I thought it, he looked up. He saw me standing there. Then he stood up on his feet, proudly, and turned his head away, but the dejection, the hurt, was still in his eyes. "Go away," he said, "go away!"

And what do you suppose I did then? Well, what does any woman do, when her little boy comes to her in grief, having suffered a hard bump? Poor Eddie had had a big bump.

"I'm sorry, Eddie," I said, and I'm afraid there was a little catch in my voice.

"Go away," he said, desperately. "You've been fooling me."

"No, no," I said. And then I kissed him.

Perhaps he imagined that this was a part of the same old game. Any way, even then he said, "Go away," and started to push me off.

BUT I got my arm around his neck and I kissed him the second time. And this time I really kissed him—there is no doubt of that—with all my heart and soul behind it. And now he got the throb and surge of feeling that went with it, and he knew that I meant it—that there could be nothing false or hypocritical about it. It was the genuine thing.

"Oh God, Adele!" he burst out, as he took me in his arms and held me so close that I couldn't breathe, with his cheek against mine.

"Don't," I whispered, and it was all that I was able to say. He loosened his grip a little, and laughed, but he laughed through swimming eyes.

"You don't believe what she said, now?" I asked.

"No."

"She's jealous."

"She's a cat," he snapped. "She said you didn't care."

"Well, that might have been true once—but now—"

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"Now, I know," he said, and he kissed me, most tenderly, most lovingly, as one surely never would expect from any hard-boiled old Sour Mug. And he had never been taught—he did it through feeling. And as he did so he caught sight of the flat tire on his old car, and giggled, almost hysterically.

"Look," he said, and gave it a kick. "That's how I felt a minute ago. But it's funny—this is the first time I was ever glad that I had a flat. I wouldn't have missed that flat for a million dollars."

And then did I bring him back to the hockey game? Well, ask any one in Blair about that famous game. Not that I was so interested in the hockey team any more; that was now of secondary importance. But if it wasn't for hockey—well, any way, what a game it was! The Randall boys had got a big lead those first fifteen minutes, but how things changed when Spike Lockley got into the play. The whole team was speeded up, and Eddie played as he never played before. It just wasn't human, his game that day. Ten minutes after the second half began the score was even. Then for a while it was nip and tuck, until finally our boys forged ahead. The last five minutes the Randall team was hardly better than a bunch of seven babies.

When it was all over, and the school had yelled itself hoarse, and the boys had carried Eddie on their shoulders like a conquering hero, I hurried away with him in my roadster, having given my brother Chester the slip. In no time we pulled up behind his little old bus, still sitting there on one flat tire.

"Well, this is the end of the hockey," he said, as he opened the door. "Now we won't see much of each other."

"Not on the ice," I said.

"I don't see much of you in school," he said, as he got out and stood alongside. He still had his skates on, his shoes in his left hand.

Then it occurred to me that I had never invited him to my home. He had often seen me to my door, but our association had been entirely outdoors and in school.

"Why don't you come and see me at the house?" I said.

"Nothing in the world would mean so much to me," he replied.

"I'll look for you to-night," I said, and gave him my hand. Then I had an inspiration. "You'll have to meet Pa. He was saying only a couple of days ago that he wished he could find a real mechanical genius—"

"Oh, I'm no genius, but I'm darned mechanical," he said.

"Well, you know the big machine works belongs to Pa. He wants some one with a knack for such things who can work up in the business and may be later take charge of it. Pa isn't so strong any more. I was thinking—" and I paused.

"Adele, you're not thinking any faster than I am. I—I want to meet your Pa."

He was still holding my hand, looking into my eyes, but there was a curious, shy expression on his face.

"I'd like to give you back—something I owe you."

"What?"

"Something you gave me here, before. But, after that hard game—I haven't washed my face."

"That's all right," I said, "you can wash your face before you come to-night."

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By MARION BRYANT

NO LETTER today, either. Elsie tried to stifle tears. She dreaded what this silence meant about her and Dick. The city pulling him from her . . . other girls in prettier clothes making him forget to even think of her. When he came back—saw her—felt sorry for her—she couldn't stand that!

She locked herself in her room to face the situation. "Clothes aren't everything, but they'd help!" Would they? That georgette she had ruined, trying to make it do another season. She thought of the shops, but prices there lifted the dresses way out of reach. "If only I could make things myself—make them *right*—" She remembered a magazine article and wondered. Decided to write and find out.

Things began happening for Elsie. Letters! Books! Packages! Surprises! Things to make! A silk chemise! A white silk slip! A little lace brassiere! A creamy sleeveless night dress! A negligee, lazy and luxurious. And finally frocks, smarter than she had ever dreamed she could make.

She fairly haunted the stores—looking long at some new dress in a window—then finding on counters inside, often among the remnants, a lovely length of this, a bit of that for trimming, a dainty ornament. For just a few dollars she had a treasure load she carried gaily home. Out of her closets, too, she brought dresses of other days and fashioned them into newness with a bit of blue or rose. Indeed if you could have peeped in on Elsie those days you would have found her working magic with her fingers—and singing as she worked.

The way materials took shape and shook themselves into a kasha affair with only its stripes for trimming . . . or a trim street rep with tiny buttons marching right

up the hip . . . or a fluttery chiffon . . . or any other frock Elsie thought she might like, and did like amazingly—the way all this happened was something to marvel at.

It seemed most magical still to Elsie, for she was just the usual sort of girl. Without much money for clothes. With no particular talent for making them. Just wanting nice things and not knowing how to get them . . . until she saw that magazine article.

When Dick came back—well, you can guess the meeting. Elsie was in her city-most frock to startle him, and her piquant charm quite took his breath. She didn't tell him where she had learned to achieve those lines that gave such sylphan slimness; or those color-tones that made heaven of her eyes.

Yet when she appeared in a different frock for almost every occasion; each one, somehow, exactly Elsie's frock—right for her slenderness, her coloring, the curve of her throat—he asked "how," first quite carelessly, then with more and more concern. A city salary, he started thinking, to a girl of bewildering clothes—

She guessed his thoughts—"It didn't take a lot of money," she explained. "It's just that I've learned how to *make a little money do so much*. You see, I used to save and save for just one really nice dress. And now for the cost of that one I can have three pretty frocks and even other things besides if I choose and buy carefully. And it's such *fun*, Dick, when you know how to plan and make the things you want. The Woman's Institute taught me everything right here at home.

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"Elsie," Dick broke in, "you're too lovely to leave. You're going back with me!"

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